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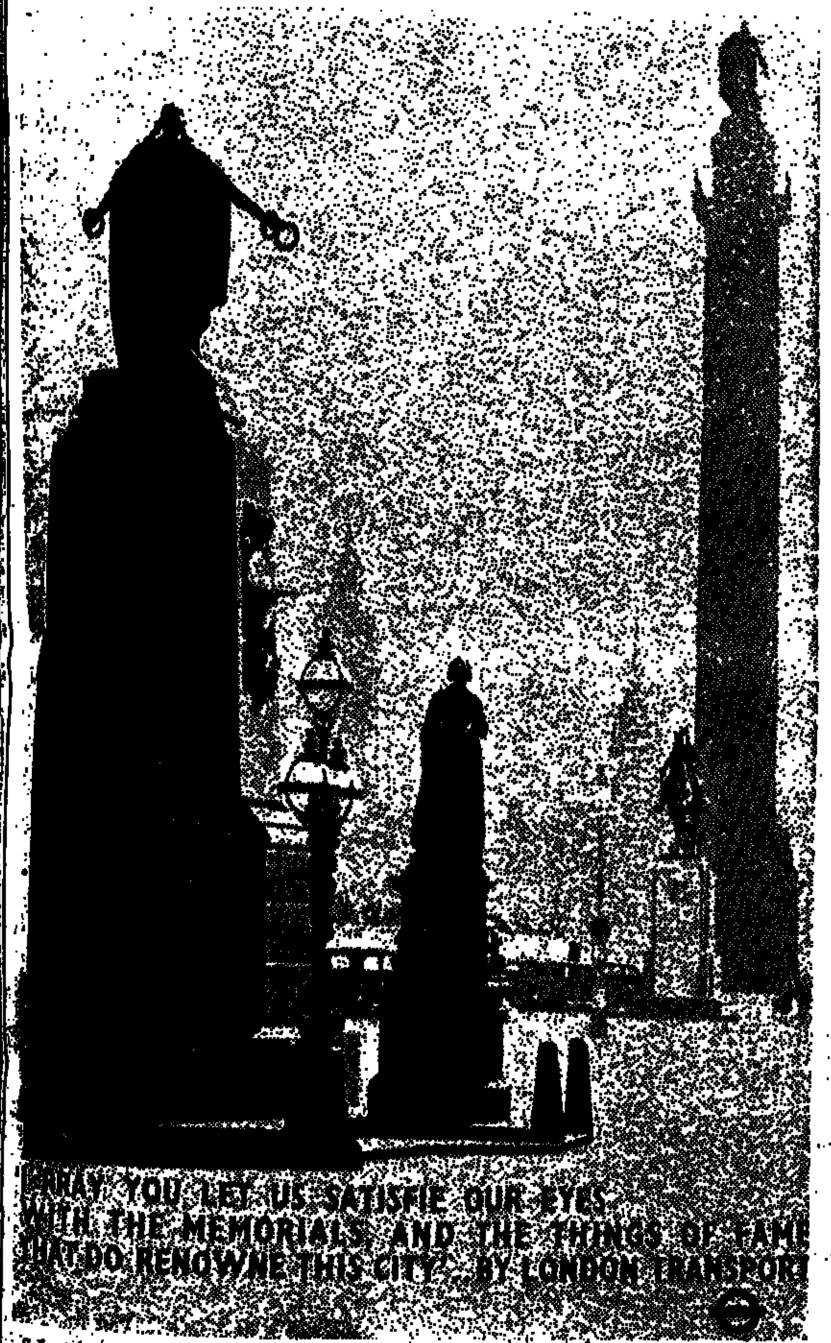
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T·L·S
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FRIDAY ● JULY 16 1976 ● No 3,879 ● 18p

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Life with Nemesis

By Peter Keating

CATHERINE DUPRÉ :
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315pp. Collins. £5.95.

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173pp. Sidgwick and Jackson/Duckworth. £3.95.

The award of the Nobel Prize for Literature can rarely have had more widespread or popular approval than when it went to John Galsworthy in 1932. *The Forsyte Saga* had made Galsworthy famous throughout the world; he was loved and admired by a large circle of relatives and distinguished friends; and even those of his fellow writers who were less than impressed by his contribution to literature were moved by that part of his writing life which had been dedicated so generously to social and humanitarian causes.

The award came at a difficult moment in Galsworthy's life, and his response to it was mixed. For some time he had been suffering from a mysterious debilitating illness, and his final novel *Over the River* had been completed between bouts of speechlessness and depression which puzzled his doctors and horrified his friends.

His first biographer H. V. Marrot records that Galsworthy "seemed little if at all elated by his Nobel Prize"; such pleasure as it did give him probably came chiefly from his being able immediately to place the £9,000 prize money in a trust fund for PEN. Yet, against all commonsense and professional advice, he insisted on going ahead with preparations to attend the ceremony in Stockholm, and he worked obsessively on the speech he planned to deliver. When the time came he was too ill to carry out these plans, but the speech survives and it explains a good deal about Galsworthy's frame of mind.

As Catherine Dupré explains in *John Galsworthy: A Biography*, the drafting of this speech became for Galsworthy "almost what a final confession is to a dying Christian". Knowing that he could not have long to live he took the opportunity to survey his life and weigh up his achievements. Referring to his early ambition to be a "real writer" he comments: "As I read to you these melancholy reminiscences, it seems to me as little true now that I shall ever be a writer worthy of the name." His concluding words are framed as an answer to Life, who has come to tell him his time is up: "Here is my pen—the ink in it is dry. Take it and give it to some other who will serve you better."

The view of Galsworthy advanced by Mrs Dupré in several crucial respects upsets the conventional image of him. He is still the almost embarrassingly successful man: rich, handsome, generous, and much-loved. He could look back on an idyllic childhood, a legendary school career at Harrow ("head of the house, captain of the House Football XI, member of the School XI"); a love affair, and ultimately marriage, which was daring, romantic, and regarded by everyone as an inspiration to him; and, after a long apprenticeship as a writer—which, [illegible] he could well afford—success, fame, and [illegible] This was the outward record of the man who, on being awarded the Nobel Prize, locked himself away in a darkened room to write a confession of failure.

Something was clearly wrong with Galsworthy, and Mrs Dupré has no hesitation in saying that it was his wife, Ada. That such an argument has not been advanced so forcefully before is largely due to the fact that earlier biographical studies of Galsworthy have come either from close relatives or devoted friends over whom Ada exercised a strong personal influence.

In the case of Marrot's *Life and Letters of John Galsworthy* (1935) Ada actually supervised much of the work, while R. H. Mottram's *For Some We Loved* (1956) was an "intimate portrait" of both John and Ada Galsworthy by a man whose writing career owed a great deal to them, and who had for many years been the recipient of [illegible]

couraged the image of herself as inseparable from her husband, and Galsworthy added constant support to this view; whether out of gentlemanly loyalty or deep personal conviction must remain a matter for conjecture.

Marrot's description of the moment when Ada first urged Galsworthy to be a "real writer" is characteristically mythic in tone. It took place "in Easter Week 1895, at the Gare du Nord in Paris, when, as he was seeing her and her mother off, she spoke the fateful words: 'Why don't you write? You're just the person'". Mottram goes even further, regarding the relationship with almost sycophantic awe: "Anyone who does not despair of our universe may believe that Ada and John Galsworthy must inevitably have met, sooner or later." Mrs Dupré takes a more iconoclastic line: "That he would never have written without her is an absurd proposition; that he would have written differently is certain."

The enormous influence Ada exerted on Galsworthy and the practical help she gave him are undeniable; throughout his life she was his amanuensis, and, in the early years at least, an inspiration. But in the longer term, Mrs Dupré argues, Ada's presence was destructive, with her selfishness constantly preying on Galsworthy's notoriously susceptible conscience.

John's nature was to spoil and pamper the person he loved, and there seemed to be no end to the spoiling and pampering that was required: Ada had to be taken here, there and everywhere for her health; she had to be protected from anything that was difficult or unpleasant; like a child she had to be petted, given in to over everything; even games had to be contrived so that she should emerge the winner. It was as if nothing would ever make up for what she felt she had endured during those years of waiting.

The "years of waiting" are already a familiar part of the Galsworthys' story, though Mrs Dupré is once again more explicit, and less sympathetic, than earlier commentators. Ada had married Major Arthur Galsworthy, John's cousin, in 1891, and from the beginning the marriage appears to have been unhappy. John and Ada first met two years later, became lovers in 1895, and agreed not to make their liaison public because of the effect the scandal might have on Galsworthy's aged father, though as things turned out his health might have stood the shock as he lived for a further nine years. On his death John and Ada lived openly together, forcing Major Galsworthy to sue for divorce: they were married in 1905.

It was not, however, merely the waiting that turned Ada into the selfish child-wife of Mrs Dupré's portrait. It seems reasonable to assume that Soames's treatment of Irene in *The Forsyte Saga* is a re-creation by Galsworthy of what Ada had told him of her experiences with her first husband. If this is the case then it made as deep an impact on Galsworthy as it did on Ada—his novels and plays abound with violent husbands and ill-treated wives. And, as if this wasn't enough, Mrs Dupré researches into Ada's family background indicate that she was quite probably illegitimate, the adopted rather than the real, daughter, as she always claimed, of a Norwich doctor. Ada's strange middle name "Nemesis" indicates, we are told, the "appalling state of mind" of her mother at Ada's birth.

Poor Ada's nemesis has now certainly arrived in the form of Mrs Dupré who goes on to reveal, and it is hardly surprising given such a background, that Ada was not very interested in sex. In the diary that Galsworthy kept from 1910 to 1918 there appears occasionally a rounded capital A, and Mrs Dupré interprets: "The most feasible explanation for this mark is that it was John's private record of the occasions when he and Ada made love; it was not very often."

It was perhaps even less often than this suggests, if Mrs Dupré is right about Ada's response to the odd unconsummated affair that Galsworthy had with the dancer Margaret Morris. On the evidence of Galsworthy's nephew Rudolf Sauter, we are told that Ada saw this as an "unforgivable infidelity", and that in the future there was no sexual relationship at all between Galsworthy and Ada: "John, as he lay stretched out in the hot southern sun, rejected the passionate love of Margaret Morris and accepted a life that would from now on be entirely celibate."

It is right to concentrate on Mrs Dupré's treatment of Ada as it is the most original aspect of this biography and the most committed: beside her Galsworthy comes over as a pale, rather feeble, vacillating man, as perhaps he was. She is understandably annoyed that Ada should have been so absurdly idealized, and much of her evidence and most of the suppositions are convincing. But the complete lack of sympathy for Ada weakens the overall case:

> Galsworthy's own picture of her as Irene Forsyte presents a character who is unattractive to today's reader. She appears as an artificial woman, delicate both in health and sensibility—what a fuss she makes, is the immediate reaction to Irene's outcry against Soames's ill-treatment, and our sympathies go out to Soames. Similarly, what a fuss Ada made about Major Galsworthy: how many women have married uncongenial husbands without making so much to-do.

And later this admiration for Soames/Major Galsworthy becomes even more pronounced:

> Although he is cast originally as the villain in *The Man of Property*, identified with the wicked Galsworthy who so hurts Ada, he becomes increasingly a true hero, with whom one can most easily identify, who attracts all our sympathy.

As critical judgments these do not in any way reflect the readers respond to *The Saga*. Certainly there is a understanding of Soames *Saga* develops, and moments pathy for his loneliness, aspect of his character but so forcefully by Galsworthy cold repulsion he inspires sexual relationships with is his own inability to this that drives him streets at night stalking can at worst be charged with too passive, a quality Galsworthy wants to This passivity Soames Irene escapes, and eventually experiences his daughter Fleur, happiness he cannot achieve ing with you has killed me, it is true; but I am a woman. I am sensible—that Nemesis, embarking, as before her, on an affair another man before all squashed out of her by her

Mrs Dupré does not part of *To Let* but forcing her son Jon to Fleur:

> It is difficult to see worthy can have been behaviour as being selfish, and appallingly . . . One can only conclude even thirty years after he was still blinded in his ment by the horror he felt over Ada's account of her life with Major Galsworthy.

But if the cost of this "conclusion" is to Soames as the "true hero" book, it would seem to conclude, as one has to at times in the biography, Dupré's critical judgment is misled by her passionate, personal, dislike of Ada, and eagerness to make simple nexions between fictional and their real-life models.

If, however, the emphasis sometimes too heavy, as the triangular love relationship always present in Galsworthy and Mrs Dupré has a stronger to make out from *Jocelyn* worthy's first published novel appeared originally in 1898 the pseudonym John Sinjohn which is now usefully *Jocelyn* was written during early years of Galsworthy's with Ada, and it is clearly graphical; the hero, Gilbert is the married partner, a woman, Jocelyn, the unmarried the disguise is unimportant.

No large critical claims can sibly be made for *Jocelyn*: characterization is often clumsy the plot melodramatic yet it at times have a fervent which was later to from Galsworthy's writing, and Dupré is no doubt correct in claiming this quality with Galsworthy's feelings for Ada at the time; Legarde's frustrated love Jocelyn and his guilt at the of his wife are, as they are in "romantic" novels with *Jocelyn* has affinities, reflect the deeper biographical issues in the character of Jocelyn herself who is cold, distant, and selfishly cruel, a woman who Galsworthy's own words, "a loss, moody nature, which ensures that she should wander". These the very qualities which Mrs finds so typifying the Ada who eventually to drain Galsworthy early verve and energy: "The two loves, his love for Ada and love for his writing, were in a sense incompatible: is perhaps the tragedy of John Galsworthy".

"Tragedy" seems too strong word to apply to Galsworthy's with or without Ada. He became a truly great writer and, in early days, worked hard to fulfil his ambition, but he knew perhaps well that, whatever his achievement it would stop short of greatness. Mrs Dupré Galsworthy's artistic

Blenkinsop's Survival Song

The strongest swimmers have been known to drown;
Ambition often sends them too far out;
Right food is fine, but I can't keep it down.

I stay in careful shade while others brown,
Sip water, never spirits, wine or stout;
The strongest swimmers have been known to drown.

Some men are verbal; I'm a common noun;
I moderate my voice and never shout;
Rich food is fine, but I can't keep it down.

Provoked, I'll answer with a shrug or frown
And never throw my meagre weight about;
The strongest swimmers have been known to drown.

Let others strive for banquets of renown,
I never was a natural Queen's Scout;
Rich food is fine, but I can't keep it down.

I'll never win applause as Prince or clown,
But I'll avoid the pox, D.T.s and gout;
The strongest swimmers have been known to drown;
Rich food is fine, but I can't keep it down.

Vernon Scannell

Dreams of absurdity

By John Weightman

EUGENE IONESCO :
L'homme aux valises suivi de Ce formidable bordel!
199pp. Paris: Gallimard. 29fr.

Since Eugène Ionesco moved on from his first, more purely Absurdist phase to what might be called the Absurdist Symbolism of *Tueur sans gages* and *Rhinocéros*, he has tended to produce works which follow the same pattern. There is a central character—often called Bérenger—who is in some respects a portrait of the playwright himself, and who undergoes a series of public and private experiences, either because they simply happen to him while he himself remains more or less passive (*Le Roi se meurt*), or because he bumps into them as he proceeds on a quest for truth, happiness or the transcendent (*La Soif et la faim*). These plays are Absurd in that they present a beleaguered consciousness, on the verge of paranoia or even in the grip of paranoiac hysteria, struggling with unreliable and incomprehensible events; and they are symbolist in that they only make use of overt symbols but also exploit the traditional symbolic polarities of religious sensibility: the light and the dark, the high and the low, the frightening and the reassuring.

The world and Ionesco's temperament being what they are, the conclusion is invariably sombre. In *Rhinocéros*, all the humans are animalized except Bérenger himself; in *Le Roi se meurt*, King Bérenger dies as his kingdom collapses about his ears; in *La Soif et la faim*, Jean Bérenger ends up as the frantic slave of sadistic monks. It is as if these plays were predominantly nightmares, interspersed with brief and inexplicable phases of euphoria, similar to the rare moments of relief that the author himself experiences in his general awareness of the pain of living. To judge by Ionesco's published diaries, he attaches great importance to dream material, as being truer than what can be suggested by the waking, conscious mind, and it may be that the obscurity of the details in these plays is to be accounted for by the fact that they have been taken straight from dreams, that is, from the non-recoverable circumstances of the author's psyche.

These two latest plays run true to form in being examples of ambulatory and stationary paranoia, depending on nightmare effects. In *L'homme aux valises*, the anonymous hero, referred to simply as "le premier homme" and encumbered with two suitcases, is engaged on an unexplained journey, which is a sort of Absurdist pilgrim's progress. Railway stations turn into harbours, Paris does not seem to be where it should be, the members of the hero's family appear and disappear in a bewildering confusion of ages, civil war is apparently raging in various places and, above all, the traveller has to run the gauntlet of different oppressive authorities, such as policemen, doctors and consuls. In the end, "le premier homme" and a large cast of representative characters perform a circular ballet, symbolic no doubt of the meaningless repetitiveness of life's disturbing round.

The hero of *Ce formidable bordel*, referred to simply as "le personnage", is a recessive, alienated character to whom things happen. He inherits a fortune, and this prompts his fellow office-workers to show various degrees of envy and spite. He has his meals every day in the same restaurant, and is taken over by an enterprising waitress who becomes his mistress. He buys a flat in a block, where various curious characters display their absurdity in lengthy monologues. An incomprehensible war breaks out, as if society beyond the end of the street were always seething with unreliability. The mistress of "le personnage" leaves him, and he experiences a sort of panoramic vision of life, in which generations of concierges and people he has known appear and disappear. In the last scene, breaking the silence that he has maintained throughout, he cries that nothing is comprehensible and laughs uproariously at the thought that life is une bonne blague", or "un fort joke, ce formidable bordel", a colossal mess or mix-up. This is the Absurdist laughter which can alternate with tears of anguish as the fundamental response to existence.

It is interesting to see how Ionesco can ring the changes on the Absurdist/Symbolist obsession, but the admirer of his earlier works cannot help feeling that these later plays are perhaps rather fluid and shapeless in their development: they could be shorter or longer without their essential nature being changed. If the raw dream or nightmare is being used as material, perhaps it needs to be processed more rigorously into an aesthetic form for the waking state.

Ten Best Plays by John Galsworthy, first published (as *Ten Famous Plays*) in 1941, has been reissued (224pp. Duckworth. £9.80). It contains the five plays which, in the words of Eric Gillett's introduction "embody . . . the elements that first made [Galsworthy's] great and worthy reputation as a writer for the stage": *The Silver Box* (1906), *Strife* (1909), *Justice* (1910), *The Skin Game* (1920) and *Loyalties* (1922). In addition there are the now less familiar, *Joy* (1907), *Windows* (1922), *Old English*, (1924), *Escape* (1926) and *The Roof* (1929).



Dennis Eadie as Falder in Galsworthy's Justice *at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1910: one of the photographs in J. C. Trewin's* The Edwardian Theatre *to be published by Blackwell in September.*

The Man of Property, almost certainly his most satisfying single novel, and achieved his first success as a playwright with *The Silver Box*. With the exception of the short story "The Apple Tree", Mrs Dupré finds little to admire in the later works: even *In Chancery* and *To Let* are described as "not distinguished works, nor were they ambitious pieces of writing".

Galsworthy himself did not regard *The Forsyte Saga* as divisible in this way, and this is understandable. When he suddenly decided in 1918 to write more about the Forsytes, he was coming to terms with himself in a way that, paradoxically, had been impossible in novels such as *The Island Pharisees* and *The Country House*, and in plays such as *Justice* and *Strife*. In these works his social conscience and class guilt were too publicly exposed, his determination always to be fair-minded restricted dramatic possibilities, while in the works of his middle period, artistic considerations seemed hardly to matter at all, as he wrote at an ever-increasing speed in order to give the money he earned to charities and the war effort.

The Forsytes allowed him the chance to come to terms with himself, to re-work in a variety of ways the relationship with Ada, and to criticize the social structure of England from the inside. Given all this Galsworthy could dispense with the partial self-portraits that disfigure the early novels: characters such as Hilary Dallison in *Fraternity* who has "so much consciousness of what he ought to do that he never does anything", seem at time to be there only to provide a contrast for Gay worthy to demonstrate how well he understood his own weaknesses. These doubts and uncertainties he could explore more effectively by projecting them into the different branches of the Forsyte clan. *To Let* shows a slackening off, and Galsworthy once started again on the Forsytes didn't know when to stop, but the one-volume *Forsyte Saga* as published in 1922 is a more adventurous work than *The Man of Property*; and Galsworthy once again was perceptive about his own abilities in seeing this as his "passport . . . for the shores of permanence".

How permanent remains to be seen. Little else of Galsworthy's survives as a living part of our literature, and even *The Forsyte Saga* draws heavily on formal qualities which have little in common with those works we regard as characteristically "modern". As Mrs Dupré points out, the enormous popular success of Galsworthy's novels coincided with the relative unpopularity of many of the greatest achievements of the modern movement. Galsworthy was aware of this and proud to be in a different league. "The plain and rather depressing fact is", he wrote, "that the 'new' Western fiction is being written about over-sophisticated people by over-sophisticated people for over-sophisticated people." No one would ever say this of Galsworthy, either as praise or as criticism. In the upper-middle-class saga he had found his most congenial theme, as well as a safety-valve for the constantly disturbing challenges posed by his inner life. His denunciations of solitary confinement, upper-class ignorance of the condition of the poor, the horrors of the shambles, and hunting, had eased something of his guilty conscience, but they were never enough.

The man who could refuse to go hunting, yet every year would send his spaniel to join a shooting party in Scotland so that he would not miss the excitement his master could no longer enjoy, was unlikely not to be capable of realizing his own deficiencies, or of understanding that as world-wide acclaim grew and the literary prizes flowed in, there was a greater distinction being earned by younger writers who had few of his advantages and little of his social conscience.

Mrs Dupré may be right in suggesting—though she is too romantic in her interpretation to be totally convincing—that if, in 1912, Galsworthy had cast Ada off, and with her, which is harder to believe, his terrifying conscience, and entered into a sexual relationship with Margaret Morris, then a powerful artistic force might have been released. But it is probably simpler to believe that the man who, in trying to make up his mind whether or not to embark on an affair, spent hours with Margaret Morris, discussing all the possible consequences, and insisting that until a final decision was reached they should sit on opposite sides of the room, was doomed anyway.

It makes just as much sense to assume that as to blame Ada for everything. Galsworthy knew very well what was wrong. After the great success of his prison play *Justice*, Edward Marsh put to him exactly the right question:

> If the Archangel Gabriel come down from heaven and gave you your choice; that your play should transform the prison system and be forgotten, or have no practical effect whatever and be a classic a hundred years hence, which would you choose?

Marsh thought he knew the answer he would receive, but Galsworthy surprised him, opting for the classic a hundred years hence. There is still plenty of time to run, though Galsworthy is not likely to make it, and he knew he would not. It was this realization that lay behind his final mysterious illness, which was brilliantly diagnosed by one of his doctors: "My opinion, from the only time I saw him about his present illness, was that something evil and final had got a firm grip and that the head symptoms were secondary and subsequent—that the trouble did not originate there." The illness was incurable. Surrounded by the trappings of conspicuous success, the award of the Nobel Prize came not as a crowning achievement, but as a mockery.

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Outcast of the islands

By Douglas Sealy

RICHARD FRERE :
Maxwell's Ghost
An Epilogue to Gavin Maxwell's Camusfearna
253pp. Gollancz. £5.50.

It was said he drank like a fish, spent money like water, tipped massively with some condescension, drove his powerful car with fury and to the public danger, and, it was added with a snigger, was always surrounded by young boys. Few of the local rustics had much good to say of him except to his face, for with many notable exceptions they are an envious race who distrust what they cannot comprehend and are disapproving of success. Years before, as I had read in *Harpoon at a Venture*, his shark fishing venture had failed; I warrant they liked him better then. The West Highlander has a high regard for disastor, which he ascribes to a mark of recognition from his sombre God, a special token of interest if not actually of love.

Thus Richard Frere in *Maxwell's Ghost* sets the stage for a Greek tragedy. The "local rustics" may have had "poverty-stricken little minds", but if ever man was marked down by a sombre God, that man was Maxwell. "Charming, erudite and glittering with sophisticated wit", as Mr Frere discovered when he met him, the tamer of otters, the successful author of *Ring of Bright Water*, the modest humanitarian, was the victim of personal inadequacy as much as of the cancer that finally destroyed him. The one-time household pets had turned into "slimy and sinister" savages that had to be kept locked up under zoo conditions, the money earned by *Ring of Bright Water* had encouraged Maxwell to spend extravagantly and live over his income, the young men he appointed as assistants invariably left him, usually after a quarrel, and some nemesis inspired him to appoint Mr Frere general manager of Gavin Maxwell Enterprises Limited, a company formed to keep Maxwell supplied with money and his creditors at bay.

Maxwell, who lived in a converted lighthouse keeper's cottage at Sandaig, had bought two further lighthouse cottages just across the water in the Isle of Skye and planned to have them done up and rented, or if possible sold, at the largest possible profit. He asked Frere's wife, an interior decorator, to design the conversion, and Mr Frere, as admirable handyman, to carry it out. There was no money to pay the Freres, but Richard had, as he says himself, a Micawberish attitude towards money and knew that something would always turn up, a belief shared by Maxwell. (The money gained on the first cottage would pay for all.) Mrs Frere was delighted by the challenge to her creative talents, so the Freres, who had to struggle to make ends meet even though they had some small private means, agreed to work for Maxwell. The first cottage, lacking a damp course, constructed with salt-impregnated sand in the mortar, neglected, steel-shuttered, was a perfect breeding ground for wet rot and dry rot, but eventually, though the damp could not be got rid of, was transformed into something that deserved to be featured in *Homes and Gardens*. Maxwell lined the bathroom with "exquisite photographs of young Arabs which he had taken on the Tigris marshes". Their "dark lustful eyes" stared down at Frere in his bath, embarrassing him.

The second cottage was in an even worse state than the first. The island on which it stood was haunted by the millennial voices of a "time-locked army"; Mrs Frere refused her assistance because Maxwell, in spite of promises, could not pay a suitable fee; Frere had to do most of the work on his own. But the conversion was eventually carried out, and the cottage provided a refuge for Maxwell at Sandaig was disastrous down. Sandaig contained choicest possessions, cost year to run, and the been allowed to lapse; never cried over spilt planned to turn the isl sort of zoo, a tourist would earn lots of money.

Frere is inclined to self for forgetting to Maxwell must have Frere was not the right Maxwell Enterprises. become Maxwell's friend, well needed friends—p would disagree with him be independent of him would drink whisky with would share his philosophy and to whom hint at his inhibitions sions. Frere, taking little for the morrow, emerging and usually unscathed from boating disasters caused inexperience and rashness feeling for nature akin to and a similar boyish love ture, gave Maxwell a that must have brightened seven years of his life made him manager friend.

After Maxwell's death, resembled Maxwell in was mistaken for him. Maxwell", said an bystander, "Yon's his ghost reading this book, I see the otters, his young men, and always finally disappear a spirit that clings to environment, like the army whose voices disturbed sleep on the island. Frere, like the Greek has told the tale, and it a memorial to his friend wonder, if we could Maxwell's ghost, but he Maxwell, whether he in the words of Sophocles: to have lived is best."

Surprised by joy

By Colin Hardie

G. WILSON KNIGHT :
Jackson Knight
A Biography
523pp. Alden Press. £5.

Jackson Knight sometimes evoked the Ancient Mariner for me (as for his brother, too, for "blessing unaware"), with his glittering eye in a rather heavy face and frame (see the nineteen photographs), but an elegantly dressed Mariner, with bowtie, sometimes monocle, gloves and silver-topped cane, who stopped one of three, or all of three, not to tell his own story, but "to put his mind to yours", to elicit your ideas, develop them and make them seem original and important. Such was his "instinctive generosity", or rather, as his brother describes it on the basis of much testimony, his almost "magical irradiation", communicating an enthusiasm verging on its eighteenth century sense, always full of fun and humour. Once, as my colleague C. S. Lewis once remarked to me, "So he has *done for* Virgil what Wilson has done for Shakespeare?"

A monument of fraternal piety between brothers so close to each other in constant correspondence and mutual influence and inspiration, J.K. born 1895 and W.K. 1897, might have been expected in a form like that of a British Academy obituary, but here are over 500 pages, with over forty rather long-lines to the page, that have grown out of a collection, projected in 1960, of essays by various friends, colleagues and pupils on J.K.'s life and works. W.K. has this remarkable testimony to speak examples for himself as he does in his Lord Byron, *Christian Virtues*, but he has interested it in detailed narrative, a family history, amplifying his *Soldier's Daughter*, on their mother Caudle, and his own school days, Repton, Rugby, Oxford, and the Great War, with chapters on his brother's writings and personal influence on others.

For a mere acquaintance (of few meetings but more letters and postcards) of only the last twenty years of J.K.'s life, there are surprises: J.K. as despatch rider and signaller in the First World War and, at Blenheim School and Exeter University, outstandingly successful organizer and captain (invested major of OTCs. (Hence his choice of "homodyne" and "heterodyne" to describe the texture of Virgil's hexameter, and his interest in the defences of Troy and of the city of Dis.) Then there are his early, rather bitter, poems, already hinting at a belief in spiritualism, which grew into explicit acceptance by 1952 and animated his posthumous *Elysion*, 1970, which W. K. and John D. Christie (of Glasgow University, contributor here of a bibliography with 271 entries and of a full analytical index), edited.

But even a brother as close as W.K. has been surprised by what he has found in the testimonies and in J.K.'s correspondence and notebooks, in the stuffed trunk in the Pink Room of Caroline House, Exeter, where at last from 1952 J.K. had a home of his own, in place of the hotels and lodgings such as W.K. and their remarkable, "propulsive" rather than "possessive", mother, too, lived in from 1918. W.K. wonders "if J. had ever truly known him", and at the "magnetic power beyond what I myself had recognized". On the campus at Exeter from 1936 to 1961 J.K. was the figure best known to the students, much sought after for his wit and wisdom in debates and after dinners, and for constant papers, and excited and exciting lectures. But I was in his personal relations with individuals that his generosity and boundless sympathy drew out the best in them, redirecting their lives and made him so many devoted friends, of all classes and backgrounds.

But this biography is also critical, candid and penetrating : e.g. on why [illegible] surprised [illegible] J.K.'s diffi[illegible] with himself [illegible] mental [illegible] depressions, and [illegible] mannerisms and distrac-

tions; on the difference of style within their common quest for spiritual understanding of inspiration and symbolism, looking back into the past, W.K., impatient of it, engaged often as an actor in and future, J.K. hankered action, even military action, he hated war, like Byron; their mother's hero, is a failed leitmotiv (eighteen entries in index, but there are in fact 6 explicit references), and W.K. tions J.K.'s particular delight main book on Byron "since much of it he could see him Sometimes there seems to much detail: eight pages on last illness, but this is explained as a case-history important to both, in order to scientific medicine against the artistic diagnosis, and faith; W.K. is not uncritical of spiritism (but I have not been read his *Neglected Powers*). Unfortunately J.K.'s last three lectures to disciples Virgil's art between the the psychic, and the elements has not been

These lectures could show on J.K.'s chief claim as a his work on Virgil (though is in my opinion his best But this is not the place, time, too early or too late, to it. W.K. quotes much from reviews, and notes that J. again like Byron, a European a Mediterranean, character, appreciated abroad than he smoothed the way to the fore of the Societas Graeciana, most to get the Virgil Society in 1943, though he was not president until 1949. But he lives in the hearts of friends (and perhaps commemorations by them as he believed Pr did to him and Virgil to Fiske and in this tribute from his *unanimus*.

POSTAGE: INLAND 9p. Ame[illegible]
SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID

Founding fathers and sons

By Larzer Ziff



"Vespucci 'Discovering' America": a late sixteenth-century allegorical engraving by Theodor Galle after Stradanus, from The New Golden Land *(299pp. Allen Lane. £12.50). Here Hugh Honour explores the changing image of America in literature and the visual arts, as it has evolved in the European mind over the past four centuries. Nearly 300 illustrations are included, from woodcuts used in editions of Columbus's and Vespucci's letters to Tiepolo's ceiling painting of America in Würzburg, and Picasso's Cubist "Buffalo Bill". The book is based on the exhibition prepared by the author for the National Gallery, Washington.*

ACVAN BERCOVITCH :
e Puritan Origins of the Ameri- e Self
9pp. Yale University Press. £8.25.

ORY ELLIOTT :
wer and the Pulpit in Puriton ew England
0pp. Princeton University Press. 50.

ly democratic idealism and the ontier compare in force with the aping effect Puritanism has had American culture. Democratic ealism generated institutions and lthough one may, of course, study hanging ideas of democracy in the bstract, a record of their continuity asides in the history of the conitutions and governments now isting in the United States. The rontier closed in 1893 (presumably; there is some debate about hich "frontier" may be defined), ecently enough for its influence till to be read in American habits as well as American books.

But how does one trace the continuity of Puritanism? What are the grounds for identifying one or another feature of the American character, American literature, or American institutions in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as the result of a highly religious political movement of the seventeenth century?

Until our time the question was answered in two cautious ways. Puritanism was taken to mean the church the Puritans founded (Congregational or Presbyterian in modern terms, but also closely connected with denominations such as the Baptist and Quaker), and its continuity was traced by ecclesiastical historians who could demonstrate how, for example, Emerson's Transcendentalism grew from Channing's Unitarianism, which grew from Chauncy's Congregationalism, which grew from the seventeenth-century Boston church. Or Puritanism was taken to mean a literature whose themes examined writers such as Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose fictions were set in bypassed New England villages where life still centred on the frame church and the folk submitted to their pastor as a dean of morals and manners as well as a teacher of piety.

Neither of these approaches, however, satisfies one's sense of there being something Puritan about the pronounced motives of a particular phase of twentieth-century American foreign policy or a particular handling of theme in a novel by William Faulkner. Accordingly, modern cultural historians have developed a concept of rhetorical continuities. They see that in their writings the American Puritans of the seventeenth century shaped a consequential myth of America that colored the landscape of the Bible with that of New England, the wanderings of the Israelites with those of the settlers, the spread of the light of the gospel with that of the westward movement. In Sacvan Bercovitch's words, "the American enterprise, unlike all others, interprets personal and corporate selffulfilment", and this is a direct outgrowth of Puritan rhetoric.

The method has its undeniable strengths, especially as practised by Professor Bercovitch who, in *The Puritan Origins of the American Self*, concerns himself intensely with what he persuasively shows to be the central fusion of the myth. It is Cotton Mather's version of the life of John Winthrop, which appeared in his *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702) and which is seminally reprinted in an appendix to the present book so that the reader may follow closely the argument based on it, one that takes up well over half of the 186 pages of text. The consequential fusion Mather achieved is acutely dissected by Professor Bercovitch, albeit in a diction and syntax which, while [illegible] impenetrable, do make for [illegible] golden. One aspect of the [illegible] is the confused [illegible] Mather's attempt to [illegible] anchored their meaning in prophecy, they felt secure that the future would vindicate them. Amazingly, the future proved them right. Amazingly, too, they succeeded in large measure because they committed themselves to the radically unorthodox implications of their rhetoric.

Even if we grant that a society can strike its future on a piece of rhetoric, how did the future prove them right? The immediate referent of "they" is the Mathers and each succeeding generation of that family saw a diminution of the church-state, so dismayingly so that Cotton Mather, the third-generation member, tirelessly attempted to construct political apparatuses that would do the job his rhetoric had failed to accomplish. In thus taking the "future" in too stingy a sense and what is meant is that America, as they defined it, was a success, then their definition must be measured against the definition of the founding fathers, most of them deists who would wince at a christological element in the concept of the American. The particular components of success will be found, I suspect, to conform more to the vision of, say, the Madison of the *Federalist* than the Mather of the *Magnalia*.

Another too-big idea is that of how the American Puritan vision of the New World differed from other colonial visions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That it did differ is undeniable, but Professor Bercovitch demands for the difference a uniqueness that it is difficult to grant. Bernal Diaz del Castillo is quoted to illustrate the Spanish view of the matter: "We came here to serve God and also get rich." This is not the millennial kingdom that Cotton Mather described, says Professor Bercovitch. But Cotton Mather was the mythmaking grandson of the Diazes of New England. Those who did the actual colonizing at the moment of the Puritan migration that corresponds to the Spanish moment, of which Diaz wrote was, not so strikingly different from him. Edward Winslow was typical when, in 1624, he described the New England to which he wished to attract his fellow Puritans as that rare place where "religion and profits jump together". Professor Bercovitch gets ahead of himself and impairs his argument when he compares Spanish actuality with Puritan mythology rather than with Puritan actuality, of which there was plenty.

The too-precise occurs principally in the argument built upon the career and writings of Emerson. *Origins*, however, Emerson must figure for the author both as individual genius and true American, both christologically and soteriologically in continuity with the way Winthrop figured for Cotton Mather, so that again we are confronted not just with a description of myth but, as with the alleged success of the Mathers' rhetoric, a promulgation of it under the guise of history. Professor Bercovitch becomes Emerson's Cotton Mather.

Most writers on Emerson recognize his connection with Puritanism and see his break with Unitarianism as a reassertion of the primacy of the spirit over the law, the importance of the flux of character above the form of society. It is akin, they feel, to other assertions in the long history of reform made by those who felt that the spirit which gave rise to dogma had been silenced by a ritualistic adherence to the dogma itself.

Puritanism too had such antibodies in its bloodstream, most notably Anne Hutchinson, who appears in this respect to be a forerunner of Emerson even as the society that rejected her foreshadowed the Harvard theology and pro-slavery politics that rejected Emerson. Accordingly, critics take some slight poetic licence, and label Emerson as the antinomian tradition in American thought.

Professor Bercovitch, however, must for the continuity of the myth have an Emerson who is as magisterial as Winthrop and this view of Emerson will not, therefore, serve. So he insists: "Perhaps the most misleading commonplace of recent criticism is that our major literature through Emerson is Antinomian." To the term he wishes to restore a sense of meaning that disallows its application to Emerson and those like him.

Very well, let us not quibble over terms. But Emerson himself was aware of antinomian tendencies in his thought—he kept saying he was not an antinomian because he kept recognizing that what he said led to his being taken as one—and when challenged by Carlyle to produce a truly American thought he opened to him Thoreau's doctrine of civil disobedience. Are the gymnastics required to put Emerson into the "truly American" condition of Mather's "Nehemias Americanus" baked. In his preface, Professor Bercovitch says he is currently working on a full-scale revaluation of Emerson, and his close reading of Cotton Mather is a promising sign of the astute revelations we may look forward to when he applies himself to certain of Emerson's puzzles. In *The Puritan Origins*, however, Emerson must figure for the author both as individual genius and true American, both christologically and soteriologically in continuity with the way Winthrop figured for Cotton Mather, so that again we are confronted not just with a description of myth but, as with the alleged success of the Mathers' rhetoric, a promulgation of it under the guise of history. Professor Bercovitch becomes Emerson's Cotton Mather.

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much myth making as myth describing to use Emerson in this way.

Hawthorne suffers a somewhat similar fate although at less length. Despite the fact that her first appearance in *The Scarlet Letter* calls up an explicit reference to Anne Hutchinson, Hester Prynne must now be brought close to the mainstream of American society rather than allowed to criticize it from her self-imposed exile. She is, for Professor Bercovitch, "an intermediary prophetess, neither merely a doomed Romantic Dark Lady at her worst nor wholly a world-redeeming Romantic saviour at her best, but a *figura mediatutis*, like the Grey Champion, the pledge that New England's sons [and daughters] will vindicate their ancestry".

One may agree with Professor Bercovitch's exclusions of overstatement without accepting the middle he offers. The quotation he applies to Hester Prynne, making it bisexual through brackets, is, after all, a quotation drawn from an earlier Hawthorne story, as he admits—even while allowing the ambiguous syntax to lead the innocent into believing it is drawn from *The Scarlet Letter*. Hawthorne wrote "The Grey Champion" more than twelve years before *The Scarlet Letter* and nothing at all that sounds remotely like it after that early period of his career, let alone in or after the period of *The Scarlet Letter*.

The full title of *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* compels Professor Bercovitch to what has here been characterized as the weaker part of the book, and it must be repeated that the greater part of the book, devoted to the Mather piece and its historical context, is very good—a keen and widely informed scholar bearing in on an important text and extracting a valuable lesson.

He deftly distinguishes among Puritan historians whose such distinctions have been fogged by earlier critics, and this discussion of the *Magnalia* as it relates to Foxe and to epics is the clear result of learning and intelligence. We desire to see the ground he has exposed bear instant flowers, however, seems to have enticed him into the leap from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century and it proves, alas, a leap from soundly reclaimed dry land into a swamp.

Although in actual number of words *Power and the Pulpit in Puritan New England* is of about the same length as *The Puritan Origins* it strikes one as a smaller book, principally, perhaps, because of its tidier format. The Princeton University Press admirably continues in its conviction that scholarly monographs need not be ugly, indeed, can be beautiful objects, and that footnotes are most serviceable when put at the foot of the page by a good designer (Yale, alas, does not appear to agree).

The impression of greater brevity stems also from a more modest intent, incisively identified and neatly executed despite a needlessly lofty title. Professor Elliott's concern is to make his contribution to the destruction of a myth rather than to the establishment of one, the myth that the second and third generations of American Puritans represented a sad and steady decline from the glories of the fathers so that the only writings they have left us that have even the slightest interest are either their self-amazing canonizations of their parents (as in the myth Professor Bercovitch analyzes) or the sermons, commonly styled "jeremiads", they gave frequent occasion to have thundered at them.

Following upon the recent work of such social historians as Robert G. Pope (all of them cited and many of them summarized in an immensely helpful fashion so that the first two chapters are worth the price of the whole as a good record of scholarship to date), Professor Elliott strengthens the new theory that there never was a decline; that we who have thought so have allowed ourselves to be misled by the jeremiads without looking at other facts and without reading the sermons produced by second and third generation members themselves, sermons which speak for the generation rather than at it. He is right.

In his first two chapters Professor Elliott builds well upon studies that show that the founding generation denied their children adulthood through denying them either patrimonies or the right to migrate to uncultivated areas until they were well past the years of [illegible]

They then mounted a pulpit campaign against their children's chafing, one that has beguiled us into thinking them incorrigible. Recent studies have gone behind sermons to show that the younger generations wanted nothing more humanly than they wanted to be given an assurance of their gracious state, together with a few of the family acres so that they could get on with being just like their parents.

Professor Elliott's particular contribution is to teach us to listen to the voices of the members of these suppressed generations in order to hear, as he does let us hear, what kind of people they were. Especially informative is his demonstration of how much kinder to their own children in particular and to the concept of rising generations in general they were. He accomplishes this by extracting from the sermon literature that has been too long dismissed, if not quite ignored, restoring to us a sense of Urian Oakes or William Hubbard as fathers as well as sons, as preachers with distinctive sensibilities refined by the severe restraint they had received whom they sat under the pulpit. As adults they were quite astoundingly sane in their lack of vindictiveness and their desire to be more receptive to their young than had been the patriarchs.

My particular favourite, or rather the preacher who Professor Elliott has effectively succeeded in making my favourite, is Samuel Willard: the section on him is just right in its evocation of a kind of pastoral mental health that, now that I am compelled by Professor Elliott to think of it, makes sense—must have done if New England for all its worshipping of John Cotton and John Winthrop was to get on with the essentially sound intellectual and political activities it did get on with. It is understandable, although regrettable, that with a generational concern Professor Elliott has to focus Cotton Mather (son of Increase, grandson of John Cotton and Richard Mather) as his crowning piece, because this windy, neurotic scion of clerical bluebloods, driven by his upbringing to a severe stammer and thus developing a compensatory flow of totally unstemmable written words, while he fits the pattern traced, detracts somewhat anti-climactically from the lesser known contemporaries of his who had so handsomely been set forth earlier. Professor Elliott says guiltily of Cotton Mather that "even those biographers and historians who have approached him sympathetically have had only moderate success in creating a greater appreciation of his truly remarkable achievements". This being so, and Professor Elliott also managing only an anticlimax with him, perhaps it is time to call a moratorium and to say that if the man's achievement was truly remarkable it will just have to speak for itself rather than continue to be the subject of studies that never manage to demonstrate it.

These two books taken together are strong evidence that American Puritanism continues to elicit consequential scholarship in the United States. When one considers, however, that transatlantic scholars have also made valuable contributions to our knowledge of English Puritanism (M. M. Knappen, A. S. P. Woodhouse, William Haller) the wonder grows that American Puritanism has challenged so few British scholars. It is it movement that arose in England; the overwhelming majority of its great works were published first in England; it continued into the eighteenth century to attempt accommodations with Great Britain and received George Whitefield with enormous enthusiasm.

Moreover, American scholars sometimes stray, understandably, from the main argument into minutiae. Perhaps Cotton Mather's remark from abroad is not quite so imposing as the great white whale's, perhaps the sympathetic British eye can pick up the traces of Puritanism in modern American life with a nicer focus than the eye of one who is living that life.

British students of American culture, however, go on cherishing the view that America was born yesterday (well, under the onslaught of this year's propaganda, born at most 200 years ago) and thereby overlook an area in which they seem particularly well situated to make important contributions. If American scholars promised not to write about Cotton Mather for ten years would British scholars promise to have a look at him rather than to attempt yet another decoding of

Bringing in a gusher

By E. S. Turner

J. PAUL GETTY :
As I See It
An Autobiography
361pp. W. H. Allen. £6.

With a "crack estate manager" as "attorney *par excellence*" and a "nonpareil majordomo" (who knows when to bring out the gold plate) a man may live happily enough; but how much more happily when he also has a roster of "lovely and wonderful ladies" to run his birthday parties and launch his ships. Such was the lot of the late Paul Getty, of Sutton Place in Surrey, a man who—on the evidence of this book—was clearly an odd, miserly recluse. How could people impute inhospitality to one who was willing to lend his home to the Earl of Warwick for a coming-out party, the earl's castle not being very handy for Ascot? Of course, there were days when a man might regret not having bought Hearst's castle or San Simeon, in California, but really San Simeon was too far from a city for a working octogenarian.

Getty drew his friends from "a very large number of life-enhancing men and women", most of them headline people: "good friends" like Rudolf Valentino and Nubar Gulbenkian; "the best of friends" like Marion Davies; "close friends" like Clara Bow and Aristotle Onassis; "very close friends" like Jack Dempsey; "warm close friends" like the Duke of Windsor; "close and cherished" friends like Heinie Wyssen; "dear and longtime friends" like Margaret, Duchess of Argyll; "close friends for decades" like the Duke of Bedford; "particularly good friends" like Jesse L. Lasky; "personal friends" like Richard Nixon; and ordinary friends like Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Charles Clore, Sir Isaac Wolfson, Bobo Rockefeller, Aly Khan, Barbara Hutton, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and the Burtons. Too bad that Getty had only "the barest acquaintance" with Howard Hughes.

This autobiography is a flung-together work which would have benefited from the attentions of a crack editor, a nonpareil speller and a proofreader *par excellence*. Between them they could have unscrambled quotations (such as the one about Curzon) and attended to lapses such as "Lord Joseph Duveen". Not even a man with "hordes of cash" (page four) can command total literacy; a thought which is either very comforting or very sad. What we get is a mixture of sketchy reminiscences, hard-nosed philosophy and indifferent anecdotage, jauntily written in that style in which boardrooms are panelled and oriental rugs are priceless. The extracts from the great man's diaries are mostly bald in the extreme, though occasionally shedding light on the famous ("Berenson is always one of the best-dressed men. About 5ft 2in, he weighs around 120 pounds . . ."). Regrettably, there are trite, time-wasting explanations of what caused the two world wars; it is a relief when the author says that what happened after Hitler seized power "needs no detailed recounting here".

Getty's father was a wealthy oil-man who made his son learn the game from the ground up. The son slogged away at buying leases, became a dollar millionaire at twenty-three and briefly retired; his comeback delighted no one more than his friend Bill Roeser, a wildcatter who always wore a fresh, crisp $10,000 banknote in his button-hole. Such was not Getty's style, possibly because he had spent two terms at Oxford (his sports were boxing and weight-lifting) and sampled the country-house life of England. Magdalen he used to sit up until all hours arguing with the Prince of Wales, who even then had "an uncanny clarity of vision —and wisdom—in the field of world affairs. . . . Among all the Britons I knew in 1912-13 he alone recognized the menace posed by his cousin, Gorman Kaiser Wilhelm II."

Getty is on firmer ground when defending capitalism. He felt absolutely no guilt over providing jobs for tens of thousands. All his wealth was put to use and he never had even 1 per cent of his rated wealth available for spending. To those who begged for money he cut a long form letter regretting, in the kindest way, his inability to help; what the letter really meant was that he was unwilling to throw people out of work in order to distribute funds to the feckless.

On the ways of governments Getty is predictable. Yes, he says, oilmen do scare easily: "They become very frightened indeed when, after being called upon to make multi-million and even billion dollar expenditures on 50-1 shots, they suspect that governments will not permit them a fair return on their risk and efforts." The Arabs were right, he maintains, to jack up their prices, having been "gulled, bilked—in a word, suckered" for decades.

The man who claimed to have been "buoyantly chillastic" in youth saw a stern future for his fellow men, with enforced agriculture in the communist manner for welfare parasites and strong laws to enforce zero population growth, with "mandatory abortion for any woman who becomes pregnant without official sanction". Getty also approved of the way the people's democracies dealt with criminals: but his close links with Saudi Arabia did not impel him to recommend the even sharper punishments practised there.

In philosophical mood, Getty jeers at Freud's ideas about *economicus*, but commends heaven knows why—a dictum "social psychologist John Hemphill" who says: "To learn to engage in an act which implies a structure in the interaction with others as part of the process of solving a mutual problem" this really be the secret of success?

Several Getty legends are disposed of, including the tale of how he forced guests at Sutton Place to use a public telephone booth apparently, on open days, visitors have clamoured to see the pay phone. On the kidnapping of his grandson the book is necessarily reticent, since those arrested await justice. Getty refused to pay, about his intimate relations with women. As for his five wives, he points out that he did not divorce any of them; they all divorced him apparently because he was too busy. All are thanked for their liberality in giving him access to his children. Three of them are still remained friends, even good friends.

Why was Getty so rarely photographed smiling? He says the photographer would have clutched at any excuse to spoil the picture and written a caption like "What secret deal has J. Paul Getty just completed to make him smile with such unabashed glee?" A kinder caption would be: "J. Paul Getty laughs bravely at the thought that every visitor to his art museum at Malibu costs him $2." There are 300,000 of them yearly.

Two illustrations by Norman Rockwell from Paddington Press's comprehensive collection of all the editions of Poor Richard's Almanacks (300pp. £7.95) which Benjamin Franklin published annually for twenty-five years, starting in 1732. They were immensely popular, and many of their sayings and homilies became part of American folk wisdom. The illustrations were contributed to a limited edition of 1964, which is fully reproduced here.



Light Purse, heavy Heart...

A Man may, if he know not how to save, keep his Mo... to the Grindstone, and die not worth a Groat at la...

The tigress of the *Lily*

By Stella Mary Newton

D. C. BLOOMER :
Life and Writings of Amelia Bloomer
Introduction by Susan J. Kleinberg
387pp. Wildwood House. Paperback. £2.95.

I began to reread Dexter C. Bloomer's biography of his wife, now republished in paperback, sitting in the restaurant of a hotel in Prague, surrounded by an immense party of Japanese, one of whose number, with self-treading shoes, confidence, took over the violin of the three-piece band to play a mournful Slavonic air. Since I was last there the Alcron has added "luxe" to its name and de-luxe to its category, though its cuisine maintains an earlier level. Its soprano *crêpes Suzette* produced some sympathy for Mrs Dexter C. Bloomer's forthright pronouncement that "that lady must be a wretched cook indeed who cannot make apple dumplings, mince pies or cake palatable without the addition of poisonous substances". Nor that Mrs Bloomer was without her own peculiar brand of complexity: why, otherwise, should she have signed that temperance article "Gloriana"? Mr Bloomer adds that it was a favourite pen-name of hers.

Temperance and a fair deal for women were Mrs Bloomer's two lasting concerns, and dress reform

interests. It was her belief in temperance (total abstinence from alcohol and later tobacco which, she thought, induced thirst) that first aroused her sympathy for wives who with their children endured poverty and often violence because their husbands were drunkards. From that standpoint she moved on to the realization that most women suffered from other deprivations and abuses too.

It is not mere frivolity to contrast Mrs Bloomer's America with the complexity of today's Europe. Her campaigns seem to have been conducted against a background of primeval innocence which is pleasant to have recalled in this bicentenary year, with nostalgia and by no means humourlessly. Coincidence which infuses much good nineteenth-century American and English fiction and biography.

Amelia Bloomer (born Amelia Jenks) in spite, apparently, of having been taught no more than to read and write "with little grammar and less arithmetic" was befitted a girl of the time—became a teacher at the age of seventeen and had, before long, developed a fluent and powerful prose-style from which her present editor could have learnt much.

In 1840, Amelia Jenks, then aged twenty-two, met and married a young law student interested in the political movements of the day. With remarkable foresight (or perhaps some pressure?) the Presbyterian minister who married them omitted the word "obey" from the service, thus launching the marriage on terms of which, as her career developed, Mrs Bloomer could approve. To advantages her husband brought her through the marriage was a connection with the press, for he was already an editor and part-proprietor of the *Seneca County Courier*, a weekly published in his home town, Seneca Falls, NY. In a very short time his wife became a contributor to the *Courier* and when in 1849 he was appointed postmaster to the town, she became his deputy. "It was", she wrote, "a novel step for me to take in those days, and no doubt many thought I was out of woman's sphere."

At about the same time, Mrs Bloomer and a group of like-minded local ladies started a temperance paper named the *Lily* (a name of which Mrs Bloomer herself disapproved). The *Lily* flourished, its reputation spread and Mr Bloomer's original misgivings as to its financial stability were proved wrong.

There seems no doubt that the wide publicity it received was at least partly due to the fact that its appearance coincided with an experiment in feminine dress-reform, into which Mrs Bloomer entered. Although not the initiator of the idea, Mrs Bloomer as the *Lily's* editor and a constant speaker at temperance meetings was the member of the group whose name became associated with the image of the trousered and therefore the unnatural woman. In fact she continued to wear the dress named after her for only three or four years.

Mrs Bloomer, who often cited Queen Victoria as an example of feminine effectiveness in high faction of seeing a considerable growth in the Temperance Movement, the enfranchisement of women in several states and, of other of her causes, "the dawn of slavery . . . irrevocably seized".

Life and Writings of Amelia Bloomer, Dexter C. Bloomer's tribute to his wife, was first published in Boston in 1874, the year of her death. It has both a heroine and a hero, for in spite of his modest and almost comic elimination of himself from the narrative, Mr Bloomer's presence is felt throughout; it is evident that he was far from being a weak dominated husband dominated by a strong-minded wife, and that her initiative sometimes compelled him to change course. It had, for instance, no choice but to sell the *Lily* when they went west in 1855 and settled themselves in comparatively early inhabited by the new township of Council Bluffs.

Mr Bloomer, who manifestly held his wife in high and affectionate esteem, includes eulogies of her character and work from numerous admirers, both on the occasion of their golden wedding and of her death, when he had the sensible idea to cause her tombstone to be inscribed "Amelia Jenks, wife of D. C. Bloomer". In accordance with her view that women should keep their maiden names. It was an edict which makes Susan J. Kleinberg's practice of referring to her by her husband's surname without prefixed title all the more curious. It is also strange that the preponderance of references to passages from her book quoted in her introduction seem to correspond so precisely

Preserving the pieties

By Russell Davies

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS :
The Winthrop Covenant
309pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.95.

In a crumbling house in a debatable part of Notting Hill, Mrs Routledge tries to keep some order in the lives of her lodgers, already less than half-awake, diminished by their fantasies into characters slightly less than human, but slightly more than phantoms from the Red King's realm. Mrs Routledge is the least substantial figure in the book, yet even she sees in a future which these days only seemingly capable of representing itself as a revamped and frequently miserly version of the past. The mist has already enveloped the others.

In Mr Poynter's dream city the temperature is always 58°F, the redlight district discreetly handy, and Judith plays medleys of Winston Churchill, *77MA*, and Vera Lynn. Then the book opens the city is suffering an intrusion. Sand stains the brass of a trim garden like the first rash of an infection. The sand comes from the dream beach where Kenneth Scranton, the teacher in the next room, swims nightly with covens of Artazons; at breakfast the legs are covered with sand.

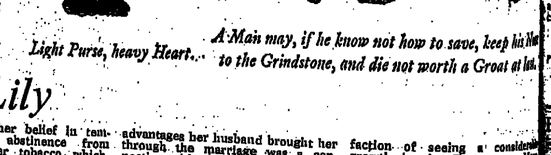
The fencing which encloses their dream pastures has broken down: further invasion begins with the arrival of the novelist, Cecilia Coughton, towing her two reluctant characters who frustrate her plots and conspire to dispose of her in stories restricted by their creator's whims. Miss Briggs, the last of the boarders, is appointed a surrogate Queen in one of the matrimonial sequences, to attend to a trace and chase plot.

In Robert Standish's *Green Fire* (187pp. Peter Davies. £3.50), a solicitor gives a deadpan account of his millionaire client's involvement with an emerald, an estate, and a gold-digging wife. The man's obsession with giving as good, or as bad, as he gets and the clash of justice with mercy add interest to a fairly short story, during the garden parties she so enjoys; but Mr Poynter's city is under perpetual threat from the Amazons, and so is the waking reality to which everyone reluctantly returns: "while the dreams of the residents of the Westringham Hotel tangled and unfolded, binding their victims together in terrible juxtapositions and snapping them apart just at the moment when they seemed most inextricably interwoven, there began to creep out of the doors and down the countryside the faint, invisible strands of these dreams. . .". Emma Tennant is quite explicit about the impossible blendings she describes and this explicitness robs the paradoxes of their surprise and much of their charm.

At the last a half-conscious and wholly caricatured revolutionary inherits the dissolving dream kingdom because his fantasies are the most powerful. The ending forces the reader to interpret the narrative as an image of the state of England, an identification I found unrewarding. But there are incidental pleasures. Emma Tennant writes wittily, and is particularly good at the cool exposition of almost unimaginable states of decay and disreputability; but perhaps a perfect ear would not have permitted "Miss Routledge gave Cridge a sharp nudge in the ribs"—a jingle that let me hum-ming distractedly for many a page.

The Winthrop Covenant is one of those "powerful chronicles" that began "and "trace" a family's ideals: nor, I am glad to say, by grinding remorselessly through the generations, but by skipping from era in a sequence of impassioned and disputatious tableaux, nine in all. We begin back in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where Governor John Winthrop's covenant of works, the idea of salvation achieved through strict observance of civil and ecclesiastical pieties, prevails over Mistress Anne Hutchinson's shrill counter-assertion of a covenant of grace, based on a direct and even inspirational intuition of the divine presence. Noting Winthrop's unease, his obscure entitlement to his gubernatorial certainties and his ruthless ways of imposing these upon the populace, we proceed to the second tableau, where the moral consequences begin to visit themselves upon later generations of Winthrops. The first to suffer is Major General Wait Still Winthrop, grandson of the original, and a judge in the Salem witch trials; his story is presented in the form of a letter written by a young priest to his father; telling of the deathbed wrangling that went on in the general's mind between conscience and the divinely sanctioned, arrogant will of the Winthrops to unite, to conserve, to "maintain the consensus".

At this point in history, the emphasis shifts from religious to more openly political affairs. But at the same time, the churches and courts of law cease to be the



The road to ruin

By Eric Korn

EMMA TENNANT :
Hotel de Dream
209pp. Gollancz. £3.95.

Clan gathering

By Sue Limb

Scottish Short Stories
220pp. Collins. £3.25.

Scottish Short Stories 1976 is the fourth in a series of anthologies sponsored by the Scottish Arts Council. There is no evidence in it of a selfconsciously regional outlook. Subject-matter varies widely, and folklore and nostalgia, though present, do not predominate. George Mackay Brown takes us back to the epic world of early Christian Orkney with "The Feast at Puplay", in which the women prepare a feast for the return of the reconciled earls, but instead of a celebration there is murder: Mr Brown's bleak, understated prose poetry captures well the qualities of the Orkneyinga sagas on which his story is based.

Alan Jackson writes rather like an amateur cook: at a hot pace, hurling a variety of verbal spices into his mixture and letting it bubble for three pages. The only indigestible ingredient is the hidden rhyme which constantly threatens to reduce the piece to prose doggerel:

"What? Not smoked pot? Just as thought. You wait, remember the date, off by rote. For tonight, sweetpie, you fly, you float."

He rumbled on. She, won by words' delicious flow, sat glowing warm, not melted quite, almo.

A more sober concoction is "Nineteen Policemen Searching the Solent Shore" by Giles Gordon. Police search for a murder weapon on the beach. Mr Gordon re-creates the feeling of an achingly boring manoeuvre by restless repetition and short, tired sentences:

I was with you.
We were searching for a gun.
I was with you. We were shown it beforehand.
The day before.
The gun for which we searched.
If you were shown it, there was no reason for your search.
Our search. You say you were one of us.

Mr Gordon's prose, like the tide, ebbs and flows, but never comes to a crux. This deliberately unfocused quality may be intended to mesmerize but one may long instead for, events and clarity. The short story is an unforgiving form: it insists on a swiftly forming shape and anything unfocused quickly becomes dank. Mr Gordon's technique would have seemed less heavy in a novel.

Writers who resist the temptation to elaborate their prose often do better. "Spud Suffering Through Sunday" by William Grant charts a day in the life of a Glasgow tenement family of the mid-1970s. Spud (who gets up hungover and goes to bed drunk), his little boys and his bruised and pregnant wife battle their way through their day of fear. The deafening chaos of their lives, and the sadness and desperation of it, is revealed obliquely through a filter of comedy and humorous dialect. "Dracula", Paul Gallico's first short story, differs on

Automobile association

By Frank Pike

KEITH ALDRITT :
The Good Pit Man
242pp. André Deutsch. £3.50.

The meticulously realized scenes from contemporary provincial life which are the substance of this novel grow out of a simple narrative of an affair between the wife of a self-important, self-made local councillor in the building trade and the man giving her driving lessons in the red Mini bought by her husband with the idea of taking her out of her middle-aged, house-bound, child-deserted self. The "good pit man" of the title, Ray Wilcock, has the kind of dependability and practical resourcefulness that the lower middle class expect of the upper working class, the kind of modest asset which keeps him out of the idle queue when illness takes him out of the mine. The shifts he works on the surface as a stand-by driver give him the free time to do other odd jobs—and to meet Vera without the occasion of a driving lesson when Tom is out on council business hard to distinguish from his own. The lovers' motorized excursions give an acute and deliberately created sense of locale—the part of industrial Staffordshire where there is still ready access to the countryside (Cannock Chase), and the character of individual towns (Hednesford) has not yet been totally engulfed.

In inventing Sowick, Keith Aldritt has created the sort of community where shallow (if desperate) adulteries are both necessary and impossible, and where public morality and private frailty have no alternative but to accommodate to each other more or less painfully, more or less cynically. The physical and *emotional reality of the series of encounters, confrontations and "scenes" in streets, shops, bunks, bungalows and council homes has also been imagined in painstaking detail, and the selection and transcription show a robust, conscientious, unassuming craftsmanship and a self-effacing respect for the temporal realities of an affair which had its origins in boredom and frustration, and runs its course through petty deception and micro-melodrama to a natural death. There are no Emma Bovarys to be found in Cannock, and it's to Mr Aldritt's credit that he doesn't try to persuade us otherwise. His intention is obviously to a large extent documentary; and on the whole, he seems admirably content to trust the tale. Nevertheless, an epigraph from D. H. Lawrence implies that literary ambitions are far from absent, and the fact that this is "the first of a sequence of novels that will deal with the course of Midlands society" encourages expectations.

In P. B. Yuill's new novel *Hazell and the Menacing Jester* (188pp. Macmillan. £3.25) practical jokes are followed by practical crimes and almost defeat the narrator, a wisecracking, smart-aloc private eye. The sneddly rich London setting and the spiritually poor Londoners are convincing but fairly depressing.

J. PAUL GETTY
As I See It: The late Paul Getty's autobiography reveals the man's opinions on such diverse subjects as Germany and war guilt, energy and ecology, oil, the Middle East and world business, as well as intriguing detail about how he made his many fortunes. Illus. £6.00

STANLEY MORGAN
Sky-jacked: A rollicking, up-to-the-minute satire of a publicity-mad American airline and an even more coverage-crazy Arab Sheik, who forces a jetful of celebrities to land on his miniscule, unknown but oil-rich Persian Gulf island. £2.95

ALIDA BAXTER
Out On My Ear: With the third in her hilarious autobiographical quartet, which began with *Flat On My Back* and *Up To My Neck*, Alida Baxter joins Richard Gordon and James Herriot as one of Britain's most accomplished and successful comedy writers — what Gordon is to doctors, and Herriot is to vets, Alida Baxter is to manipulated womenkind! With cartoons by Bill Tidy £3.50

THE PRESS INSIDE OUT
By Bill Grundy: The British press is renowned for probing dark secrets, and revealing what its digging has turned up. It is less well known for investigating what goes on behind its own closed doors. This book is designed to redress the balance. £3.95

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THE MOUNTIES:
War Drums of the Blackfoot, By Terrance Dicks £2.25

W.H.ALLEN
A Howard & Wyndham Company

A practice for professionals

By G. M. Carstairs

JEFFREY L. BERLANT:
Profession and Monopoly
A Study of Medicine in the United States and Great Britain
337pp. University of California Press. £9.60.

Profession and Monopoly starts, to use an American expression, with three strikes against it: it is based on a PhD *thesis*, a thesis in sociology, *moreover*; and its author leans heavily on Talcott Parsons and Max Weber. These attributes do not lead one to expect particularly readable, let alone stylish work and indeed it proves to be a contribution to "the literature" of its field, rather than to literature.

It is not uncommon for some of the ablest medical students to add a year to their studies in order to complete a degree in physiology, biochemistry or one of the other sciences basic to medicine, but very few as yet have pursued advanced study in one of the behavioural sciences as Dr Berlant has done. This is perhaps surprising because of the growing recognition of the relevance of psychology, sociology and economics to medical practice and to the planning of health services. Their relative neglect can be attributed to the conservatism of medical schools, which are reluctant to include them in the basic curriculum: hence a doctor who wishes to study any of these fields seriously must be prepared to devote quite a lot of time to the task, as this author has done.

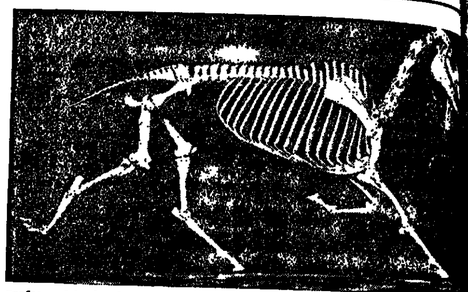
His book gives clear evidence of his having served his apprenticeship, and mastered the tools of the trade—the unwieldy tools of sociological concepts embodied in sociological jargon. What he has not yet mastered is the skill of conveying his ideas in lucid, readily intelligible language; but this is hardly surprising since both Parsons and Weber write in a style so obscure that they need to be translated for the benefit even of their own countrymen. The very first paragraph of this book makes one flinch, with sentences like the following: "These methodological and theoretical aspects of Parsons's work . . . are nonetheless tangential to the analytical problem of the extent to which Parsons's theory of the medical profession can contribute to one's understanding of the institutionalization of the medical profession." A few pages later, discussing doctor-patient interactions, he writes: "Parsons fails to mention the trust calls for elements of affectivity, particularism, and functional diffuseness, as well as a collectivity-orientation." Does that really help one to understand why some patients come to trust their doctors?

If one can steel oneself to penetrate the jargon, however, it is interesting to be reminded about Parsons's pioneering attempt to analyse the doctor's role and the patient's complementary adoption of the "sick role". Both of these, Parsons argued, serve a socially utilitarian end in that they meet the need for the social system to maintain healthy social actors, so that they can fulfil their social tasks. Implicit here is an explanatory principle not unlike that of survival value, so dear to functionalists, which can be invoked in a wide range of circumstances; but Dr Berlant points out the great complexity of the technical, emotional and communicational factors which arise in different times in every doctor-patient relationship. He also calls Parsons to task for the tendency to idealize the medical professional role: "Many of the practices of the profession function in behalf of the collective interests of the profession whether or not they benefit the patient."

This leads him to an exposition of Weber's theories concerning professions, bureaucracies and the tendency towards monopolization. The last of these he finds a particularly illuminating concept, although here again he expresses himself in terms which are at once sonderous and naïve: "As Weber's brilliant analysis suggests, monopolization requires dominion over the market in order to exclude competitors from a group." (Do we really require "Weber's brilliant analysis" in order to arrive at this definition?)

In expounding Weber's distinctions between a profession and a bureaucracy, Dr Berlant compels some uncomfortable reflections. For him, the paradigm of medicine as a profession is the work of a private practitioner who owns his own surgery, or nursing home and operating theatre together with all its equipment, and determines his own fees; in contrast, the bureaucrat works for the organization, in its premises and using its facilities. The professional is, in principle, one of a group of peers—you are either a member of the profession or not—whereas bureaucrats are always graded, with differences in status, power and rewards. It is distressing to be reminded that in these terms doctors working for the National Health Service now have many more attributes of the bureaucrat than of the professional.

The theme of monopolization dominates the remainder of the book, which turns next to a review of successive formulations of medical ethics in Britain and America, from Thomas Percival's *Medical Ethics* of 1803 to the American Medical Association's "Principles of Ethics" of 1957. This proves, however, to be an extremely partial review. By his own admission the author has *not* been concerned with the ostensible purpose of such successive ethical codes, namely the protection of the patient. Instead he has sought, and invariably found, underlying evidence of "strategies", of which the code's authors may or may not have been aware, calculated to advance the profession's monopoly of practice.



"Horse's skeleton in a trotting position": one of the photographs taken by Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904) to demonstrate the postures of animals in motion. Muybridge: Man in Motion *(207pp. University of California Press. $18.50) traces the complex and mysterious life of the "godfather of moving pictures". It is illustrated with 156 plates.*

This chapter already introduces the theme of licensure, as a means of formalizing the profession's monopoly, and the next two chapters deal at length with the history of licensure in Britain and the United States. Once again this terrain is approached with Weber's theory of monopolization as his sole compass and guide, and the result makes for very crowded history. For example, he describes particular episodes in which changes in British licensure regulations extended the right to medical practice from a very limited to a much wider array of persons—but these, he says, "on closer examination were not compromises of the monopolization interests of the profession but instead shifts in monopolization strategy in response to changing political conditions". This is surely a "heads I win, tails you lose" form of argument.

There is, however, the compensation that when he comes to the infighting of AMA resistance to "socialized medicine" and to programmes such as Medicare and Medicaid (until it was discovered that these programmes could be exploited to the doctor's advantage), the author writes with a personal involvement which clarifies his narrative style and relieves it of much of its burden of sociological jargon. This is also evident in his concluding chapter on American medical reform, which describes the struggle between relatively liberal reformist groups within the AMA, and the association's old guard, which he depicts as implacably conservative, self-interested and devious in their resistance to change. Much of this chapter is devoted to the emergence in 1968 of the Committee on Planning and Development, whose unhappily titled "Himler Report" appeared two years later, only to be emasculated, side-tracked, and referred to numerous other committees for "further consideration".

Much of this history will be of immediate interest only to American readers. It can also be read by outsiders, for the light which it throws on the operations of a powerful interest-group within a society: but it is a fitful light. As an analysis of the medical profession it is incomplete, in that it appears to regard the AMA as the sole embodiment of that profession; and by concentrating so exclusively on the monopolistic tendencies of organized medicine it does less than justice to the ideas of medical men who are concerned not merely with medical practice but with the provision of better health care, which is a much wider field. Embedded in the final chapter there is an interesting discussion of the growing awareness in America itself that health care is the concern of many other people apart from doctors. This collection of para-medicals to perform tasks of health care is gaining momentum not only in America but all over the world. Not surprisingly the first reaction of the "medical mafia" (as both Ivan Illich and Halfdan Mahler, the present director-general of WHO, have denounced national medical organizations) has been to denounce such plans as detrimental to the quality of medical care; the second reaction is to welcome medical auxiliaries provided that they work under the supervision of doctors. As yet, however, few are able to recognize the true performance of relatively routine tasks by persons trained in appropriate level can make a much greater contribution to the health of a community than the more spectacular feats of medical or surgical treatment which deploy expensive technological resources in order to prolong the life of a few. The monopolization is this author's preoccupation, it is surprising that he has devoted so little attention to this new trend, which may well lead more to break the medical monopoly than all the wheeling and dealing in the committee-rooms of the American Medical Association.

The medicine-man on the make

By Paul Halmos

NOEL PARRY and JOSE PARRY:
The Rise of the Medical Profession
A Study of Collective Mobility
282pp. Croom Helm. £8.50.

"Healers" have always been cordially received by kings and the great, for they could render much valued service. For that the spiritual healers were difficult to distinguish from the medicine men but in the scientific centuries there has been less uncertainty about this: today the spiritual healers either operate on the margin or they must be certified members or associates of a recognized psychotherapeutic fraternity. Yet, in spite of their much sought-after services, the medical man's status remained ambiguous for a long time. Noel and Jose Parry cite, from one of their multitudinous sources, "if a doctor was called to a large country house in the early Victorian times it was customary to offer him refreshment in the housekeeper's room". The status of the medical profession, like that of the theatrical profession, made very little progress—almost every other category in the society, with the recent advances: not only are formerly actors eligible to be presidents of the United States and members of the House of Lords but doctors too have access to positions of this nature. Today, a jaundiced medical sociology everywhere attributes the doctor's advance to their talent for bidding for more honorarium and authority while acting the part of personal service, altruism, and bedside benevolence. Both the drama of the theatre and of the operating theatre are in the limelight and the virtues of prescribing receive the most generous rewards: at least this is what the sceptical sociological account tells us.

The Rise of the Medical Profession is about the theory of "collective social mobility", about the how and why of the collective advancement (or regression) of a group of people in the rank order of groups of people. The first half of the book is sociological theory, the second half is devoted to a case study of the medical profession and of its sustained advance in Britain during the past couple of centuries. The authors see the structural formation of society ("structuration") as a concept which is larger than its class structuration or stratification and show that elements other than class, such as sex and religion, qualify the influence of the class factors. It is also an aim of the writers to show that to represent the middle class as "thoroughly and archetypically individualist" is mistaken. The potency of the collectivism of colleagues is no less marked than the collectivism of the worker-comrades and they commend that a class-theory must include the recognition of middle-class solidarities, such as professionalism gives rise to. In fact, the authors regard the study of professionalism "as central to the further advancement of the theory of class".

The first hundred or so pages are devoted to the sociological literature of professionalization. This section is drearily and unnecessarily extensive in its citations and their criticisms: one cannot help sympathizing with the late Richard Titmuss who — according to the authors' acknowledgements — "tried valiantly to reduce the research to manageable proportions" and, who, I gather, failed. The first chapter, a sociological survey of the literature, is followed by a second part, even if the connexions of the two are obviously close and in many ways necessary.

The tale of the medical profession is related neither reverentially nor revolutionarily but objectively, and if there is any bias in this account it is certainly a mere instance of the widely shared bias of the contemporary sociology of the professions today. This bias consists in applying the rule that only honorarium and prestige are explanatory categories in the theory of professionalization and, even if the explanation is not Marxist-Leninist, it must still be largely exclusively on the tough-minded categories of self-interest if it desires to be credible. It is absorbing to follow the many acts of resistance to state-power which secured advantage upon advantage to the medical profession, and this part of the record is accurate enough. The authors' interweaving style, a "hypocrisy" of writers are blank. One should be too harsh with them on this score, for they are only of their time, sociology, alchemy, contemporary sociology.

alienation in work is not as all revolutionary purposes is in fact. Indeed, even the rationality of credible and honest social science will have to be questioned. The authors demand that "the breath of life" shall enter the analytical framework of social theory, but they have set themselves a standard of which is surely too high.

The secret of the advancement of the medical profession is one that does not consist solely of symbolist facts, or facts of power, prestige, honoraria, and so on. Something passes between most practitioners and patients that the patient ardently seeks and has failed to obtain from many other sources: the spiritual guardians and the elders of the extended family have been replaced by personal service professionals; this is not the outcome of medical strategem or professional conspiracy and intrigue. The collective advancement of the medical professionals is explained without reference to the sincere or hypocritical personal services they render to people, the monthly cheque and the guest list status explains a lot and fails to explain almost as much. It is not that professionalization is a bad or good deal illuminated by any theory but rather that class-theory or syndicalist theories leave out much of the story untold and the utopian promises insupportable.

It is interesting that the authors castigate Talcott Parsons for the gross oversimplification when he speaks of ascription and achievement as mutually exclusive categories; they rightly point out that in medicine there is a high level of ascription and achievement in some time. But whereas the Parrys accept this hybridization, they find no room for a hybridization of syndicalist and personal service aspects are mere gambits in the legitimation and "justification" of privilege and power.

The white light of truth is the product of all colours of the spectrum; and, one or two wide bands of colour in the spectrum of the

Answering for the self

By D. W. Harding

N DONNE:
tions upon Emergent Occasions
ted by Anthony Raspa
pp. McGill-Queen's University ss (Books Canada). £12.60.

a time of shoddy affluence this ion of Donne's *Devotions*, tifully produced and scrupuly edited, adds something to real wealth. The text that ony Raspa has established ms to be as close to finality as anything can be, the bibliographical story of the work is minute and exhaustive, the notes packed with scholarly information, the erudition of the introduction scarcely to be surpassed. One must be grateful. And yet, some question remains about the tradition of literary scholarship represented by the task Mr Raspa has performed with such unanimous ability and thoroughness.

Learned comment on a work of ver literature faces a dilemma. A thinly spun reading undoubtedly ks for a background of knowledge ther only specialized scholarship can provide. But the pursuit of specialized knowledge has no rminus, and in carrying out his own proper task with thoroughness the scholar leads us continually further away from the literary work. Dangerously ill and facing the probability of imminent death, Donne took the course of his illness as a framework for examining himself in the context of the faith by which his life was organized and his values sustained. Two sentences in Dr Raspa's introduction put admirably the essentials of the book as a work of literature:

> *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* is a straightforward work reflecting without contrivance, but with natural complexity, the experience of a lifetime in the exigencies of a moment. . . . Donne used the literary techniques of both his poetry and his anterior *prose under the pressure of an intense personal experience*, to create a new meditative form of literature unique among his works.

But unhappily these and one or two more sentences dealing with the work Donne wrote are quickly buried under a load of scholarly knowledge about its background: Donne's theology, the Catholic tradition of meditation, Donne's biblical allusions, the contemporary theory and practice of medicine, his ramifications in astrology, this and much else. It is all there, and none of it gratuitously imported, since each topic starts from something in the work. But the superstructure of erudition grows top-heavy.

At one point Dr Raspa himself notices that things are being carried too far. Scholars have plunged deep into controversy about the relation of the *Devotions* to Ignatius Loyola's *Exercises*, and he comments:

> The number of suggestions about the formal meditative character of the work in recent years contains, to proliferate rather than abate, and it speaks for a seemingly unanswerable side to the question. The number of these suggestions is itself symptomatic of the malaise of modern critics . . .

critics whom he nevertheless goes on to expound. The malaise is not that of criticism in the literary sense, but of scholarship, nominally in the service of literature, which has lost perspective. For instance, Donne divides the work into twenty-three sections (each with its Meditation, Expostulation and Prayer) which record his progress not only of the disease but of the emotional states: dismay at the sudden affliction, anxious attempts to gather some hope from what the physicians do, anxiety at seeing them try to conceal their anxiety, misery at his physical sufferings, dread when the spots appear which reveal the dangerous fever he has, facing his own probable fate as he listens to passing bells, death-beats and burial-bells, for other victims of the epidemic, all the facets of the human ordeal are there; however firmly Donne compels them into a spiritual meaning as well. And Dr Raspa's comment?

> At this purely medical level, the work is not dramatic. Its interest is in the light it throws on Donne's knowledge of current medicine, theology, cosmology, and the natural world, for he uses images of these abundantly to describe his physical state.

The result for me is that if I had needed introducing to the *Devotions* this introduction would have been a formidable, although elegant, barrier, and I should have turned away.

Treating the work chiefly as a means of stirring the reader into a deep comprehension of spiritual things as conceived in the Anglican tradition of Christianity, Dr Raspa by implication limits its readership to those who share the faith or have a scholar's interest in understanding it. The potential appeal of the *Devotions* is much wider. We sacrifice a vast amount of fine literature if we fail to recognize universal experience simply because it has been organized within the framework of a particular faith and expressed in its idiom. It commonly happens that the faith we have rejected or declined is more of a barrier than faiths we were never expected to hold; some intelligent ex-Christians will make an effort to grasp the experience conveyed in the *Bhagavad-Gita* while they feel only resistance against a Christian sermon. Against a remoter religion there is no need, open or hidden, to raise defences.

The extraordinary and moving ideas of the Redemption and a God infinitely forgiving to the penitent express in an intensely dramatic way the conviction that however deplorable his behaviour may have been the living person still has value, and however bitter his regret at what he has done with his life it is still possible to be reconciled with the self that remains. Christians may find it easier than non-Christians to accept the setting and idiom of the *Devotions* but not

therefore easier to realize the intensity of Donne's struggle to believe that he is still worth love and concern in spite of all that he knows of himself.

Differences of personality, of psychopathology perhaps, and certainly of mood, affect the response to writing like this. Although remorse for particular failings contributes to what a man like Donne feels when he faces the ending of his life, the main feeling is not necessarily guilt but a more general dissatisfaction with what has become of the person that might have been, the simple soul that issued from the hand of God, as Elior put it three hundred years after Donne:

> Issues from the hand of time the simple soul
> Irresolute and selfish, misshapen, lame,
> Unable to fare forward or recreate. . . .

Nor, of course, need this concern be felt as a religious one. Anyone may feel the need to answer for himself, to take responsibility for what he has become. "Responsibility so weighs me down", wrote Yeats in one of the moods of "Vacillation":

> Things said or done long years ago,
> Or things I did not do or say
> But thought that I might say or do,
> Weigh me down, and not a day
> But something is recalled,
> My conscience or my vanity appalled.

The *Devotions* take their place in the lineage of this conviction that the self must be answered for; all through the book Donne struggles to become reconciled to a self with which he is profoundly dissatisfied. One of the phrases of Prayer 15, doubtless heavy with theological implications, yet conveys a human poignancy that can be shared without any sharing of Donne's religious belief:

> But, as I know, O my gracious *God*, that for all those sinnes committed since, yet thou wilt consider me, as I was in thy *purpose*, when thou wrotest my name in the *booke of Life*, in mine *Election*: so into what deviations soever I stray, and wander, by occasion of this sickness, O *God*, returne thou to that *Minute*, wherein thou wast pleased with me, and consider me in that *condition*.

The same question, of reconciliation between a God representing the highest standards a person can conceive and the poor showing his life has actually made, preoccupies George Herbert too, but in the context of a sharply different personality: gentle where Donne is vehement, quietly sad in his self-reproach where Donne is fiercer against his failings; Donne forcefully cumulative in thought and phrase, Herbert enhancing his effect by deliberately withheld emphasis; Herbert in his best work having the air of speaking in great privacy, Donne, even at his most personal and in his prayers, implying an audience of informed and alert listeners.

Whether his allusions are homely or learned, Donne's thinking is driven by emotion. He can be thoroughly simple and colloquial when he describes getting to bed at the onset of the illness, his strength and appetite gone:

> Is there a verier child than I am now? I cannot say with thy servant *Jeremy, Lord, I am a child and cannot speake*; but, O *Lord*, I am a sucking childe, and cannot eat, a creeping childe, and cannot goe; how shall I come to thee? Whither shall I come to thee? To this bed? I have this weake, and childish forwardnes too, I cannot sit up, and yet am loth to go to bed; shall I find thee in bed? Oh, have I dismisses done so? The bed is not ordinarily thy *Scene*, thy *Climate*: *Lord*, does that not accuse me, dost thou not reproach to mee, my former sinnes, when thou layest mee upon this bed? Is not this to hang a man at his owne dore, to lay him sicke in his owne bed of wantonnesse?

But he is not dependent on homeliness for his intensity; neither learning nor spirituality dilutes the human urgency of his feelings when he thinks of the earth in which we are buried as an unkind step-mother, and brings in allusions to the three souls of scholastic doctrine and the order in which they enter and leave the body:

> Man before hee hath his *immortall soule*, hath a *soule of sense*, and a *soule of vegitation before that: This immortall soule did not perfect* the *soules*, to be in us before, but when this *soule departs*, it *carries all with it*; no more *vegetation*, no more *sense*: such a *Mother in law* is the *Earth*, in respect of our *naturall Mother*; in her *wombe* we *grew*; and when she was delivered of us, wee were planted in some *place*, in some *calling* in the *world*; In the wombe of the Earth, wee *diminish*, and when shee is *delivered* to our *grave* opened for another, wee are not *transplanted*, but *transported*, our *dust* blowne away with *prophane dust*, with every wind, the allusions in a passage like this Dr Raspa explains fully and succinctly. His collection of supplements well the background of learning which Donne drew upon. The reader is left to discover for himself the emotional vitality suffusing the material, the terror and hope of a vigorous personality facing its ultimate problem, and the still living work of literature.

Conceits and consciousness

By John Broadbent

ANNE FERRY
All in War with Time
Love Poetry of Shakespeare, Donne, Jonson, Marvell
287pp. Harvard University Press. £6.95.

DWIGHT CATHCART
Doubting Conscience
Donne and the Poetry of Moral Argument
199pp. University of Michigan Press: Transatlantic Book Services. £6.50.

Our libraries can't afford such books as Anne Ferry's and Dwight Cathcart's new commentaries. Do they need them? The question is no reflection on Mrs Ferry's previous books on Milton and Dryden, nor on Dr Cathcart's commitment to his material, nor the detailed and interested knowledge that these scholars display of a range of complicated poetry. But the fact is that every university has its own series of graduate school lectures, and its own doctoral dissertations, and therefore may not need *All in War with Time* or *Doubting Conscience*. The libraries' poverty is a function of conspicuous consumption in other parts of the academic world.

The thesis of *Doubting Conscience* is that there is an analogy between Donne's love poems and the methods of casuistry exemplified by William Perkins's *Whole Treatise of the Cases of Conscience*—casuistry being an examination of particular cases of moral dilemma. Mrs Ferry takes as her material the familiar love lyrics of Shakespeare, Donne, Jonson and Marvell. It might be complained that she does not set their "eternizing conceit"—the model is "As he takes from you; I engraft you new"—in any intellectual structure external to itself. But of course that would be to write a different book, one which lay outside the system supporting her book and Dr Cathcart's. It would be to open up seventeenth-century English poetry to theory, and to other disciplines such as history and esthetics.

A number of Mrs Ferry's poems (and one which Dr Cathcart's for that matter) are subsidies and valedictions; we could treat them not as mere modes but as rituals in the war with time. That would provide one with techniques of analysis one would look for separation and reincorporation, role reversal and so on; but more importantly it would allow us to set up hypotheses: the way a poet or a body of poetry handles such boundaries as asleep/awake, night/day, together/apart should give us hints about the structure of his society, or its consciousness. Then again you might propose that "the eternising conceit" was in some way rotated c. 1590-1650: at first, brass and marble, summer and flowers, are ravaged by their common foe, time. Later, in Strode, say, Lovelace, Habington, we find that time has become that which separates summer and flowers on the one hand from, on the other, the brass and marble of the tomb. To put it another way, a hardness that for Shakespeare was admirable though doomed, a hardness of art that flaunted itself like flowers, becomes a marble bosom encasing a restless heart; but a poet will softly pick it open.

A theory of rotation is trite enough—that components of a human activity displace each other historically in a clocklike process, like Grimm's Law; but the point of theory is that it is applicable: the reader can generate his own questions and propositions with it. So the rotation of mutability images between Shakespeare and Katherine Phillips (whose "Orinda to Lucasia, parting, October, 1661, at London", might be proposed as the last valediction) suggests a shift from male to female-centred love. That in its turn puts Donne in the middle; yet Donne's mind is full of Marvell's ambiguity, nakedness in the garden; and raises questions about the role of the Commonwealth in releasing women into creativity (Ann Collins, Margaret Cavendish, Anne Wharton).

We respond to poverty with the image of "cuts", as if slashing the heads off a monster will stop him growing bigger. To meet poverty, cherish the generators—in our case, theory, hypotheses, methodology; and produce for real need. I am not convinced that we need another published rehearsal by an individual of Donne's "Canonization" but if so it had better be in terms that generate further ideas. It is some kind of a signal that the rhyming is so heavy—triple rhymes inside each stanza, and the refrain of each rhyming with the first line of the next. In the third stanza we have winged, fires, thon ashes and focused light in four and five; three speleagures, four-fly rooms, two hermitage, it is lawful at first

Tom Dunne's *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Comprehensive Bibliography* (394pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £17.50) is not by one's definition the most comprehensive: Ruth Sealhammer's catalogue of the great Hopkins collection at Gonzaga University (Chicago, 1970) contains more than 3,500 entries as against the 2,400 here. But that is essentially a list and, lacking annotation, makes no attempt to discriminate between the important and the peripheral. Mr Dunne is both comprehensive and discriminatory. His method of arrangement are almost impeccable. Primary works are fully described. All items are annotated, most descriptively, some critically.

An excellent introduction traces the growth of Hopkin's reputation from cult to major poet. Appendices list remaining doubts about his status should quickly be dispelled by the 268 items listed in "Writings about Hopkins in Languages other than English" (some translations of his poems are included here; they merit a separate section). An important discovery is the handful of reviews Mr Dunne has found of the poems Bridges published in anthologies before his edition of 1918; particularly the critical lukewarm ones of the elcves published in Volume 8 of Miles's *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, 1893. Their tone fully supports Bridges's caution in delaying full publication—and the often withheld credit Mr Dunne rightly gives him for it. An extra bonus is an analytical index, particularly useful in bringing together all the critical

The Barnsdale highwayman

By Matthew Hodgart

R. B. DOBSON and J. TAYLOR :
Rymes of Robyn Hood
An Introduction to the English Outlaw
330pp. Heinemann. £8.50.

"For many men speketh wyth wondring of Robyn Hood, and of his Bowe, Whych never shot therin I trowe." It is fitting that two medieval historians should be the latest to speak of Robin Hood, since the many problems raised by the famous group of ballads are basically historical rather than literary ones, as literary scholars have found to their cost. These collaborators have done their work very well, providing a sixty-page introduction of considerable weight and authority. The fourteen essential ballad texts, three early plays of Robin Hood, five other "outlaw songs" and appendixes including a selection of proverbs of Robin Hood, and one of Robin Hood place names. For good measure, they have thrown in some of the later literature, including the most distinguished addition to the tradition, (Ben Jonson's "The Sad Shepherd" in extracts) and the least (Alfred Noyes's noisome "Sherwood"). The editing of the texts is very careful, probably impeccable, and the comments on each ballad are learned and sensible. This book will have to be used by anyone who writes about the Lincoln green and the archer hero.

The first problem discussed in the Introduction is the search for a "real" Robin Hood, on which an immense effort has been made for a century. The results, Dobson and Taylor think, are negative : far too many Robin Hoods have turned up in the medieval records, and the name is too common to be pinned to any individual. I am convinced that the search ought now to be abandoned. The next problem, which is raised by the topography of the ballads, has possibly been solved by these authors, and this may be their greatest contribution. Robin Hood is so closely associated with Sherwood Forest that it may come as a surprise to learn that the place where the legend began is much more likely to be Barnsdale, north of Doncaster in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The earliest and most basic text, the *Gest of Robyn Hode*, does not mention Sherwood Forest as such, but firmly associates the outlaw with the Yorkshire region, from the third stanza : ("Robyn stode in Bernesdale,/And leyd hym to a tre"). The geographical point of Barnsdale is that it was a notoriously dangerous stretch of the Great North Road in the fourteenth century : all travellers going north were forced to pass through it to reach the Vale of York. A specific place in Barnsdale is important : Robin Hood tells Little John to "walke up to the Sayles", which has been identified securely with a landholding within the parish of Kirk Smeaton, near Pontefract. "Even today its potentialities as a place for concealed observation are obvious enough : the high ground of Sayles plantation . . . is most readily visible from a south-bound motorist on the modern A1 as he looks left or eastwards immediately after crossing the new viaduct over the Went."

There is much historical evidence for highwaymen operating in this district, as elsewhere in the period, sometimes as "gentry" gangs. If, then, Robin Hood began as the memory of one or more famous highwaymen, the legend takes on a more definite outline than that of the generalized outlaw : it is to be related to the cult of the romantic highwayman of the eighteenth century, which found its finest expression in Macheath. There are good historical reasons for the legend's southern migration, which is recorded by a belt of Robin Hood place names, from Barnsdale to Sherwood, from apparently open country to the forest, and the consequent modification of the hero from highwayman to the special kind of noble bandit, friend of the poor and foe to the wicked sheriff.

The process by which historical reality gets turned into romance and ballad is a mysterious one, still not well understood ; R. B. Dobson and J. Taylor are certainly aware of the complexities. They remind us that the *Gest* is firmly rooted in medieval romance tradition, and uses stereotypes and motifs common to several outlaw stories, down to the death by treachery. (It goes without saying that the *Gest* is more important than all the other Robin Hood ballads put together.) Recent work by E. J. Hobsbawm and others has shown the universal appeal of the outlaw myth, but we are still left wondering about the extraordinary success of the Robin Hood story, from sixteenth-century May Games to twentieth-century pantomime.

The authors, who are right to be cautious in a field infected with wild speculation, do not, I think, give enough weight to one possible reason for Robin's success. His bow is mainly used for shooting deer, his green for hunter's camouflage : his transformation is partly recognizable as man, has been a hunter for hundreds of thousands of years ; modern man, *homo sapiens sapiens*, was a hunter solely from about 40,000 BC until the predominance of agriculture began about 10,000 years ago, a small fraction of human history. Ever since the neolithic age began man has gone on hunting with enthusiasm whenever this has been possible : witness the passion of European royalty and nobility for the chase, the fantastic expense of preserving game over the past ten centuries. Witness also, the never-ending obsession of the bold country boys with poaching, a heroic way of life which has been fanatically pursued despite man-traps, gamekeepers and penalties including transportation. I conclude (though the desire no longer troubles me) that the majority of men enjoy killing and eating wild mammals, birds and fish; and of this majority, the vast majority are unable to do so for financial and legal reasons. If this is true, then Robin Hood is the poacher's hero, and therefore a universal hero. So let us sing,

Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!



¶ Here begynneth a gest of Robyn Hode

The first page of the Gest of Robin Hood, *c 1510. This woodcut, reproduced in* Rymes of Robyn Hood *had already been used to illustrate Chaucer's* Yeoman *in Richard Pynson's 1941 edition of* The Canterbury Tales.

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The Cool Web

The Pattern of Children's Reading

Edited by Margaret Meek, Aidan Warlow and Griselda Barton

The editors of *The Cool Web* have collected together 30 essays by distinguished authors, critics and others which show how 'stories' whether read, told, played or just thought are central to a child's (and an adult's) experience and a basic instrument for making sense of his own as well as other people's lives. The essays are linked together by the editors' combined critical commentary and arranged in the following sections:

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Ways Forward: suggests the kinds of study that are relevant as our knowledge increases.

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Among the contributors are: D. W. Harding, James Britton, C. S. Lewis, W. H. Auden, Catherine Storr, Philippa Pearce, Alan Garner, Maurice Sendak, Geoffrey Trease, Janet Hill, Edward Blishen and Elaine Moss.

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Nine years wonder

By James Sutherland

The Diary of Samuel Pepys
Volume 9 : 1668-9
Edited by Robert Latham and William Matthews
590pp. G. Bell. £8.50.

"Was there ever anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*?" the answer to Dr Johnson's question is: yes, *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*. With this volume, sadly for us and for Pepys, the diary comes to an end on May 31, 1669, and it ends not because he had lost interest in it but because he feared he was going blind and that the strain of writing in shorthand would accelerate the process. To give up his beloved Journal was "almost as much as to see myself go into my grave—for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me". God was good to him : he did not lose his sight, and with his methodical attention to business, his lucidity of mind, and his courage in times of crisis, he had risen by 1684 to become Secretary for Admiralty Affairs.

He had already come a long way between 1660 (when he began to keep his diary) and 1669, but he had retained his eagerness for new experience, and his capacity for observing his fellow men and remarking on their behaviour. The very first entry in this final volume records a visit he made to Whitehall to watch, for the first time, what went on at the gaming tables there. He noted, among many other things, how an unsuccessful gambler would try to change his luck by altering his way of throwing, how differently one loser behaved from another, how old gamesters who had run through their estates would still hang around the tables, just to sit and look on. "And mighty glad I am", Pepys concludes, "that I did see it." A few months later he found himself at Vauxhall Gardens in the company of some court rakes whose "bawdy talk did make my heart ake". But again, this was a new experience for him, and though he was in no doubt that he had been in "loose cursed company", he reflected that it was "worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it and their manner of talk and lives".

Pepys, it will be seen, was still capable of being shocked, and in this volume he even becomes mildly shocked at himself. At the autumn of 1668 the attractions of his wife's maid, Deborah Willet, proved too much for him, and led to a disastrous exposure. Pepys greatly enjoyed having his hair combed by Deb, and one thing led inevitably to another, until his wife "coming up suddenly" one Sunday evening, found her husband and her maid in a situation that Pepys could only record by having recourse to his garbled *lingua franca*, "I was at a wonderful loss upon't". He admits, "and the girl also." Elizabeth Pepys insisted that Deb must go, but that Pepys must discharge her himself. This at last he did ("with tears in my eyes"), and gave his wife a promise which he promptly broke, never to see the girl again. He was shaken and contrite, but more for Deb's sake than for his wife's.

All this is the Pepys we have come to know so well from his earlier years of the diary. What is new in this volume is the extent to which he was now dominating his colleagues on the Navy Board. He enjoyed a personal triumph on March 5, 1668, when, facing a crowded House of Commons, he defended the board against charges of irregular payments made to seamen. Fortified by half a pint of mulled sack at the Dog, and a dram of brandy at Westminster Hall, he spoke for three hours "most acceptably and smoothly . . . and all my reason free about me" to the delight and relief of his less articulate colleagues, and to the freely expressed satisfaction of most of the men that mattered, from the King and the Duke of York downwards.

Since the first volume appeared in 1970, this edition has had a most favourable press, and deserves all the encomiums that have been given. The meticulous care that has been lavished on the text. But equally admirable has been the annotation of Robert Latham and his contributing editors : the footnotes are invariably focused on the point requiring explanation, and are succinct and yet, for all their disciplined brevity, surprisingly informative. Very occasionally a word that might have been glossed is passed over, e.g. when Pepys accompanied Lord Brouncker to dinner at Sir Denis Gauden's, he says of his host that he "expected us", where "expected us" means "was waiting to receive us". At all events, this noble and crudite edition is now within sight of its conclusion. From Mr Latham we now "expect" Volume 10 (the commentary) and Volume 11 (the index). By the time

English traits

By Gay Clifford

PETER FAULKNER :
Humanism in the English Novel
196pp. Elek. £7.

Peter Faulkner's argument *Humanism in the English Novel* is mild, but his tone surprisingly assertive. In his introduction he says that "because humanism is sceptical and scientific in temper it recognizes that the limits of human freedom may be clearly drawn, but is committed to belief in free will, the possibility of ethical choice", and his first chapter links this particular compound of scepticism and faith with the development of a secular culture since the seventeenth century. Like D. H. Lawrence, he sees a direct relationship between the novel and a humanistic creed, a creed which somehow transcends philosophy, religion and science, "all of the busy nalling things down". The novellists he chooses to exemplify such humanism include George Eliot, James, Wells, Forster, Huxley, Orwell and Angus Wilson, and in their work a consistent concern with "the achievement of a fuller humanity" through the exercise of moral choice. As Mr Faulkner proceeds (chronologically) a certain genteel defensiveness becomes apparent as if readers would contest truisms which have minimal implications : "comedy is an excellent means of carrying out the process of criticism in a humane spirit". Perhaps he is also aware of sliding towards a tendentiousness which would make humanism a necessary rather than sufficient condition for good novels—paradoxically, the book would be more commanding if it did have the courage of tendentiousness.

A subject such as "humanism in the English novel" puts the onus on the author either to define the central concept in a fresh and authoritative way, or to demonstrate through the discussion of particular works that such a concept is necessary in understanding them fully. For scholars, humanism has a specific meaning : the study of Greek and Latin civilization, especially their philosophy, religion and science. Historically, humanism provided amplification of, and even alternatives to, Christian culture, but a Renaissance humanist would hardly have thought that his studies were valuable just because they were secular and anthropocentric. Anthropocentrism emerged almost *à travers* disciplines that were too content looking to give human relationships the preeminence they have in Mr Faulkner's humanism. His use of the term does not articulate a philosophical position, and although he asserts that humanism is a humanitarianism, much of the book is concerned with humane, liberal individualism.

It is as if Mr Faulkner really wanted to write about the Englishness of English novels, that peculiar empiricism, that combination of a passionate belief in individualistic morality and in the desirability of social order. These qualities are a large part of the excellence of English poetry but in the novel the results are less happy. There is an anti-intellectual, conservative, moralistic streak that infects even our best novelists, and it seems as if this is just what Mr Faulkner is calling humanism. Felix Holt would be more interesting, if his Radicalism had less to do with moral fitness as a suitor and more to do with politics ; Isobel Archer's and Charlotte Stant's blunders of autonomy made more compelling if both of them were not massively directed down that "very straight path" ; Orwell's heroes and heroines more significant if their dilemmas weren't so consistently expressed and resolved in domestic and personal terms. In short, if they were presented with some of humanism's intellectual depth.

Protestations that "the novel is about individuals" are really unnecessary, unless you are invited to see that it is about a great deal more besides, and liberal critics like Mr Faulkner miss the ways in which an imagination that sees more than people is a formal prerequisite of the novelist's art. To be more specific, it is the ability to see individuals in relation to a context of institutions, ideas, and material circumstances that distinguishes the great novelist from the merely good. Mr Faulkner's book is sadly deficient in this respect. Dickens's imagination is not discussed, and the only reference to Hardy is to the "tragic irony" of Tess's fate. Lawrence is treated as a prophet rather than as a novelist, and the discussion of his work is vitiated by the assumption that his ideas are always identical with the values of his novels. Forster's humanism is discussed in terms of his essays and fiction, but the relationship between the two is not explored. Mr Faulkner's book is a useful introduction to the humanistic tradition in the English novel, but it is not a critical study of the novel.

Labours here below

By Stephen Neill

PAUL JOHNSON :
A History of Christianity
555pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7.

Students constantly ask for a reliable one-volume history of the Church of Jesus Christ. Several are in existence. That by Kenneth Latourette is massive, factually reliable, and monumentally dull. I find Williston Walker, even in the revised edition, quite unreadable. The admirably illustrated sketch by Roland Bainton is rather too slight to meet the need. So Paul Johnson has had before him a fairly open field, into which he has entered courageously, on the basis of wide reading and with wholly commendable diligence.

What, then, will the thoughtful layman find, if he commits himself to reading the rather more than 200,000 words in Mr Johnson's book? He will have spread before him an immense panorama, covering almost 2,000 years. The scheme of the book is clear and readily intelligible, though the periods are not those into which the history is divided in more professional works. Some of the summaries of complicated issues are admirably done. Where the writer is closely following trustworthy contemporary scholars, such as W. H. C. Frend on the Donatist controversy, the narrative flows easily and smoothly. An immense cast of actors passes before us, some eminent, many insignificant, some agreeable, others detestable. By omitting much that is important the writer has left himself space to include a great number of details, many of them entertaining, some edifying.

I cannot imagine anyone reading this book without learning much that he did not know. The stream of quotations is on the whole admirably controlled ; that on pages 381-2 from the insufferable Fr Faber is a gem, a perfect example of clerical vitriol. The story is brought right up to our own time. The policies of the present Pope and recent missionary developments are dealt with in some detail. The whole ends with an admirable and moderately optimistic epilogue.

All this must be allowed to weigh heavily on the positive side. But almost from the outset, doubts arise in the mind. On page viii we are told, somewhat improbably, that "Stubbs had condemned Renan's *Vie de Jésus* without reading it, and the whole point of his anecdote was that he had persuaded Green to do the same". However, on hunting down the sources, one finds that, in a highly jocular narrative, Bishop Stubbs did not identify the volume of Renan which John Richard Green was carrying, and did not say that he had not read the work in question ; in fact he implies rather clearly that he had read it.

The book is sadly defaced by endless misprints and misspellings. Many of these are trivial, some more serious. When we find the Ophites appearing as Orphites (page 45), it is impossible not to wonder whether the writer is confusing the Ophites with the Orphics, a very different set of people. Sometimes this disregard for accuracy leads to odd results. On pages 425 and 426 Mr Johnson quotes from Ahlstrom (the reference is not given ; it is to *A Religious History of the American People*, Vol I, page 372) who quotes Jonathan Edwards who quotes the Cambridge Platonist John Smith ; a rather remarkable quotation in which Smith had written that "the natural head, radicated in the hearts of living creatures, hath the dominion and economy of the whole body under it". Ahlstrom, noting that the unusual word "radicated" might puzzle readers, has added in square brackets the note "rooted". Here the note has been omitted, and "radicated" transformed into "radiated", thus making nonsense out of what Smith wrote.

For one inaccuracy Mr Johnson is not responsible. This is so important as to require a brief explanation. In his section on missionary development, he has rightly drawn attention to that very remarkable phenomenon, the rise of the African independent churches. But when he writes that "the African churches are the one form of Christianity which is growing at spectacular speed", and that, if there are 350 million Christians in Africa in the year AD 2000, a big majority of these Christians will be 'independents'", he has been misled by his authorities. In Africa today the great gains are being made by the "main line" churches. In one Anglican diocese in Tanzania, in which accurate statistics were maintained by the Australian bishop, it is clear that in eight years the number of Christians doubled, and in the next eight years doubled again. Similar figures can be quoted from many regions in Africa. If there are 350 million Christians in Africa at the end of this century, it is unlikely that more than 20 per cent of them will be "independents".

In the same section, but in another area, there is a measure of exaggeration. The days of Nazi power in Germany were very dark days for the church; in an account based on the work of John Conway we are shown just how dark they were. But there was more resistance to Hitler, and more martyrdom, than would, I think, be learned by the reader of these pages. And when we are told that George Bell, Bishop of Chichester, was "the only Christian prelate in either of the world wars who tried to think out what a Churchman ought to do in these circumstances" the voice of protest cannot be silent. In those days there were a great many Christian prelates, of whom I was one, who spent many hours on their knees trying to think out their duty in such a time, who maintained links with those on the other side of the fog of war, who tried to train their people in ways of Christian thinking and praying with a view to a better world when Hitler should have been destroyed, and probably earned as I did the reward of being regarded by the local British authority as a subversive person.

Mr Johnson was for some years editor of the *New Statesman*. Not surprisingly he is master of the pejorative adjective. The emperor Constantine was a less than wholly admirable person. But I would not myself have described him as "this weird megalomaniac". Charlemagne was undoubtedly much annoyed by the actions of the Pope at his coronation in AD 800; but I doubt whether he would have regarded these doings as a "weird eastern enactment". The introduction of such terms gives a slant to the entire presentation of the material, of which Mr Johnson makes no secret. He is through and through an anti-establishment man; success is an almost certain passport to his disapproval. Augustine appears again and again as the evil genius of the church's history. But fanaticism falls under equally severe condemnation, and the noble work of John Wesley is obscured behind the eccentricities of some of his followers. One of the writer's favourite epithets is "Erasmian", the characteristic which leads him to give to his fifth section the title "the third force". The term appears again on the very last page of the book : ". . . to the Erasmian concept of the private Christian intelligence and to the Pelagian stress on the power of the Christian individual to effect virtuous change". And this is the very root of the trouble. Those of us who detect in ourselves Erasmian tendencies know well how ineffective we are. We produce splendid intellectual solutions for every problem, and pour out excellent advice to which no one pays any attention. To our dismay it is the establishment-men and the fanatics who get things done.

No doubt Pelagius was a much nicer man than Augustine. But it is Augustine whom the world continues to read in the twentieth century. Erasmus was a much nicer man than Luther. To him no less than ten pages of well-deserved encomium are accorded in this survey, more than to any other hero of the Christian centuries. Yet Erasmus died disheartened and discouraged at the defeat of the Erasmian programme (the phrase is that of R. H. Bainton). If Erasmus had stood alone, would there ever have been a Reformation? Luther was successful in unleashing a movement which shook the Roman Catholic Church, after four and a half centuries, is just beginning to catch up.

This is very much a book about the church as an institution. No fault can be found with this. The institution is immensely important ; it keeps in order "those dry, sandy channels which may be filled again and flow with clear water, if the rain falls far away in the mountains. But, when so much that is evil has been faithfully and carefully recorded, the reader may be inclined to ask how in the world it came about that the institution was able to maintain itself through all the vicissitudes of history. The answer is clear. The church has survived through the power of creative personalities—saints, writers, thinkers, artists, or simple godly folk—who have mysteriously appeared in every generation, though more in some generations than in others. But Mr Johnson pays little attention to this aspect of the life of the church. We read here and there of Franciscans, but there is little hint of the flood of joy let loose by the little poor man of Assisi on that sullen world. The great thirteenth century goes out gloriously with Dante Alighieri ; but the name of Dante does not appear in the index. The English reader looks in vain for Hooker and Bishop Butler, for Andrewes and John Bunyan. Bishop Jewel is mentioned once (his name misspelled) not as the author of the *Apology* but as having brought the craze for witch-hunting to England on his return from the continent in 1559.

And so we come at last to the noble epilogue. The historian, having faced honestly so much that was base and unworthy, is able to end his chronicle on a note of sober optimism. Human history has been horrific. Would it not have been even worse if the Christian church had not been there to help to cage the beast, and to offer "glimpses of real freedom, intimations of a calm and reasonable existence"? Once again, we are offered an admirable and wholly relevant quotation, this time from Francis Bacon : "They that deny God destroy man's nobility : for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body ; and, if he be not kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature." So, we are told in the last words of the book, that "to that extent, the chronicle of Christianity is an edifying one".

One could wish that the whole of the first edition might be sold out in three months, and that Mr Johnson would set to work on a rather careful revision, perhaps with the help of one or two of these troublesome pedants, with a view to a second edition. If this could be done, the book might become what it deserves to be—a valuable instrument of study alike for the teacher, for the theological student, and for the thoughtful and inquiring layman, in whom, like Mr Johnson, I am particularly interested.

Fire from above

By Ulrich Simon

EUGENE WEBB :
The Dark Dove
The Sacred and Secular in Modern Literature
280pp. University of Washington Press (AUPG). £5.40.

What has happened to the "mysterium tremendum et fascinans"? Has the sacred fallen into a black hole or suffered from erosion? How can we recover the awful presence of otherness from our secular routine? Eugene Webb scrutinizes the loss of the transcendent in our present scenario with the aid of such authors as have already eschewed cultic conviction and practice, and yet play with the fire from above. From Abbot Joachim of Fiore through Goethe's Faustian pantheism the decline can be traced. Our unhappy generation has come to experience total profanation.

The protesters only complicate the picture. Nietzsche, for example, arrogates the holy to himself, as if he were Zarathustra. Professor Webb includes him in an odd quartet with Ibsen, Beckett and Stevens, who also use sacred motifs in an act of poetic transformation. Professor Webb cites the unifying principle of the myth of Dionysus (evoked through Gabler's dogs, ivy, wine-leaves, ecstasy, and heroic death. He assumes that Hedda's pregnancy (always a debateable point) also manifests a sacred element which is doomed to lead to shame and suicide just because the secular has broken with the myth of life. Unfortunately Professor Webb excludes *Peer Gynt* and the last plays from this discussion.

Literary works comment on our spiritual state, albeit indirectly and controversially. Parallels, analogies, hints, and evocations always arouse a sense of arbitrariness. If a poet cannot write about love and death without borrowing his images from the age of faith, is he likely to give flesh and blood to the transcendent? Yeats and Rilke get full marks here, whereas Joyce's prose seems to me not relevant to the quest. Nor can I accept Professor Webb's evaluation of Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, where transformation ends in parody. Peeperkorn really buries the mystique of the sacred with food, drink, and drugs. A decade passed before Mann uncovered the deep well of our mythological past in his *Joseph* tetralogy. In placing Eliot and Auden last in *The Dark Dove*, the author affirms the transcendental tradition against the immanentalists, for "when time will be transfigured in the eternal" then the loss, say of Little Gidding (still a place to visit just off the A1), is made good. Auden states the ambiguity of the sacred by his plea to abandon the false mysterium. The incarnational truth may even destroy aesthetic plea-sure. Then the sacred may attain its own cultic beauty.

KEEP THE

T·L·S

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DENT

TLS Commentary

Long march of Everyperson

The launching of a new scholarly journal is today more than ever an act of faith; and the appearance of the first issue of *History Workshop* would be welcome as a courageous gesture even if it did not have many other merits, and even if, at £5 for two issues a year (available from PO Box 69, Oxford), it did not represent remarkable value for money. But *History Workshop* is also an act of faith of another kind: it is subtitled "A journal of socialist historians", and its opening editorial stresses its commitment "to making history a more democratic activity" and its discontent with the present state of historical studies. It will, the editors remark fiercely, "attack vigorously those types of historical and sociological enquiries which reinforce the structures of power and inequality in our society"—though it must be admitted that it is not immediately apparent what such inquiries are. The journal is closely involved with the women's movement; and in a spirited separate editorial manifesto Sally Alexander and Anna Davin declare among other things that the boundaries between the worlds inhabited by men and women have been defined by the capitalist mode of production. There is a gesture towards Gay Lib too with the publication of an interesting report by Jeffrey Weeks on his research into male homosexuality in nineteenth-century England.

Faced with all this, a bourgeois historian, although invited to "a critical and constructive debate", may well lose his nerve. Yet as he reads, for instance, T. W. Mason's important article—the first part of an extended essay—on "Women in Nazi Germany", he may wonder what the difference is between socialist history and social history, and be tempted to answer that what distinguishes *History Workshop* from other journals of social history is simply that the editorial board is called an editorial collective. But this would be unfair to the original contributions which, ideology apart, the History Workshops that started at Ruskin College, Oxford, ten years ago, have made to the study of history in Britain, and the enthusiasm they have aroused among younger historians.

In their search for new ways of understanding the past, in their sense that a new kind of history is indispensable to a new world, those British historians who have become disconcerted with the empirical positivism of English historical writing have turned in two opposite directions. On the one hand some have looked to sociological and anthropological models to suggest new techniques of approaching the past; they have even begun to be attracted to all-embracing theories of history and to make up for the years of neglect of Hegel and Marx; or they have started rather belatedly to feel the influence of the French historical school, as exemplified by *Annales* or more recently by M. Le Roy Ladurie. Some, on the other hand, have questioned the validity of making any historical generalizations at all. They have turned away from the political or diplomatic history with which their predecessors were concerned and asserted that all a historian can or should do is to reconstruct from the fragmentary and ephemeral scraps of available evidence what the ordinary life of the ordinary man or woman was *in the past*. It is not high politics, the doings of the rich and powerful, which are the concern of the historian but rather the annals of the poor, the details of each unknown individual life. From differing viewpoints, Richard Cobb and some of the historians of the History Workshops have come to similar conclusions, though Professor Cobb is increasingly concerned with people living on the margin of society—the criminals and the prostitutes—rather than with the serious working men and women who are the subject of the socialist historian's study.

History Workshop contains work of both kinds. It proclaims its intention to combine the theoretical analysis of capitalism with a study of "work and material culture, class relations and politics, sex divisions and marriage, family school and home". In this first number a discussion by Rodney Hilton of Marxist views of the decline of feudalism and the rise of capitalism appears side by side with Frank McKenna's detailed and evocative study of "Victorian Railway Workers". The journal tells us a lot about current research; it has valuable information both about contemporary efforts to preserve relics of past popular culture ("Village History in Brill", "A Museum of Peasant Life in Emilia") and about the cultural aspirations of workers in the last century ("Workers' Libraries in Germany before 1914", "The Library of the Alliance Cabinet Makers' Association in 1875").

Such work not only provides us with fragments to shore against our ruins. Like all good history of whatever school it helps to show us why we have become what we are; every one who is interested in new directions in historical research, even if they do not share the editors' optimistic faith in a combination of Marxism with populism that takes one straight back to William Morris, will nevertheless welcome this new review and wait eagerly for its future issues.

James Joll

All is Vanity

The first personality to be caricatured full length and in full colour in *Vanity Fair* was Benjamin Disraeli. Gladstone, a less appealing target, appeared the following week, in February 1869. There then followed, for forty-five years, hosts of characters, some exotic, some roguish, many worthy. They were posed like shop-window specimens. Occasionally backgrounds were added: lawyers were given benches or bars; jockeys had patches of turf; foreign potentates were afforded extra props—harem dolls for Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey; crushed peasants for the Tsar.

These chromolithographic portraits made *Vanity Fair* a success. Before they were introduced the magazine had struggled along for three months without making much impression. But the fashionplate luxury, the opulence of Carlo Pellegrini's caricatures, boosted circulation dramatically. Suddenly *Punch*, *The Tomahawk* and lesser papers looked faded. But then *Punch* never had been chic, whereas *Vanity Fair*, serviced anonymously by some of the smartest wits in society, spread a feeling of exclusiveness. It was like a club, admission 6d weekly. And the caricatures were ideal for framing.

Original examples are on sale, each in its plastic bag, at the entrance to the *Vanity Fair* exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery (until August 30). They vary considerably in price, depending not so much on the artist who drew them (Pellegrini alias "Ape" or "Singe"; Tissot alias "Coïdé"; Leslie Ward alias "Spy") as on the character portrayed. This was always so: the cover price may have been a uniform 6d but from the start an Oscar Wilde (hand on hip, looking remarkably like a future Queen Alexandra or a Swinburne (head on hair splendid, fancy free) more appealing than, say, the Earl of Portarlington.

The exhibition itself consists of studies for the plates—caricatures—together with portraits of contributors and a sampling of related items. There are examples of magazines that imitated the genre: Daumier's for *Le Charivari*, André Gill's first study of Dickens striding from London to Paris in *L'Eclipse*, copies of *Lo Spirito Folletto* and *Musk*. These help put *Vanity Fair* in its place; quite late in the day. One page of the magazine's own on show: hardly enough to give an impression of what there was to read in it.

The National Portrait Gallery owns about 350 of the original watercolours by the dozens of artists who provided the caricatures. There are, of course, considerably fewer and more colourful than the photographic versions made by cutting. There is, for instance, a wonderful parody of Whistler emerging from a peasouper Nocturne: the pre-Raphaelite version makes him out to be wrestled in tear gas. On a few occasions, thoughts maybe the Hogarthian more appropriate. Anyway, the transformation from sketch to finished clarity was remarkable. The pervasive chromotone—a rich, dark, twilit ambience—helped make the characters all seem part of the same mighty social folly.

The original *Vanity Fair* came to an end in 1913, with Frank Harris, suitably enough, editing it and closing its demise. It covered, pretty nearly exactly, the span of Sherlock Holmes's semi-professional career. You half expect to find him among the personalities, his head conveniently enlarged, the meerschaum elongated, the dressing-gown elongated, the air of infinite worldly wisdom exquisitely preserved.



Moon Mullins

Moonstruck

Moon (short for Moonshine) was a child of the Prohibition era. Mullins first appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* in 1923 and was subsequently syndicated widely. He is distantly related to the Yellow Kid, the Katzenjammer Kids and Little Nemo. His remote descendants include Peanuts and, arguably, Tintin. He was a wide-eyed cherub in checkered trousers, not unlike to the world. He lived in Lime Street along with his ex-wife Kayo, his fatherless Uncle Willie and Mamie. His landlady was Aunt Emmy Schmaltz, a bony person of sixty-year-old, easily affronted, too often the victim of fortunevoyeurs or marriage proposers. Her response was a screech "I'll get your sassy face!" and lasted regardless.

Reprinted forty-five years after their first publication, two *Moon Mullins* adventures from Dover/Constable. Paperback, but originally eked out over many daily issues, have obvious, period charm. They are none too subtle. Frank H. Willard, their progenitor, had a keen eye for various kinds of bruiser's ear and boosey's nose. But he filled in the details with only slight regard for local colour. Curtains, doorways, office furniture, boarding-house equipment, the occasional Tin Lizzie or stretch limousine (Lord Plushbottom, the upper-crust fool, being the only one we see all that he needed in the way of characters or places in order to perform. As in any farce, the secret of *Moon Mullins*' success is pacing of the gags from one to another, the change of emphasis from one to another. Characters sort around setting themselves up for the quick bang or violence that brought each little sequence to an end.

Moon, always on the lookout for a sucker, and, like Miss Lora Dane, constantly hoping for recognition of his charms and abilities, is the focus of his own worst enemies. Those who followed him, and in later years Willard's drawing became more controlled. But in his early days Moon Mullins and his world spoke, acted and were drawn in a disturbing, wholly plausible way. They survived and flourished in a world of cruelty and

T·L·S Children's books

All passion pent

Rosemary Dinnage

MARY CADOGAN and PATRICIA CRAIG:
You're a Brick, Angela
39?pp. Gollancz. £6.50.

GILLIAN FREEMAN:
The Schoolgirl Ethic
The Life and Work of Angela Brazil
159pp. Allen Lane. £4.50.

The children's literature of the past century and a half would seem to be still an immensely rich field for sociologists and critics; the changes in tone, theme, and assumptions in the girls' fiction chronicled by Mary Cadogan and Patricia Craig in *You're a Brick, Angela* are enormous. The time-span chosen is in fact almost too long and the material too varied; any one of the periods or genres discussed could be looked at in more depth and from a number of viewpoints, but the authors succeed wonderfully well in holding the reader's attention through 400 pages that range from the pious *Fairchild Family*, the gentle tales of Mrs Gaskell and Charlotte M. Yonge and the transatlantic sentimentalities of *Pollyanna* and *Anne of Green Gables* through the first "New Woman" phase of the *Girls' Own Paper* and the Girl Guide and Camp Fire Girl, the rise and fall of the great jolly-hockey-sticks age, the unclassifiable anarchies of Just William and Just Jane, the milligrils and skivvies of the *Girls' Friend* and the Cliff House, Lower Fifth of *School Friend*, to the ponies and ballet shoes and camps by Lake Windermere of the inter-war middle class and the troubles at t'comprehensive of today.

Their viewpoint is briskly feminist and their critical stance moderately astringent—"there is nearly always something flaccid and sentimental about the books which have been described as well-loved", they state—but they combine amusement at the absurdity of much of their material (only losing their cool over dreadful Follyanna) with a modest engagement with its social and psychological implications. Without jargon, they cope with the problem of finding the right criteria for popular and ephemeral literature; not only have they obviously read their way through *all* of Elinor Brent-Dyer, Dorita Fairlie Bruce, Winifred Darch, Angela Brazil and the rest, but they can demonstrate with enthusiasm why *Dimsie Among the Prefects* is better in its way than *Heather at the High School*.

Within all the variety of material covered, the school story has its own uniformity. "Schoolgirls—dear things—are the same the world over", wrote Angela Brazil. They are not; but it seems that from her first appearance on the scene—surprisingly, as early as 1906—a world came into being that in some ways remained remarkably stereotyped for fifty years.

L. T. Meade's Lavender House girls, in 1886, had been given "a mother-kiss and murmured blessing" at bedtime by their headmistress which would have gone down badly in 1923 with the Anti-Soppist League at Dimsie's school (founded "to protect against—against a lot of silly rot"; Rule III—"every member must solemnly promise not to kiss anyone at all during the term, unless absolutely obliged to"). The Anti-Soppists' reactions to Anne of Green Gables—"do you think amethysts can be the souls of good violets?"—defy conjecture. It was with the passing of soppism and the arrival of the Edwardian New Woman at the turn of the century that sport for girls, like bloomers and bicycles, arrived, and "a pile of new books, a chest-expander and a hockey-stick" became the symbols of girlish healthy-mindedness and the new schoolgirl fiction. The authors make it clear that for Angela Brazil, deprived of hockey-sticks and chest-expanders during her own Victorian schooldays, sport really was liberating and the foundation of a new "rosy, racy, healthy, hearty, well-grown set of twentieth-century schoolgirls". She herself was revolutionary in adopting, more or less, the vocabulary and viewpoint of her characters rather than of an outside adult narrator. Family relationships, even moralising, and plenty were out, as well as almost all of the world outside the school boundaries.

Banished as old-fashioned and Victorian, soppism, however, did creep in again at the back door. Friendships in the Fifth continually "flamed to red heat", soul reached out to soul and auras mingled. Lesbia Ferrars of *Loyal to the School* was not the only one loved by her chum Regina "much as a boy would, for her pretty hair, her dainty movements, and the general Celtic glamour that hung about her"; Regina "behaved, indeed, more like a youth in love than an ordinary schoolgirl chum". Tush. To the next generation, the slightly more sophisticated neo-Brazilians, the games mistress was more likely to be a love object:

"Coo!" Joy murmured. "Isn't she a treat? She looked jolly before, but in her gymmy she beats herself into fits!"



From the cover of You're a Brick, Angela.

"You see so much *more* of her", Jen remarked truthfully. "And when she's as topping as that, the more you see the better!"

When marriage and that sort of rot did appear on the scene in these later stories, however, it came with a bang:

Dimsie awoke from her dreams, and turned a radiant face to her friend. "I'm marrying my mate," she answered simply, but with a world of joy and content behind the ordinary words.

Elsie Oxenham's Jen, who found the games mistress so topping, has two husbands and four children within a comparatively short time, and another of the Abbey girls manages two sets of twins in ten months.

The 1920s saw the founding of the *School Friend* and the *Schoolgirl's Own* as offshoots of Northcliffe's twopenny papers for boys. The authors give them their seal of approval: gripping, well written and constructed, they say, and founded on an impeccable moral code that excluded smoking, swearing, and even, at one time, the word "rotten". But there was more than moral impeccability at Cliffe House. There was, of course, Bessie Bunter and her weekly "Extrax From the Cliff House Enzyklopedier"; Tess Everton, one of a long fictional line of Irish madcaps ("shure, an' phwat is so curious darlint? . . . it's aggrain' with ye entoirely I am"); bounderess Augusta Anstruther-Browne, who used face-powder and went out in fast cars, but came a terrible cropper; tiresomely popular Babs Redfern; dusky Naomer from Nakara, prone to exclaiming "bekas—what ze diggings—oo gorjus!"; and best of the bunch, Jemima Carstairs, incarnation of a stock figure of the period that deserves at least a doctoral study, the "intelligent ass" concealing a razor-sharp brain behind an inane exterior. "Funny little tangles this old brain puddle of mine gets into at times" was likely to indicate that Eton-cropped, cane-carrying Jemima was about to screw in her monocle and solve an international jewel robbery.

More colourful than the world of the early Angela Brazil books, perhaps, and yet in many ways not substantially different. The code of the school story consistently hinges on two principles, conformity and "honour"; a masculine, public-school conception of honour—the honour of the regiment or the cricket side—which seems to have come in (and womanly docility gone out) with the hockey stick and gym slip. "Owning up" is virtue, "sneaking" the major sin; plots revolve around misunderstandings and variations on the theme. Conformity—it just isn't done in the Lower Fifth, you know"—is as important and takes a variety of forms: chauvinism ("you may call it British prejudice but I can't a-bear foreigners', Dulcie remarked with gusty sighs"); culture-hut (Madge Mindon, who "cricket bat in her hand, and carrying batting gloves, was strolling down the passage whistling a César Franck sonata", is a rare bird); snobbery ("everybody likes Mabel, but somehow she is a little different from other people. You see, her grandfather is Bishop of Holcombe and her uncle is Lord Ribchester"). Even the anti-snobbery element is loaded ("we must be frightfully careful not to let her feel that it's queer for her mother to keep a second-hand shop").

Style, plots and props stay much the same too; the distinctive feature of schoolstory prose being the number of verbs used instead of "say". Characters "burst out", "retort", "groan" "declare", "taunt", "sigh", "mock", "explode" and "grimace" their words, but seldom actually say them. Variations on the plots—loyalty-versus-sneaking, "mad" escapades, rescues—appear and reappear, orphans and cripples survive in pockets, while girl sleuths, pony heroines and Girl Guides have their own special genres. Two archetypal figures are the outcast (for mistaken reasons, and always reinstated into the group at the end), and the madcap or tomboy, who varies from just "irrepressible" to actually claiming to be a boy, like Enid Blyton's Henry (Henrietta) and George (Georgina). "A girl is as good as a boy any day" is a frequent refrain, implicit or explicit.

What kind of person works at fabricating this world, in which most of the themes of drama and fiction can be found in grotesque, diminished form; and why? In a biography of Angela Brazil had to be written—which is debatable—it should be able to justify itself by suggesting some answers.

Unfortunately there seems to have been a scarcity of material available for Gillian Freeman's biography of Angela Brazil, less than there was for the recent one of Enid Blyton, whom Angela Brazil in many ways resembles: her publishers had preserved no correspondence, files were destroyed in the bombing of Coventry (where she lived from the age of forty-two onwards), and twenty years of personal letters were thrown away only six months before Miss Freeman advertised for material (an event probably more dramatic than the sum total of the authoress's own life). Nor is there anything as revealing about Angela Brazil's method of work as the account of her imaginative processes that was elicited from Enid Blyton by an enterprising psychologist, Peter McKellar.

The Schoolgirl Ethic is not a compulsive read. The crucial details about output, sales, and money are left vague, and padding out the flimsy facts with parallel extracts from the books is con-



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Fifty years on . . .

The third volume of the German official account of the war, though containing 427 pages, covers only nine days' operations—August 27 to September 4, 1914—on the Western front; that is from the end of the battles of the frontier to the eve of the Battle of the Marne. Like the previous volumes, it is a concise narrative dealing with the war from the point of view of the Supreme Command and the armies; it rarely mentions any formation smaller than an army corps.

The feature of the book is the evident desire to emphasize that the miscarriage of the German plan was due mainly to the independent actions of the army commanders, to their failure to inform the Supreme Command of the line their troops had reached, and to their optimistic reports of their successes and of the disbanded, broken and fugitive condition of the French and British forces. Another contributory cause is shown to have been the slowness of wireless communication, the only regular means of transmission for orders and information between the Supreme Command and the armies. This was due to interruptions from the Eiffel Tower and the weather, which had the result that messages—necessarily enciphered—had to be repeated several times and checked before they were received complete and correct. Ten hours or more were required to get a simple message of sixty words through. The army commanders were equally embarrassed as regards communication with their army corps, and often did not know the positions of their troops. It was only with difficulty that the Chief of the General Staff persuaded the Kaiser and his *entourage* to move GHQ from Coblenz to Luxembourg on August 30. From the latter town it was 120 miles to Kluck's headquarters—the farthest away—on the right, but only sixty to Crown Prince Rupprecht's, who commanded the two armies on the left wing; so that actually all Army headquarters were within easy motor drive, and the dependence on wireless, and consequent ignorance, were avoidable. A service of dispatch riders or motor-cyclists, such as was used in the BEF, should have kept Moltke in hourly or half-hourly touch with the situation. Stress is also laid on the uncomfortable conditions under which "the brain of the Army" had to work. In the new headquarters (Luxembourg) the offices of the Operations Section of the Supreme Command were in exquisitely preserved. Operations Section gives the following details of the general discomfort and the consequent difficulties under which the work of the General Staff was carried on day and night:

> The conditions under which we worked were scandalous. The work tables consisted of some unplaned planks on trestles. Means of illumination were onesidedly primitive. At first we worked by the light of some stumps of candles, until at last some oil lamps were procured. Even General-Colonel von Moltke and Lieut.-Colonel Tappen worked under these conditions, the former in a school room, the latter in a tiny cloak-room outside it, which was so encumbered by the above-mentioned "table-substitute" that one could hardly turn round in it.

As so often in the war, German thoroughness was not thorough, for even the British GHQ had portable electric light sets, besides camp tables and such like.

From the review of Der Weltkrieg *1914 bis 1918 in the* TLS *of July 15, 1926. The author of the review was Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds, who was appointed by Haig to produce the official history of the British army in the First World War. Edmonds wrote twelve of the thirty-nine volumes dealing with the fighting on land, and edited most of the others. They survived and flourished in a world of cruelty and*

Winner of the Library Association's Carnegie Medal for 1975

ROBERT WESTALL
The Machine-Gunners

"Funny, savage, intensely real, allegorical; dimensions that make it one of the best books for and about children of recent years, and one which no adult should be ashamed of reading." *The Observer*

Commended for the Carnegie Medal for 1975

DIANA WYNNE JONES
Dogsbody

"A remarkably fine children's novel. The universe contracts and expands throughout the book; the imagination expands all the time." *Times Educational Supplement*

Two new novels—

MARY Q. STEELE
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The creature said it was the One and Only Sand Witch, but Mil and Hamish found it strangely evasive about granting wishes or casting spells. A funny, rueful family fantasy by the author of *The First of the Penguins*. £2.95

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JANE DUNCAN
Janet Reachfar and the Kelpie

Illustrated in full colour by MAIRI HEDDERWICK



A new picture story about Janet and her friends Tom and George by the author of the grown-up "Reachfar Novels". "Mairi Hedderwick's soft, subtle watercolours evoke the Highland contours which form the well-known setting of these memorable characters." *Margery Fisher* £2.50

MACMILLAN LONDON

fusing. A picture does emerge, however, of the creator of the flaming passions at St Cyprian's, the dorm feasts and nature rambles, the japes and secret societies; a stately lady inclined towards flowing mauve chiffon, the doyenne, with her brother and sister, of Coventry society ("the holy trinity", a friend recalls); giver of scrumptious parties for "poor little forlorn children who . . . don't find this planet a very bright place" (catering by the Geisha Café, a "rendezvous highly thought of by Coventry residents"); generous on her own terms, and with pliant recipients, but ruthless towards any signs of independence, devoted to Cornish piskies and cream cakes, ultra-conservative, steely, sentimental—a nice, ordinary, provincial lady, in fact.

This is enough to explain the Cathedral Committee work, the Coventry Natural History Society and the YWCA, the travelling, the entertaining, the Literary Causeries and opening of bazaars, but not the fifty books, the total bibliography of 142 items. What remains unaccounted for and turns a nice, provincial lady into a sacred monster, in Angela Brazil's case as in Enid Blyton's, is the gift of the supergab, the unstoppable flux of words and fantasies. It requires three things for full operation: unshakable self-confidence, an absolute capacity for suspending disbelief, and a total lack of irony or humour. Any suspicion of the value of the product, any true scrutiny of fact, any capacity for holding more than one point of view (which would permit irony), and the whole edifice is in danger. Really bad art is a fascinating special case for any critical or aesthetic theory, because it is produced by just the same processes of imaginative absorption as real art, and yet arrives at an opposite place: where art tries to get as near as possible to the truth of a thing (a character or an action or an object), anti-artists or fantasists seem positively obliged to repudiate it with a fainter substitute.

A certain exceptionally developed capacity for self-admiration seems essentially to be involved, defying the envisagement of character or action outside the writer's own personality, and from time to time producing personages who are easily detectable as enlarged and gratifying versions of the writer. Such is the Lavender Lady of *For the School Colours* ("on internal evidence" decidedly Miss Brazil, Gillian Freeman says):

> It was Easter time when the Lavender Lady first rose upon the horizon of Lyngates. She came with the dog violets and the ground ivy and the meadow orchises, and several other lovely purple things. . . .
>
> When Avelyn first saw her she was sitting in the flowery little garden raised above the road. She wore a soft lavender dress and an old lace fichu, and she had dark eyes and eyebrows, and cheeks as pink as the China roses, and fluffy gray-white hair that gleamed like a dove's wing as the sun shone on it. She looked such a picture as there, all unconscious of tors, against a backgro golden wallflowers and aubrietias that Avely obliged just to stand still

For a whole week Avely ribly in love, lived in a world in which the La Lady, robed in the glory purple night and stars, was central sun, and she revolved like a planet orbit. The family could not stand why she insisted choosing heliotrope for her dress.

Irresistible, these self-ex tions. And not only to the gir responded to the hockey ca and new girls and madcaps in Miss Brazil's matronly bos as we see from the following, bute from a local poet granted the honour of visiting authoress:

> At the head of the grand staircase
> She received me.
> Angela . .
>
> We talked of pods and the syca
> Roof tops and vista
> Away o'er the Green
> 'Sermons in stone' to
>
> Beneath the crystal chandeli
> Angela . . .
> Clear cut as the diamond
>
> Queen of literature and

Ulster unrealities

SAM McBRATNEY:
Mark Time
Abelard-Schuman. £2.75. (200 72456 8)

MARY COCKETT:
Backyard Bird Hospital
Illustrated by Gareth Floyd
Hodder and Stoughton. £2.40. (340 19653 X)

We like to think of ourselves in matters of history or contemporary events, whether in the class-room or in the pages of a children's novel, as a nation who may have made mistakes but whose mistakes are of a less grave nature than those of other countries. Ireland is usually ignored. Cromwell, the penal days, 1798 ("the "year of liberty"), the Famine, the Easter Rising, all provide material for the historical novelist as rich as that of any nation, but it is rarely used. We are too ashamed of it. It is, therefore, heartening to see that the current situation in Northern Ireland has not been totally ignored in recent children's fiction, but *Mark Time* by Sam McBratney raises a number of misgivings. The main event of the story is a battle between two rival gangs of teenagers, one Protestant and one Catholic, but no attempt is made at any point to relate this to the larger issues that bedevil life in Ulster, and the result is that Mark's problems and concerns could be those of any urban child anywhere. The dust-jacket mentions "the harsh realities of Northern Ireland", but they simply do not exist in this book.

There are no bombs, no IRA, no religious hatreds, and as the writer conveys other aspects of modern city life, the reader is left with some feeling of incredulity. One can understand the caution of both writer and publisher; no one wishes to fan the flames of sectarian violence, but to ignore what is going on so totally as this book does is not helpful; once again one feels that Ireland is being swept under the carpet, ignored because it is too painful to contemplate.

Having said that, there is little else to find fault with. Sam McBratney writes with a refreshingly individual style, witty and assured; his characters, both children and adults, are close and convincing; the relationship between Mark and his father is particularly good. Also well handled is Mark's interest in Emily, a girl in his class at sch Mark is only ten, and the at find his feelings a source of a amusement; their inexperience this score and his own sensitivi her and annoyance with them very truthfully. This not puppy love is common enough real life, but hardly ever finds way into children's books.

Backyard Bird Hospital by Mary Cockett is also strong in its p trayal of family relationships. Jo Perry is torn by a conflict of lo ties: his father, convalescing fr a serious illness, finds pleasure happiness in caring for birds sick or have been wounde his mother is worried by expenses incurred and the co plaints of the neighbours who like the noise and the smells. sides of the argument are put equal sympathy and a real sense that the problem is in uble. Unfortunately the auth eventually evades the issues provides a solution which is unrealistic, a fairy godmo figure in the shape of a rich ol actress who takes both birds family off to her country resi just when bankruptcy and evict seem likely.

David Rees

Post-nuclear perils

ELISABETH MACE:
The Travelling Man
Deutsch. £2.25. (233 96789 3)

ANDRE NORTON:
The Crossroads of Time
Gollancz. £2.75. (575 02077 6)

ANDRE NORTON:
Outside
Illustrated by Bernard Colonna
Blackie. £2.75. (216 90469 3)

Here are three grim pictures of the future, each more pessimistic than the last. War, pestilence, pollution and misapplied technology—one or more of these will surely destroy the life that is worth living and drive the few survivors back to barbarism.

Quite the most intelligently written is Elisabeth Mace's *The Travelling Man*. It is set in a remote future in which the scattered human settlements only know of the wars that destroyed civilization through a vaguely transmitted oral tradition. The hero is a boy called Will who has the qualities that are familiar enough in our present generation—a vicious determination to live outside the role that an unkind society has ordained for him. He feels obligations to no one but himself. Like most such lonely rebels, Will throws everybody away in order to search for a better social order. He has heard that a race of 9 clever women dwelling far to the north has the answers to the technical knowledge that we once had, but we don't, but

that others lost during the period of the wars. The story tells of the years he spends travelling on foot to reach this residue of a civilization which (he imagines) still has the capacity to improve the quality of men's lives. His journey is, of course, in vain. The "clever people" of the north are no more able to benefit from technical knowledge than anybody else, and when Will arrives he is disillusioned and rejected. He is finally left to die on an island where he gets a brief glimpse of people to whom compassion and happiness are more important than technical progress.

Elisabeth Mace covers a lot of time and space in 50,000 words but her powers of narration are such that we always remain close to the hero's experience. It is a most skilfully constructed novel.

Andre Norton predicts even worse fates for mankind in the post-Nuclear Age, ranging from a Nazi-dominated Europe and robot dragons to total environmental pollution. *The Crossroads of Time* was first published in America twenty years ago and is now appearing in England for the first time. As in all her early novels, the characters are stereotype magazine-heroes with tough names like Blake and Kitson. They are incapable of introspection or complex motives though they do possess mysterious "psi" powers of extrasensory observation.

Miss Norton's most ingenious idea is that of "Succession Worlds" with time and space but *across* "bands" or "levels" of parallel and alternate existences. The hero's chase to save the world from the clutches of the villainous Pranj takes him to some very nasty levels indeed.

Another much more recent novel by Andre Norton, intended for younger children to judge from the large typeface and short text, is *Outside*. It continues to explore the author's interest in telepathic communication in a spoiled post-holocaust Age. It is set in a city that has been forced many years earlier to protect itself under a massive dome, and even this device is beginning to fail as technology and command break finally part company. Giant rats are well as children roam the streets scavenging for the last remains of food. Life cannot continue much longer. But Kristie, the child heroine, is determined to learn whether life outside the dome can be reached. Her means of escape is a mysterious Rhyming Man who dances through the city leading the children willing to believe in him out into the great unknown beyond the side. She then, by telepathy, helps to draw her big brother out of the city to join her. "Believing is seeing" is the recurrent theme of the book. I found the shorter, simpler tone of *Outside* preferable to the more clumsily organized *The Crossroads of Time*, and Bernard Colonna's delicate illustrations are particularly powerful though oddly at variance with the text in matters of detail.

Julia Watts

The wings of summer

JAN MARK:
Thunder and Lightnings
Illustrated by Jim Russell
Kestrel. £2.75. (7226 5195 3)

BETSY BYARS:
The TV Kid
Bodley Head. £2.25. (370 11018 8)

ROBERT LEESON:
The Demon Bike Rider
Illustrated by Jim Russell
Collins. £1.95. (00 184163 7)

The vast skies and bleak plains of East Anglia have caught the imagination of many writers as well as painters. Some, like Susan Hill and William Mayne, are birds of passage; others, like Jan Mark, have the advantage of living in the place they write about. The setting of *Thunder and Lightnings*, winner of the *Kesrel/Guardian* children's fiction competition, is in a way its raison d'être: the isolated flats of Norfolk house RAF Coltishall, and the open skies provide uninterrupted testing space for the Lightning fighter planes whose losing battle against progress underlies the plot of this atmospheric first novel.

To chart the developing relationship of dim Victor and newly arrived Andrew alongside the gradual phasing-out of the once revolutionary fighter planes Victor worships is to approach too mechanically a story that seems almost aimless, but one that, like Victor, hides its intelligence and wiry strength under a series of disguising layers. Precious little happens during the hazy, unreal weeks of the school summer holidays: a new guinea-pig is acquired; an artist shows the boys how to draw aeroplanes properly; the upstart Jaguar fighter planes arrive at the airfield—but a good deal is achieved nevertheless: Andrew adapts to his move and his new school; sees, through Victor's delight in him, the possible charm of his odious baby brother, and comes to a mature appreciation of his dishevelled and abstracted mother; Victor blossoms visibly and even considers learning to read; while RAF Coltishall moves on a pace in the inevitable march of progress. Though attention is centred on the boys, the adults are never reduced to stereotypes, nor are the adult-child relationships allowed to remain static; and the description of the personality of an eight-month-old baby, characteristically ironic and stylish, is a small comic masterpiece.

Betsy Byars has made a special corner for herself in the sensitive handling of growing rapport between adults and children; she also has the storyteller's gift of being able to create a gripping sequence of events to effect the changes in relationship that inform her plots. In *The TV Kid*, however, the story is too thin and the formula too near the surface. Lennie is obsessed with television, which provides the only constant in his much-travelled existence, moving with his mother from motel to motel in search of work and security. The television fantasy sequences which open the story and feature Lennie starring in quiz shows of mind bending fatuousness are vigorous and hilarious. But with the main events of the narrative, a slice of real adventure during which Lennie nearly dies of a rattlesnake bite and learns to love life itself, instead of at one remove, the book becomes predictable and banal.

Roald Dahl and Helen Cresswell have shown that it is not necessary to be ordinary in order to please the difficult pre-secondary school age group, but too many writers have failed to follow their example. *The Demon Bike Rider* is an example of the gang-of-"real life"-children-outwit-adults story and tries very hard to vary the formula; the gang has an Asian member; the theme is conservation of a wilderness play area against the big guns of the developers; adults are shown to be faintly human and to have some life of their own; and no one can fail to warm to the Demon Bike Rider whose ghostly antlered head and mysterious Eastern chant turn out respectively to be the woodman's load of young saplings and his rather unmusical rendering of a Richard Tauber song called "Trees". At bottom, though, this is a book with no originality in its creation of people, place, or predicament. It is a sad reflection of the negative and patronizing attitude to children that formula fiction for adults has produced many stars, but the really great writers for children invariably fall outside the library categories. Mystery and adventure in particular are so often synonymous with low-quality writing.

Sarah Hayes

Sequels, series and settings

LAVINIA DERWENT:
Song of Sula
Illustrated by Prudence Seward
Gollancz. £2.80. (575 02092 X)

GRISELDA GIFFORD:
Mirabelle's Secret
Illustrated by Jael Jordan
Gollancz. £2.30. (575 02091 1)

ANNE-CATH. VESTLY:
Eight Children in Winter
Illustrated by John Dyke
Translated by Patricia Crampton
Methuen. £1.95. (416 55120 3)

The propensity of young readers to take to a particular figure that appeals to them and, like so many intellectually undernourished Olivers, to demand more, has become a cliché, but a boon to the writers and publishers who cater for it. All over the country, it seems, children's writers pick up their pens to give us the latest adventure of Sheena and her pony, Pasterns, or Billy and his garrulous traction-engine. Reviewing books in mid-series, if one is unfamiliar with the preceding episodes, can be rather like arriving late at a party and finding everyone embarrassingly intimate or excessively amused at their own jokes.

Lavinia Derwent is clearly a series writer. *Song of Sula* credits her not only with three other Sula stories, but also with "Tammy Troot Stories" and "Macpherson Stories". The Scottish Isles, with their philosophy of independence and self-help, their clean outdoor life passed in the company of seals and seagulls, provides a splendidly self-indulgent setting. In fact the author carefully contrives to have it both ways: though her hero, Magnus, was—presumably—born into the lowly crofter's cottage where he still lives with his simple bannock-baking Gran, he is really destined to be a great artist. Already his schoolboy drawings have achieved publication, while his friend, the little duke, owner of the inevitable dilapidated-but-romantic castle, is rapidly becoming famous through his Sula symphony. For good measure there is also a silly schoolgirl who dreams of being a film star and comes an unexpected cropper. Apart from the sentimentality, the plot is weak and rambling, while the dialogue veers between stage Scots and mid-Atlantic ("That's great, Duke"). All this is a pity because one episode, the disappearance of the twins, shows Lavinia Derwent's familiarity with an isolated community and an ability to write, for once, simply and effectively about its dramas—though these are not, of course, the melodrames that make up most of the book.

Griselda Gifford's *Mirabelle's Secret*, a sequel to *Jenny and the Sheep Thieves*, at least makes a serious effort to enter the world of its putative readers. Jenny lives in a tower block, her mum goes out to work and the plot begins when, instead of going to the Brownie camp, she has to go into hospital to have her tonsils out. Here she meets the gifted and extrovert Mirabelle, and the second half is concerned with the loss and rediscovery of her newfound friend. The book admirably attempts to present the racially mixed society of our inner cities and the financial strains of working-class life, and to mitigate children's terror of hospitals and operations, but ultimately its very good intentions prove a stumbling block. In trying to bring out the brighter side of things, the author effectively trivializes Jenny's problems altogether. Her experience in hospital is unpersuasive because panic never really surfaces, and the miseries of being poor and resourceless are too easily dissolved in an implausible happy ending.

Anne-Cath. Vestly's *Eight Children in Winter*, translated from the Norwegian and the third in a series, is a happy reminder of what a good storyteller can do with the simplest materials, how much can be made out of everyday events, and how a romantic setting can be presented both decoratively and unobtrusively. The eight children are not characterized in detail, apart from imaginative Martha and the toddler, Matt, but these two are so convincing that we take the rest on trust. Grandma is splendid, with highly individual feelings and responses, and the book has a warm appreciation of the fun of family life which makes it most attractive. The episodes are the right length, and convey a sense of security and wellbeing which will make them favourites bedtime reading.

Julia Briggs

White witchcraft

LESTER BIDSTON:
The Year of the Blue Moon
Illustrated by Pat Cooke
Blackie. £2.95. (216 90165 0)

PAMELA OLDFIELD:
A Witch in the Summerhouse
Illustrated by Susan Hunter
Hodder and Stoughton. £1.80. (340 19637 8)

Eleven separate stories chronicle the events of the *Year of the Blue Moon*, during which magic is abroad in Liverpool and the old quarry behind the cathedral is full of henbane. The stories are as diverse as Liverpool's population and firmly located in real settings, but their quality is uneven. There is much that is trite and whimsical, even stagey. The book is worth reading, however, for two pieces of fine invention: "Chalky" a sinister tale in which a boy drawn in chalk persecutes his creator, and "A Hand in the Sky", an exuberant tall story, told by a child caught napping in class to a sceptical but captivated, and finally wistful, schoolmaster—that I had daydreams like

> A Witch in the Summerhouse is
> a variation on the theme of the
> unlikely neighbourly witch. When
> Selina calls the black cat Hepzibah

in one evening, she accidentally summons Hepzibah the witch, who arrives from the sixteenth century without warning, and so without the means of getting back—no broomstick, no familiar, and no dismissing spell.

The nice logic of this beginning is rather thrown away. The events that follow are trivial and the characters purely conventional. Hepzibah herself is not adequately established as a figure from the past, either in what she says or how she says it. One does not, perhaps, expect the perfect pitch of Penelope Lively speaking for Thomas Kempe, but it is curious that Hepzibah should use not merely idiomatic but slangy modern English with a sprinkling of the antique ("... you won't frighten me *that* easily. Methinks you're not really trying").

The hallmark of the successful domesticated-witch story is the piquant contrast between the witch's potential and actual performance. Her spells may be a bit rusty, but what could she not do if she tried? Hepzibah, however, is a white witch—home-brewing, weather forecasts, a bit of veterinary surgery, but no true magic: not for her the hurly-burly. She does not (and what white witch ever did?) really qualify for the title.

Jennifer Chandler

Oxford University Press are pleased and proud to announce that the 1975 Library Association Kate Greenaway Medal has been awarded to Victor G. Ambrus for *Horses in Battle* and for *Mishka:*



Horses in Battle

'Between soldier and steed there has always been a special relationship of love and trust and it is good to see a book dedicated, for a change, to the horse rather than to the rider.'—*The Soldier* £3.50

Mishka

'Victor Ambrus is no newcomer to children's books and was awarded the Kate Greenaway prize for his works in 1965. His books, *Mishka* included, have always portrayed a cheerful optimism. The illustrations are colourful and vivacious, with more than an element of caricature which will appeal to children.'—*Nursery World* £2.50

and that Time Out's 'Other Award' has this year been won by:

The Trouble With Donovan Croft
by Bernard Ashley
illustrated by Fermin Rocker

'It is tempting to quote at length in an attempt to give the flavour of this book, and a hint of its variety, but it is more sensible to urge others to read it too. *The Trouble With Donovan Croft* has rare quality.'—*The Children's Book Review* £2.25 paperback 50p

Out this week

A Flute in Mayferry Street
by Eileen Dunlop
illustrated by Phillida Gili

This is a richly imaginative second novel from this young Scottish author. The atmosphere of the house in Mayferry Street, and of Edinburgh itself, will continue to haunt the reader long after the story is ended, and the fine illustrations will delight young people everywhere. £3.25

The October Child
by Eleanor Spence
illustrated by Malcolm Green

When Douglas Mariner welcomes his new brother, Carl, he has no idea of the disruption which the baby is about to cause in his hitherto happy family. In this moving and absorbing story Eleanor Spence again demonstrates her acute understanding of the young and their problems. £3.25

Coming shortly

The River Boy
by Theresa Whistler
illustrated by Richard Shirley Smith

A new edition of this beautiful and haunting fantasy which was so highly praised when it first appeared in the nineteen fifties. Richard Shirley Smith's lively illustrations add a new dimension to this magical story of the boy who finds a companion in his own reflection. £3.25

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Oxford University Press



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Hamish Hamilton

Crusading spirit

PENELOPE LIVELY :
The Stained Glass Window
Illustrated by Michael Pollard
Abelard-Schuman. £1.25.
(200 72264 6)

LEON GARFIELD :
Mirror, Mirror (434 94031 3)
The Lamplighter's Funeral
(434 94032 1)
Illustrated by Antony Maitland
Heinemann. £1.90 each.

ANGELA BULL :
Treasure in the Fog
Illustrated by Joanna Worth
Collins. £1.95. (00 184819 4)

Why is it so notoriously difficult to satisfy the needs of that voracious band of readers, the eights, nines and tens? They are eager, receptive and marvellously easy to please. They are prepared, as at no other age, to be omnivorous—yet established authors have to be cajoled into writing for them and any newcomer who actually chooses this age group is pounced upon with ill-concealed triumph and handled thereafter with velvet gloves. The reason can only be the discrepancy between the mental appetite of a young reader and his technical skill in dealing with words. At this stage he wants something short, straightforward and easy on the eye. These simple requirements appear to inhibit most writers to the point of sterility—or worse, banality.

Not so, thank goodness, Penelope Lively. Her latest book, The Stained Glass Window, is an object lesson in how to communicate something of real value to a child of only minimal reading skills. It is an inviting book, bound in bright orange with pleasant line drawings on many of its pages and a clear, well-spaced text: its appearance alone should tempt even a diffident reader. The slender story is a miracle of simplicity and artistry. A stained glass window in a village church comes mysteriously to life in the mind—or perhaps more truthfully the heart—of a small member of the congregation called Jane. The knight and lady depicted in the window lived in the time of the Crusades. Betrothed in childhood, they were astonished to discover a love between them that surpassed all things known or imagined. Inevitably, the knight was sent to the Holy Land and was mortally wounded by a Saracen. The news of his death left the lady calm and untroubled. In the spring, she said, he would return. And he did. Her spirit, he told her, had come to him as he lay dying, and the fragment of life left in him had been strengthened and cherished by her great love until slowly, painfully, he could make his way across the seas, back to his lady. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convey the purity of this book. It shines through the writing, which is totally without affectation and which reflects the love of the knight and the lady (who, significantly, are never named). This has about it the timeless quality of the great epics and puts the book into a class of its own.

Two books from Leon Garfield provide a contrast as complete as one could wish for. The Lamplighter's Funeral and Mirror, Mirror are the first in a series called Garfield's Apprentices. Six more titles are quoted as being in preparation and a further four, as yet unnamed, will follow them. The stories are set in mid-eighteenth-century London. The first one opens with one of Garfield's best set-pieces: the funeral ceremony—to the full flare of torches and the fumes of stinking pitch—of one Sam Bold, lamplighter of Cripplegate, "now conducted with flaming pomp to his last snuffling place". After the funeral feast, one of the fraternity, Pallcat, overcame with gin and emotion, takes unto himself as apprentice a skinny, homeless urchin called Possul. As a "link boy" Possul earns the odd penny by lighting the rich through the murky streets with a flaming fistful of tow dipped in pitch. Before long it is borne home to even the cynical old Pallcat that there is something otherworldly about this boy whose torch invariably reveals some act of cruelty or anguish left unlit. "Just who is Possul?" asks the anxious publisher, and the reader is no less baffled. Who, indeed, is meant to read this inconclusive little story? The format suggests under-elevens, most of whom will revel in the macabre but jib at the symbolism and the self-conscious philosophizing which bedevils the whole book.

It is in Mirror, Mirror, however, that the author really runs amok. Here the apprentice is Daniel Nightingale, a country boy from the wilds of Hertfordshire who comes to London to the home of Mr Parks, master carver of mirror frames. It is his daughter, Lucinda, who dominates the story—a wholly contemptible, malevolent girl whose heart is as corrupt as her face is angelic. Daily she sets traps for Daniel, always with mirrors. Nightly she summons him to her parlour in the attic to tell her stories. Finally she provides the demented boy with a simple remedy by which Lucinda may learn the bitter truth about her own nature. The message is only too clear, though it is a sophisticated message for a child to accept. The way in which it is delivered is utterly distasteful.

Those with strong stomachs may be amused but others could well be revolted if not actually frightened by the surrealist overtones of this peculiar story. Both books are beautifully illustrated and decorated. Antony Maitland whose feeling for period is unerring and who can create atmosphere in a few stroke—as indeed can Leon Garfield in a phrase.

A pleasant antidote to Mr Parkhall of mirrors is Treasure in the Fog, by Angela Bull, a family saga set this time in nineteenth-century London, in which the four children of a wealthy household pay an unauthorized visit to the circus while at home the pokerfaced butler is absconding with the family jewels. Easier to assimilate than any of the others in this group, this is the least distinguished and does not linger in the memory.

Ann Eyre

Digging in

JENNY SEED :
Strangers in the Land
Hamish Hamilton. £2.95.
(241 89400 X)

The life of a pioneer was a hard one wherever he chose to make his new home. The particular hardships and difficulties of English settlers in South Africa at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as well as the forces that drove them there, are the subject of Jenny Seed's new book, Strangers in the Land.

Driven from England by the depression that followed the Napoleonic Wars, John Thompson left London silversmith now without work or work, takes up the government offer of land grants in the Cape Colony. With thousands of others he and his family embark for the bare lands, they set to work. Such things are not as they seem had in England no one had thought to, to mention such hazards as drought, crop disease, and marauding bands of cattle thieves. Successive disasters bring the settlers repeatedly to the edge of defeat. Many do abandon the land, but not the Thompsons, who endure each blow and face the next with fortitude. All except twelve-year-old Matthew. He, encouraged by the unremitting and unrewarding labour he runs away with his shipboard friend the orphan Jeremiah. For many months they wander in and out of the story, often on the wrong side of the law, returning sickened and exhausted by much that they have experienced. Nothing has changed at home. The land is as intransigent, the poverty even more acute than before. But the family clings to its unity. Matthew is now convinced that troubles cannot be solved or escaped by running away. He will stay to fight with his family. These people, will never run away, and finally one knows they will succeed.

This book does not have the panoramic sweep of the author's earlier books set in South Africa. Yet it has the same vivid detail and feel for landscape which are often stronger than the narrative itself. But in the end it is man rather than this giant landscape which inspires awe: the courage—no, the colossal cheek—of a man who has never been let alone planted a carrot seed, daring to set himself and family against the overwhelming forces of nature and the obduracy of the earth itself. Without direct comment or judgment Jenny Seed adds to the picture she is steadily building of the history of South Africa. Though we hear much of its present troubles, we know little, and our children perhaps, of the complex past from which they spring. The sympathy and understanding as well as the knowledge she brings to her work are as illuminating as the tale she tells.

Judith Vidal-Hall

The micromic past

LEON GARFIELD :
The Pleasure Garden
Illustrated by Fritz Wegner
Kestrel. £2.95. (7226 5098 1)

JENNY OLDFIELD :
Secret of the Seasons
Heinemann. £2.50. (434 95562 0)

If all book jackets were as expressive as these, life would be much easier for reviewers, for Fritz Wegner's intricate and crowded drawing for The Pleasure Garden sums up the book as nearly as does the publisher's cruder and more fantasy jacket for Secret of the Seasons.

Leon Garfield has produced another rich meal from his sub-Smollett/Hogarth/Dickens recipe, and as a heavily decorated thriller it is very impressive. The cameos and grotesques are all alive—the slaymakers, beggars, blackmailers, half-innocent urchins, the whores. But this time, his packed world is paralleled by an equally packed symbolism, centred on the microcosm of Mrs Bray's Mulberry Pleasure Garden with its masks, confessions, and dubious redemptions. Thus the Reverend Justice Young's search for a murderer is also a search for his own salvation; the trouble is that he often seems to be wading knee deep in symbols as well as red herrings.

Perhaps it is all too much of a good thing, for Garfield is clever, verbal dexterity does as much to create his atmosphere as do his scenes, and for most of the time it works well. Thus the noise of children on cellar steps "suggested that a small-sized hailstorm had got inside the house and panicked". But to say that "the revellers go out of the pleasure garden, out into the black garden of pain" is to go out into pretentiousness. It is not that the allegory is inappropriate, or that the ambivalence of everything (including, centrally, sex) is not well conveyed. It is more that Garfield is too insistent; his overstressing of the cosmic leads to overwriting, almost to self-parody, as the episodes such as Martin Young's struggle with the flesh (in the form of Fanny Bush) collapse under the weight of biblical significance.

But at least Mr Garfield's clichés are his own, and on this showing he remains someone to set standards by. Thus when Jenny Oldfield takes her pale Victorian heroine out among gypsies and tokens and wicked stepmothers and black-cloaked writers, we can manage without universal symbolism, but not so well without richness, or more of a sense of style.

The jacket-blurb with unerring eye, picks out her "gift for vivid narrative and dialogue . . . and fascinating characters" . . . precisely the points over which the book stumbles. My Garfield's characters may be overloaded but they live, whereas most of the figures in Secret of the Seasons are only names.

Peter Hunt

Plotting the past

STEPHANIE PLOWMAN :
The Leaping Song
Bodley Head. £3.50. (370 11014 5)

It is a long time since I read a book which made me think as intensely as Stephanie Plowman's The Leaping Song. This is, first, because it is a fine book; a thoroughly well-researched, skilfully narrated historical novel, worthy to stand beside the best of that genre. I do not know how better to praise it than to say that it measures up to its subject well, and that is no small achievement, since the subject is that grand and moving epic of antiquity, how the Persians tried and failed to conquer Greece.

The particular interest for me arises because I too have written a novel about how the Persians failed to conquer Greece. Mine was published five years ago and is now out of print. Although classical studies are far from static, and the orthodox consensus does shift from time to time, it is obviously out of the same ancient sources (Herodotus and Plutarch) and out of largely the same modern works that Miss Plowman has constructed her account; and this gives me an unparalleled chance for insight into another writer's methods, and by inference of contrast into my own.

Here dramatically demonstrated, for example, is the prime importance of beginnings and endings. Miss Plowman takes up her story in the aftermath of the Ionian revolt, takes us through Marathon, the rise of Themistokles, and his struggle to build ships, and closes her narrative at evening of the day of victory at Salamis. That makes a story of triumph.

My tale ran on to recount in detail how Themistokles was hounded out of Athens, and died a vassal of the Persian king. That makes a tragedy. All books have endings, and a victory makes a very good one. But what interests me is the way in which a story that is structured to end at Salamis differs in subtle ways from one which is structured to run on.

For example, Miss Plowman lets the Athenians off rather lightly for their condemnation of Miltiades; she makes him coarsened in mind and body by his glory, corrupt and ripe to fall before he goes off on his disastrous Parian escapade. I was harsher on the Athenians, for the fate of Miltiades foreshadowed the fate they dealt Themistokles, later in my book.

Then Miss Plowman's Persians are nastier than mine. The truth was unpleasant enough. But has the shadow of the Ottoman Turks coloured her view of them, I wonder, as it has that of so many Greeks? Or is it merely that I am too lenient, knowing that before my tale is told a Persian king will welcome and forgive Themistokles, and give him three cities? Musing these matters I see more clearly than ever before how any ending, once chosen, will weave a tight web of value-judgments and emphases back through the story that leads up to it, all the way to the first word.

Then there is the question of "viewpoint", which influences the architecture of narrative so profoundly. I had the cheek to offer a first-person account in the mouth of Themistokles himself; Miss Plowman chooses Theron, an ordinary Athenian, minor scion of an aristocratic family, and a passionate follower of Themistokles, who can act as his right-hand man.

Just here and there I thought I had the advantage of her—in covering debates between generals, for instance. But Theron's anonymity combined with ingenuity enables Miss Plowman to offer eye witness accounts at a number of crucial occasions, where I had tied myself hand and foot. What were the Persians like when preparing for war? Theron is one of the spies the Greek states sent to Sardis. What of the dramatic and terrible occasion when the Athenians consulted the oracle at Delphi? Theron can be one of the embassy to the god. What of the battle of Thermopylae (fought while Themistokles was on shipboard at Artemision)? Theron was the courier between Spartan army and allied fleet. He saw it all.

There is, of course, a certain implausibility in making one man do so many things, but it does not show, and it does make possible a vivid and comprehensive account of what happened in the war. Indeed, in the design of "scenes" (I mean episodes in a narrative, set up so as to cover and illuminate events) Miss Plowman is as excellent and skilled a craftsman as any I remember reading. Her historical skills, her research and in the recounting of complex events, are immaculate.

But all historical novelists must serve two masters, and her service of the muse of fiction is less perfect. To name lapses will seem churlish, but I must say what I mean. To put into Themistokles's mouth, for instance, a lie speaks to a contemporary boy (telling him about the fine exacted from Phrynicos for writing a politically relevant play) a quick aside elucidating the value of money, is one such. The whiff of author-instructs-reader took the edge, for me, off an otherwise superbly staged first encounter with the great man. There are actually footnotes. And the love story which fleshes out the narrator is very uneasily balanced against the politics and war, which are, one feels Miss Plowman feels, the real subject. There are some considerable implausibilities in the management of this purely fictional strand in the story; and to be plausible in fiction is like the obligation to be truthful in history.

To embark, it seems to me, on an account of the Persian wars, and choose to do it in a novel, is to pay at once an enormous price. For the most astonishing and moving thing about that heroic tale is that it is all true—it really happened. If we write of it in fiction, only the learned reader knows how much is true, how much romance. The astonishment of the actual is lost. To make up for that loss of value as against a historical account the writer must surely give to the tale, in full measure, those qualities which only fiction can give.

Fiction can reconstruct, behind the almost abstract diagram of words and actions recorded by history, the landscape—the full of the light in famous places, and the people—the ordinary nameless and unrecorded ones whose fate was enmeshed in the great event. It can show what it all looked and smelled and felt like, and that it happened to men like us. Last but not least, it can embody and transmit the emotion felt by the writer contemplating a historical event—thinking of the Spartan three hundred dying in the pass, of little Athens against mighty Persia.

Miss Plowman feels the emotion, but she is Spartan about expressing it. Her novel is extraordinarily dry of few minor characters, few domestic details, the landscape barely sketched in just a few sentences, the language muted and sober. She reads like one determined to avoid the lush and corny at all costs, determined to preserve a strict decorum.

But this tale cannot be told too often just as it can never be told well enough. The Leaping Song is a cogent and masterly version. If it isn't, for this reader, told richly enough, well I am the last person to be active about it.

None the less I have not enjoyed a book so much, or been provoked to think so hard, for years.

Jill Paton Walsh

A house and its history

BARBARA WILLARD :
The Miller's Boy
Illustrated by Gareth Floyd
Kestrel. £2.75. (7226 5073 6)

L. M. BOSTON :
The Stones of Green Knowe
Illustrated by Peter Boston
Bodley Head. £2.50. (370 11017 X)

Readers of Barbara Willard's Mantlemass books will recall that in the first book Lewis Mallory, the founder of the dynasty, had a red cap which he wore like a cockscomb—or a badge of honour. The Miller's Boy shows how Lewis came by his characteristic headgear and would it among his most cherished possessions.

This is a slight book, in length and in the demands which it makes of the reader. It seems unlikely that Miss Willard sets out to write for a particular "age-range", but here she is writing out of the top half of her mind, hinting at subtleties of history and psychology but not exploring their fullest implications. The book may therefore prove accessible to readers to whom the central canon of the "Mantlemass" books is denied while not being rejected by those, adults and children, who rate the five original books among the major literary experiences of the decade.

We are at the end of the Yorkist struggle for power. Lewis Mallory, directed by his aristocratic kinsfolk, nurses his grievances in the forest. To him comes Richard the miller's boy, showing him some of the benefits of country life and the joys of friendship. In return Thomas learns to think and act above his station. It is a situation ripe for emphasis, and Thomas's troubles are echoed in those of his eccentric grandfather. Miller Welfare is one of Miss Willard's colourful characters; one wonders how she could spare him for a book on this small scale. The miller looks forward to the era of the six-sailed mill, but failing wits and strength and chronic lack of capital keep him from the realisation of his technological vision. In an apocalyptic climax miller and mill die together in a great storm.

Miss Willard knows how to prepare for such high moments as this and how to time them, how to vary them with quiet episodes like the boys' ride to the sea on "a holy sort of night". The book is full of sure craftsmanship, in the blending of action with the interaction of characters, in the control of innumerable light brush-strokes by which the historical background is touched in. A good read undoubtedly, and a model for the aspiring writer in this field.

However greatly a previous knowledge of the Mantlemass series enhances the reader's enjoyment, The Miller's Boy can be read on its own. To come to The Stones of Green Knowe with no acquaintance with the five Green Knowe stories might be confusing. This is a story which has been clamouring to be told for years, but it needs to be read in context.

In this definitive history of her house Mrs Boston has reversed her normal procedure. Previously she has shown the past of Green Knowe through the experiences of modern boys—Tolly or Ping—who because of their sensitivity are enabled to communicate with the spirits of the house. The Stones of Green Knowe is about the building of the Norman house. Roger, a boy of mixed Norman and Saxon blood, sees his home arising and loves it passionately. He longs to look into the future, and with the help of the ancient stones—a not altogether convincing device—he goes forward in time, seeing the transformation of Green Knowe and its setting through the centuries up to the present. On the way he meets old friends like Tolly and Susan Linnet, and old Mrs Oldknowe herself, both in her familiar wise form and in her own youth. Mrs Boston knows well how to twist the heartstrings, but here her scope is perhaps too wide. Her finest emotional effects are dissipated. There are some shrewd touches. The Norman boy of the twelfth century meets his twentieth-century counterpart on equal terms, but both are centuries apart from the children of Stuart and Georgian times.

Mrs Boston's love and understanding of her house are beyond question. They are as strong as ever in this latest book, but they are not controlled by as sure a discipline as one has come to demand of this notable craftsman. The Stones of Green Knowe had to be written, but one turns from it to read again the haunting stories of Tolly and Ping and to recapture the pure magic of the earlier tales.

Marcus Crouch

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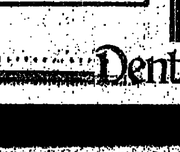
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Communication problems

RICHARD PARKER :
Hugo Takes Off
Illustrated by Trevor Stubley
Hodder and Stoughton. £2.60. (340 19633 5)

SUSAN PRICE :
Sticks and Stones
Faber. £2.75. (517 10842 3)

JANET GREEN :
The Six
Photographs by Lance Brown
Bodley Head. £2.50. (370 11026 9)

The reason why *Hugo Takes Off* in Richard Parker's story is that he cannot stand his parents' incessant quarrelling. His older sisters, both living away from home, recognize the destructive effect all this tension is having on him, and one goes so far as to chide her mother. Both parents make attempts to communicate with Hugo, but only succeed in making him feel that if they really cared for him they would come to some peaceful compromise with each other. So he conceives his own solution. He stages a phoney kidnapping, hoping that a shared anxiety will unite them. But things do not go at all to plan, and at times Hugo is very frightened and tempted to give it all up. When finally he is retrieved by his mother, some readers may find the resolution of the story a bit too simple. However, mother and son talk things over in a way they have never managed before, and Hugo returns home easier in his mind. Richard Parker's books are popular with young boys, and this will be no exception. Mention must be made of the evocative illustrations by Trevor Stubley, each accurately catching a moment of experience.

Sticks and Stones is Susan Price's third book and, although different in many ways from the other two, shows the same extraordinary empathy. It is Graeme's account of his life working in a supermarket, a boring job which he has come to partly through his own fault, partly because his father insists he must have a secure job and stick to it. What Graeme has always wanted to be is a gardener, but he cannot bring himself to tell anyone, least of all the unhelpful careers master at school. Typically, he confides in someone outside the family circle, a park gardener, who encourages him to change his job. He decides to get himself sacked, unable to face the family row if he gives in his notice. His wry description of the lengths he goes to in order to achieve this is both sad and funny. He is eventually forced to confide in the supervisor, who has persisted in giving him yet another chance—exactly what he did not want. There are no villains in the story, only people doing their best, but failing to communicate because of their own tensions. Unfortunately, it is not going to be easy to promote this vivid book with the very boys who are most likely to enjoy it. With its closely-printed pages, unrelieved by illustrations, and its rather pansified design on the dust jacket, it will need personal recommendation to get it circulating.

In *The Six*, Janet Green presents what purports to be personal accounts, by six boys coming up to school-leaving age, of their life at school and in the world of discos, parties, and the streets. Each of these accounts is supposedly related by the boy whose photograph appears at the beginning of the chapter, and whose character colours the narrative. In assembling her material, however, the writer has drawn on "unstructured dialogues" with numerous boys—twenty-six of them acknowledged by name, and others unnamed. The resultant distillation, though written with the best of intentions, gives a feeling of contrivance and even of manipulation. There is a selfconscious effort to face up to problems, and an underlying moral judgment, to which teenage boys may well respond with cynical mockery. The dialogue reveals the prim evasiveness which boys apply when they "open up" to friendly touchers. It is laced with "bloody", but stops short of the hard language. A sincere attempt to warn against the dangers of drugs-taking falls for similar reasons. The boy Juane, in a detailed and highly probable description of a boy driven to a frenzy of uncontrolled violence by smoking pot. (Can Janet Green's youthful collaborators have been kidding her?) The ultimate hammer comes down on the hapless harmless walnut, but the hard drugs get little more than a dishonourable mention.

Sex, violence, and delinquency are all presented in the way in which boys talk about them to adults, and in the heightened dramatic terms which enable art to hold a mirror up to life. Boys who want to read about these things will inevitably turn for preference to *Skinhead* and other stronger beers, readily available on the bookstalls. That happily, there are eager beavers among teachers who will snap up this book, even buy sets of copies in order to use it as a basis for "frank discussions" in class. The best thing about it is the photographic portraits of six boys. The at least are recognizable as individuals.

Cecilia Gordon

Spy-hunt

DENNIS HAMLEY :
Very Far From Here
Deutsch. £2.50. (233 96755 9)

As a straightforward adventure story for children of eleven or over this is successful enough, but it is a far cry from the author's first story *Pageants of Despair*—lacking both its inventiveness and dramatic intensity.

Very Far From Here is set in England, immediately before and during the First World War, and tells the story of Eddy and his search for a German spy in a little Sussex coastal village. Mysterious strangers, and a dread secret weapon being prepared for a German invasion, add to the plot. The pace is slow, and only quickens in the last few chapters when the hunt begins. Young readers might well feel cheated by being presented with a long spy-hunt, and no real baddy at the end of it.

The book is well written, lucid, and there is no suggestion of writing down to children, but the atmosphere of the period does not often come over and characterization is patchy. Eddy does not really come alive, although some of the other characters do—Mr Foskett, the chauvinistic Englishman, George the football star who gets wounded in battle, and Uncle Bill, the slightly seedy lodger.

The documentation is accurate, and there's some splendid stuff about railways—both model and real. It is a pity everything couldn't have moved just a little faster, and had a bit more bite.

Brian Baumfield

Under stress

ELEANOR SPENCE :
The October Child
Illustrated by Malcolm Green
Oxford University Press. £3.25. (19 271384 1)

Eleanor Spence has made a courageous choice of subject for *The October Child*, a realistic and unsentimental novel about a retarded child and the stresses it produces on his parents and siblings. The Mariners are a united family, living in a small Australian coastal resort, until the belated birth of a fourth child, Carl Thomas, of a frenzied infant and raging toddler, he disrupts the household and tasts, to their dismay, its individual members.

The oldest boy, Kenneth, directly resents the move to Sydney to be near a special school for Carl, to finds a substitute for seaside sports in a religious commune. Adrienne, at an age when television and friendships vie for attention, becomes sparing with her invitations home. Douglas is the sensitive, thoughtful child on whom his parents most depend for relief—his singing, at first, can quieten Carl's nighttime howls—but at least he has the consolation of his music studies in the city. Douglas's shedding of childish guilt and quiet acceptance of responsibility provide the small notes of triumph on which the book ends.

Despite its theme, this is an enjoyable book, vivid with the sights and scents of Australia—sharks, kangaroos, frangipani blossoms—and salted with adventure.

Juliet Page

High-rise tensions

BARRY POINTON :
Cave
Bodley Head. £2.50. (370 10983 X)

MARGARET GORE :
Play it Cool!
Kaye and Ward. £2.95. (7182 2858 7)

Cave is a "Book for New Adults", one of Bodley Head's unhappily titled series which is intended to provide the "inexperienced" reader with "good stories written with literary skill that speak directly to the condition of the majority of young people today". The trouble with this is that "speaking to their condition" is all too readily equated with "depicting their conditions", apparently on the dubious assumption that young people who live in high-rise flats and are keen on motorbikes are more likely to become hooked on books if the books they meet portray surface features of their own existence.

"Cave" Allison, a gang leader in his last year at school, is not as one might expect from the book's title the central character. This is Tall Thompson, who before starting his first job is to go with his lorry-driving father on a short trip to Belgium. But a family crisis occurs when Ian's elder brother serving in Ireland is badly wounded. Mother goes to Ireland, father to Belgium, leaving Ian in charge of the high-rise home and his infant sister, Karen. The story is mainly about how Ian copes with the responsibility and learns about himself in the process. The climax is a fight between Ian and "Cave" during which Karen has a narrow escape. It turns out that "Cave" is not really a violent, unfeeling brute, but is redeemed by having a soft spot for children.

Barry Pointon is at pains both to convey a sense of realism and present wholesome sentiments. "Literary skill", a declared aim of the series, is unfortunately not much in evidence. The plot is handled quite well, but the texture of the writing is thin and technically limited. Figurative language obtrudes selfconsciously, and the author's imaginative and linguistic resources are not equal to the task he sets himself.

Play it Cool! is a slackly written extra-curricular adventure story, with drugs, burglary, mystery (edged illicit driving and schoolboy derelict all the necessary ingredients for a "realistic" story of adolescent relationships in a contemporary setting", as the blurb has it. Stringer, the silkworm adopted son of a surgeon, natural gang leader at the comprehensive, finds his true form in saving the life of his "ordinary" school-mate Jimmy, whom he has driven into the canal after a wild drive up the motorway in the surgeon's borrowed car. But Stringer, despite a tip-off, does nothing to prevent his home being burgled, and is left to Jimmy and his sister Mig with the help of the school orchestra which has a Saturday morning rehearsals in a conveniently derelict telephone exchange, to outwit the gang of thieves and recover the surgeon's antiques.

The plot is implausible, the psychology facile and the writing forced. It is the sort of story that an average fourth form might write as a class project, except that their English teacher would have edited out the clichés, the exclamation marks and other excesses. It would be charitable to suppose that the book was intentionally, though misguidedly, written down. I doubt it. There is no reason why an ordinary reader should be imaginatively poverty-stricken.

Graham Hammond

The unromantic age

JOAN LINGARD :
The Pilgrimage
Hamish Hamilton. £2.40. (241 89399 2)

In its unassuming way *The Pilgrimage* is a very skilful piece of work. Joan Lingard has chosen to deal with several subjects that lend themselves to clichés of feeling: Maggie McKinley (heroine of *The Clearance* and *The Resettling*) searches out her great-great-grandmother's glen and there receives a proposal of marriage from the boyfriend who accompanies her; she also meets two attractive Canadian boys. From this résumé, anyone unfamiliar with Maggie's previous adventures might expect hackneyed romance. But nothing could be more unlike Maggie—or Joan Lingard. Instead, the book follows meticulously the uneasy relationship between Maggie and James, her boyfriend, and explores the ways in which it is affected by the two Canadians. Running through the story also is a discussion of the virtues and perils of marrying early, a subject touched off by the unfortunate marriage of James's sister, Catriona. Particularly well-described is the section in which Maggie considers James's proposal and is almost hypnotized by the idea of acceptance. Here, Joan Lingard perfectly reproduces the uncertainties of that age when everything seems a possibility.

Although Maggie wavers, however, her character is so well-established that the reader never doubts the suitability of her choice of freedom and social anthropology rather than love and marriage.

But, in spite of its serious subject-matter, the book is light-hearted. Maggie is as brisk and amusing as in the two earlier stories. Sometimes, perhaps, the tone is slightly too flippant, and emotional involvement is played down, so that the reader observes rather than identifies. However, at a time when books for teenagers are increasingly intense and subjective this is, maybe, a happy fault.

Read as the third book in a series, *The Pilgrimage* has some of the faults of sequels. A fair amount of old material is duplicated, most notably in the retelling of the story of Maggie's great-great-grandmother. One wonders for how long Joan Lingard can go on drawing parallels between the life of a modern Glaswegian girl and that of her nineteenth-century Highland ancestress. Nevertheless, read as a separate book, *The Pilgrimage* has a great deal to recommend it. It is extremely entertaining, and its humour and unpretentiousness should not blind one to the author's skill in describing unstereotyped relationships, nor to the depth of her discussion of marriage at an early age.

Gillian Cross

Past presences

BARBARA C. FREEMAN :
A Haunting Air
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 19484 5)

JENNY BUTTERWORTH :
Daisy
Illustrated by Babette Cole
Kaye and Ward. £2.50. (7182 1130 8)

ROBERT SWINDELLS :
Voyage to Valhalla
Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus
Hodder and Stoughton. £2.60. (340 20695 0)

Visitants from the past bearing a message of wrongs to be avenged or an action to be completed: these are age-old themes and fascinating ones. Within the confines of recent children's literature they have been handled with great effect by Antonia Barber in *The Amazing Mr Blunden*, where characters from the present are able to change the course of past events, and she offers a cosmology to account for this. Barbara C. Freeman is less ambitious but perhaps more convincing in the handling of her characters, who are eventually able to halt the baleful influence of past hatreds and grievances. The presence from the past is a lonely Victorian child often heard singing *A Haunting Air*. Her loneliness is echoed in the other characters, Melissa, the only daughter of a writer father who is too absorbed in his work to take any notice of her, and Helen, the girl who moves in next door, isolated by the demands of a young baby. They are drawn towards each other by their need to piece together the story of what happened almost a hundred years ago on the spot where they are living.

Presiding over their search is the enigmatic Miss Clayfield, whose domineering personality is established forcefully and economically through the dialogue: "I dare say there is much more coming and going than we realise. What a ridiculous word haunted is." Gradually a story within a story unfolds as the girls discover old newspaper reports and a series of letters which bring the past alive for them and for the reader. As the story moves towards its climax past history and present reality reveal subtle parallels and gradually the tension and strain which were underlying all the relationships at the beginning of the book are released.

In *Daisy* by Jenny Butterworth the visitant from the past is a young girl of that name, again a fleeting figure, who has a message for Denise who is staying with her father in a cottage on the moors. Denise's aunt, called Aunt Dotty, is a more interesting character, and there is more humour in the book, but the story is unevenly co-ordinated. The book opens in a gripping but rather melodramatic fashion as Deirdre's elder sister decides to run off to London, leaving the twelve-year-old alone to cope with her father. The account of her struggles has at moments a painful ring of truth about it but one rather suspect element in the story is the way in which it then proceeds to pander to the sentimental wish-fulfilment element in the reader. By the end of the book Aunt Priss has opened out and agreed to marry Sir John Lander and Deirdre has, with Daisy's help, gained a place at Warmliston, an exclusive boarding school for gifted children, to pursue her musical career.

In Robert Swindells's *Voyage to Valhalla* a Viking ghost from the past summons Davy to set fire to the longboat which he and his friends have discovered being excavated by a grasping archeologist. The fact that he dies in his attempt to send King Gorm to Valhalla is vindicated in the time-shift sequences suggesting that Davy is the living incarnation of a long dead Viking himself.

Though this summary does little justice to the suspense created in the course of the narrative it reveals it as a simple variation on the *Red Shift* theme and it shares other disturbing characteristics of the Alan Garner approach.

The attitudes which underly the last two stories deserve closer analysis but could perhaps be broadly described as "worldly" and "other worldly"—two sides of a coin. The more interesting approach of Barbara C. Freeman shows the two worlds permeating each other, and is realized through greater depth of characterization.

Lesley Croome

Fossilized

PENELOPE LIVELY :
A Stitch in Time
Heinemann. £2.60. (434 94897 7)

The title of Penelope Lively's new novel—*A Stitch in Time*—is an immediate indication that her mind is still full of the obsession that distinguishes nearly all her work. "Places", she writes, are "like clocks—full of all the time there's ever been in them, and all the people, and all the things that have happened, like the ammonites in the stones". The ammonite reference is not a casual one, because the place this time is Lyme Regis and fossils are, of course, part of the story.

Maria Foster, only child of quiet boring parents, is not, like Jane Austen's young people, "wild to see Lyme". In fact, she is decidedly lukewarm about their holiday destination. "She turned to Lyme Regis, which she would have to know, like it or not. It did not seem too bad." Indeed, in spite of an agreeable habit of talking to inanimate objects and hearing their replies, Maria is rather a lukewarm dull girl. "She was good at not being noticed. It was, she sometimes thought, the only thing she was good at". "She never, ever, in the end, said what she wanted to say."

In fact, by the end of the book, things are rather different—thanks partly to the life-enhancing presence of a boy next door—but there still remains the feeling that this new book is too careful, too genteel. It lacks the richness of *The House in Norham Gardens*, the flow of *Going Back*, and the atmosphere of both of them. Children will, however, find it a much easier and more straightforward book than those. There is much to enjoy: the pleasure in knowing names (*quercus ilex*, grass vetchling, *gryphaea*), the contrasting families on either side of the holiday fence, the descriptions of days which might have been entirely different ones, and the reminders of days long past when a girl called Harriet had reluctantly stitched a sampler with a swing, which still creaks in a garden where there is no swing, and a dog, which still barks in a house where there are no dogs.

Of course, the sampler is the clue. The sampler, beautifully shown on the jacket by Elisa Trimby, is neat and carefully stitched. And so is the book. The challenge for Mrs Lively was presumably to make a story out of these quiet materials which would make her Lyme Regis lodge in the memory as Norham Gardens and Modleycott do. I do not think she succeeds, and I cannot help hoping that she will tackle something larger and noisier next time. Here she is very restrained. She allows herself no fireworks or melodramas: the small boy, James, is *not* injured by the jousting horse. The blurb suggests that "the tension mounts through the long summer days to a dramatic climax". This is not true. There is nothing like that moment in *The Wild Hunt of Hagworthy* when Lucy saves Kester from the Dancers. The ending is in fact an anti-climax more in keeping with Mrs Lively's tone nowadays. I shall not give it away, for knowing it would affect one's whole reading of the book, which is dominated by Maria's fears of old, unhappy far-off things.

Ann Thwaite

The sound of music

EILEEN DUNLOP :
A Flute in Mayferry Street
Illustrated by Phillida Gili
Oxford. £3.25. (19 271385 X)

Eileen Dunlop's *A Flute in Mayferry Street* is an old-fashioned, one might almost say a Victorian novel. Brave widowed mother struggles to make ends meet. Sixteen-year-old daughter sits indoors in her wheelchair, quietly giving up hope. Sensitive little brother longs for a flute of his own. They all live in a shadowy, half-empty house in Edinburgh's New Town, a house "tense with reminders of the past". The children find a mysterious letter in an old book, hear ghostly flute music, have a spiritual experience in a second-floor bedroom. The end of the story is predictable, but I will not give it away.

What makes this a gently schmaltzy, yet always unsentimental book is the way in which romantic tale is a plain unvarnished version in which the house is not so much tense with reminders as silted up with junk. The bookcase with the mysterious letter also harbours "a dead wasp, an Elastoplast tin containing lead shot, an egg cup with tiddly-winks and a plastic glue bottle, empty". The city merchants, ancestral owners of the haunted house, were really grocers, "and not very good ones either, by all accounts. Semolina in the sugar during the War, so the Minister's wife informed me".

Alas, the ethereal version wins hands down, but all the life of the book is in the unsuccessful struggle towards realism. I have serious reservations about this novel, but I shall be interested to see what Eileen Dunlop is writing in a few years' time, when she has learnt to take a tougher line with her imagination.

Judith Wyvill



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Capital assets

ELIZABETH HOLT and MOLLY PERHAM:

Kids' Historic London

Illustrated by Jane Symons

Abelard-Schuman. £2.95. (200 72177 1)

Any reservations that are felt about *Kids' Historic London*—successor to the same authors' *Kids' London*—are liable to centre around the kids. Will they read it? Will they actually buy it, or spend a book token on it? What age kids? The writing is excellent—simple, direct and unobtrusive. The chapters which deal chronologically with the history of the capital from pre-historic to modern times contain a great deal of information, much of it fascinating, which it would be difficult to find elsewhere. The chapter on Roman London is particularly well done, as is the Victorian section, which provides an ideal antidote to those who romanticize the past. The approach is unsentimental, the questions asked severely practical—why was the Monument built? Where can you find the mummified body of a plague victim? If you want to see the Roman pavement at 11 Ironmonger Lane, don't forget to write to Messrs Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co for permission.

Places to see are concisely and clearly listed at the end of each chapter, along with details of documents, statues, prisons, markets, ceremonies and many other ways of reproducing the past. There is a careful list of museums, and instructions about how to travel to them. The index is thorough, but one could wish for more illustrations, especially a detailed map of London.

Elizabeth Holt and Molly Perham have written a book which should be found on the shelves of school and children's libraries. Parents, not only London parents, will have many successful days exploring the city with its aid, accompanied by their children. But the kids who will be helped by it will receive such help through the medium of an adult who has consulted this excellent children's reference book. They are unlikely to profit directly from its use.

Christopher Wright

Middle-Aged spread

RICHARD BARBER:

A Strong Land and a Sturdy

Deutsch. £3.25. (233 96740 0)

To one accustomed to the more traditional varieties of children's history books, it comes as a considerable surprise to encounter one which abandons completely the chronological framework, in favour of a series of studies of aspects of life and society, with chapter titles such as "The nobleman and his household", "The manor and the village", or "The merchant and the towns". This is obviously a reflection of the approach increasingly adopted by historians writing for an adult audience, and, it must be said, is also in line with recent developments in teaching in schools. It does, however, have certain disadvantages. Richard Barber's book cannot grip the attention with a clear story line, and the audience for which it is intended will undoubtedly be used to narrative in other contexts. More serious is the fact that it fails to convey a sense of development within the period it covers. Mr Barber refers to his account as a "coloured pageant", and indeed chapters sometimes recall a strange medley of incidents drawn from different centuries of the village green. Oddly enough, too, the method accentuates the insularity of which English historians have been justly accused. A conventional historical account of, for example, the Hundred Years War can, certainly, degenerate into no more than a listing of battles, but at least it cannot fail to convey the fact that England's neighbours were of importance to her. This book does not always do so.

The book does, however, have the merits of its limitations. Mr Barber writes with a real relish for the Middle Ages, an antiquarian's delight in the particular, and occasionally the exotic. He also has an eye for the telling quotation from authors ranging from Aubrey (manuscripts used to wrap a bung) to William FitzStephen (the schools of London in the Twelfth Century). He treads delicately the difficult line between romanticization and the kind of aggressive demythologizing which seems to suggest that the only thing worth recording about the Middle Ages is that life was poor and short. Where he tells familiar stories, they are the better-attested breed, and are usually told to make a wider point. Very wisely, he makes no attempt even to hint at the labyrinth of historiographical controversy surrounding some of the matters he deals with, but his presentation, and careful phrasing, show that he is aware of the disputes, has thought about them, and has reached sensible conclusions of his own.

The whole book is plentifully and skilfully illustrated, and the plates closely related to the text. It is the more pity that the captions are occasionally inaccurate (for instance, Conway Castle for Dover).

This is perhaps not the ideal introduction to the Middle Ages, but would serve extremely well as an immediate sequel to one of the standard basic narratives.

R. M. Franklin

Introduced by the performer

YEHUDI MENUHIN and WILLIAM PRIMROSE:

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Macdonald and Jane's. £4.50. (356 0475 6). Paperback, £2.25. (356 04716 4)

LOUIS KENTNER:

Piano

Macdonald and Jane's. £4.50. (3556 0475 6). Paperback, £2.25 (356 04716 4)

These two books launch a promising new series, under the editorship of Yehudi Menuhin, to cover all the major instruments of classical music and later to include the voice, conducting and orchestration. They are intended for practising musicians, amateur or professional, at any age.

Yehudi Menuhin's book on the violin is characteristically comprehensive, covering every aspect of the aspiring violinist's life from the purely physical to the spiritual. It includes a history of the violin by Denis Stevens, an informative and witty chapter on the viola by William Primrose and even a technical specification of the instrument by Etienne Vatelot. Menuhin discusses everything from violins, violin makers and the care of the instrument, to the violinist's various roles—soloist, leader, orchestral player and so on, from the perennially controversial subject of technique to repertoire, interpretation and analysis. There is also a revealing transcript of three lessons at the Menuhin school.

Ultimately, the interest of a book like this lies in the author's views on music in general, but practising violinists will rush to the chapters on technique first, if only to see whether their own pet theories are confirmed or denied. Menuhin, of course, provides plenty of scope for argument, uncompromising as he is in his convictions, especially about what he sees as the wider aspects of technique. These, as is well known, extend to yoga and other relaxation exercises, and no one should be surprised that there is a whole chapter devoted to the Menuhin regime—yoga, unrefined foods and all. Menuhin allows that his views are not shared by all, and many people will dismiss them as cranky. But this is only one aspect of a searching book, and Menuhin's writing, as his playing, is imbued with a fervent, almost devotional sincerity which compels belief, if only for the moment.

Louis Kentner's book on the piano could hardly be more of a contrast. Beginning with a quite unnecessary apology for being a "mere practitioner of his instrument", he turns out to be the most delightful companion and guide who is able to turn even potentially arid topics—like equal temperament and tuning—into entertaining reading.

The limitation of this book is its narrow musical perspective. Bartók and Prokofiev are depicted as the ultimate in modernity, even Debussy and Ravel as composers "of our age". Mr Kentner claims to deal in "objective fact, coloured, perhaps, by subjective viewings", but this already dubious philosophical stand is further weakened by the implication that facts cannot be "objective" unless they are at least fifty years old.

The aim of the series is that the contributions should be personal views rather than anonymous text-books, but for Mr Kentner twentieth-century composers, at least the more recent ones, hardly seem to exist. So given this chosen disregard of contemporary achievements, he really has no right to be as pessimistic as he is about the future of the piano. Messiaen at least appears in the discography, but where are Stockhausen, Berio, Boulez and even Shostakovitch, not to mention a host of American composers? And as to his complaint that twentieth-century composers have not inspired any new structural modifications to the instrument, what of John Cage's prepared piano, or indeed the electric piano? Above all, who could have predicted that the piano's percussive character would bring it into its own as an orchestral instrument in our century?

However, on his own ground—Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt—Mr Kentner is expectedly illuminating, though even here I must take him to task for his summary dismissal of the lesser nineteenth-century virtuosi (Kalkbrenner *et al*), and more so for asserting that Beethoven's sonata form derives from ternary form, when its descent from the old baroque binary form is indisputable both historically and structurally.

Sarah Thomas

Georgian stroller

LEON GARFIELD:

The House of Hanover

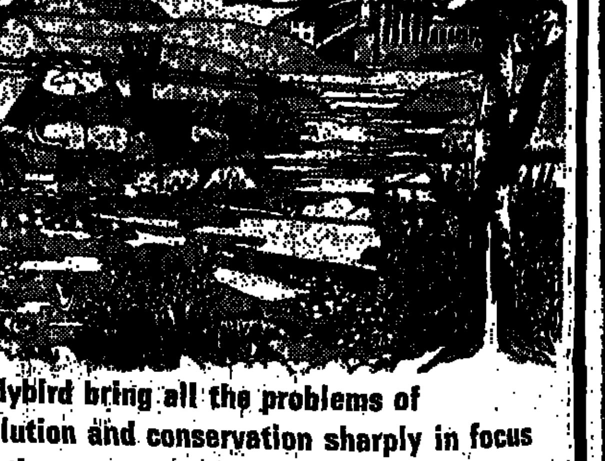
Deutsch. £3.25. (233 96636 6)

The intentions of this book and the series of which it forms a part are excellent. A short, well-illustrated and attractively presented outline of the cultural history of England, with the emphasis on a young, popular market, is entirely commendable, and earlier titles in the series have amply answered their purpose. Unfortunately this cannot be said in the present case, which takes the form of a stroll through the Hanoverian portions of the National Portrait Gallery, with a running commentary on the principal personalities of the age as they appear. It is a short book, but the approach is self-indulgent, with lengthy [illegible] dant, and a good deal of trivial jocularity. It is page forty before we actually reach the age of Hanover, though the result hardly justifies the effort of getting there. Each character is treated in a few superficial words, which convey Leon Garfield's prejudices, such as they are, but little of interest or consequence. There is no attempt to relate the artists and writers discussed to the major cultural, let alone social, developments of the period, no attempt to transmit the essential flavour and character of Hanoverian England, no attempt to impose any kind of framework. (The time chart at the end desperately, but feebly, endeavours to provide a framework of sorts, though it is largely and bizarrely concerned with figures, such as Burke and Paine, not considered at all in the text.) The illustrations, though almost entirely restricted to portraiture, are profuse and well-produced. They deserve better of the [illegible].

Paul Langford

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The trail of the wild

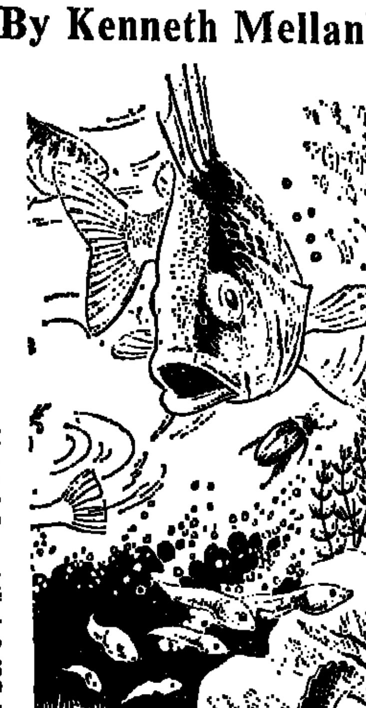
By Kenneth Mellanby

These books have one thing in common: they all set out to give a true picture of some aspect of the natural world. This is done in a great variety of ways, and by using many different techniques. Some are recognizable as textbooks, others use illustrative anecdotes to transmit their message, and we also find the popular technique of the comic strip serving the ends of biology. They are aimed at children of different ages, and those of very different reading abilities. In their different ways they are all well produced and illustrated, though the amount of information available to the reader varies enormously.

The Penguin Book of the Natural World is described by the publishers as "an introduction to the amazing and complex nature of the world we live in". It contains 160 two-page spreads dealing with all aspects of life and living organisms; half the page area is printed text, the remainder consists of diagrams, drawings and colour photographs. The text is clearly and simply written, without jargon; the illustrations could hardly be bettered. Eighty-two pages describe plants, 132 animals, sixty-six man and his body, and there are shorter sections on cells, evolution and ecology. This book will appeal to an intelligent twelve year old, but much older children and adults will find it useful. It is not intended to be an examination textbook, but anyone with an understanding of its contents could tackle most O-level questions.

Teachers have long realized that children enjoy mucking about in streams and ponds, and that in the process, with tactful guidance, they may acquire some understanding of the ecology of these habitats. The following three books all encourage their readers to go out of doors and do something with fresh water, and though some will do little more than get their wellington boots muddy, this may lead to real knowledge of the environment. *The World of a Stream*, by Heather Angel, is fairly conventional in its approach, but it is none the worse for that. Children are told how to investigate and map a stream, how to learn to identify many of the plants and animals, and they are given particulars of the simpler equipment needed for these tasks. They are even told how to recognize pollution, and how to complain effectively about it. John Dyson's *The Pond Book* is also based on the study of freshwater biology, but it combines this with an account of the origin and decline of the village pond; it is also a campaign manual for the "Save the Village Pond Campaign". It explains how to increase the interest of small pools of fresh water, and discourages the suburbanization of country ponds so often attempted by well-meaning newcomers from the towns.

Angling is the most popular sport in Britain, having already nearly three million regular devotees. *The Puffin Book of Freshwater Fishing*, by Roger Pierce, may well cause this number to increase, as it will be enjoyed by boys and girls who are thinking of starting fishing. The information about rivers and their wildlife will even give them something to look for when the fish are not biting. However, only experience can teach that knowledge and skill are not always the same thing, and that the best freshwater ecologist does not necessarily catch the biggest fish.



Detail from one of Michael Strand's illustrations to The Pond Book *by John Dyson.*

Usborne Publishing is producing a series of inexpensive booklets intended to be attractive to children nurtured on comics and possibly discouraged by pages of solid print. Both *The Nature Trail Book of Birdwatching* and *The Nature Trail Book of Wild Flowers* appear at first sight to consist mainly of pictures, including some strips with an odd little man who gets up to all sorts of unlikely activities such as bird stalking and plant mapping. However, there is also a surprising amount of accurate information about birds and flowers, and graphic instructions of things to do—making a bird table, a bird bath, keeping records of flowers, experiments on plant behaviour. It will be interesting to see how far this series succeeds in weaning children from comics and undemanding television programmes and induces a real interest in natural history.

Angus and Robertson have introduced a new series, the "Eye-View Library", with three books by Angela Sheehan, *The Song Thrush*, *The Hedgehog* and *The Bumble-Bee*. They include fictional descriptions of the lives of these various creatures, very readable and, as the acknowledgement of help from Pat Morris and Michael Chinery guarantees, scientifically irreproachable. They are very short books, with only about two thousand words of story, and a further appendix of another thousand words containing "more about" the biology of each animal. Literate children may find them a bit light-weight, but they are suitable to read aloud to quite young children. The additional scientific section may enable parents to answer their children's questions, and to help them to observe the animals in the wild. This may encourage the children to graduate to more demanding nature books in due course.

The publishers of "Closer Look Books", Hamish Hamilton, say that they are specifically intended to answer the questions "How?" and "Why?" about various groups of animals. The two latest volumes are *A Closer Look at Birds* and *A Closer Look at Apes*. They are attractively produced, well and accurately illustrated, and should interest older children who already have a general zoological interest.

The Oxford Scientific Film Unit is rightly famous for the high standard of its natural history film, and the photographs which make up the greater part of *The Butterfly Cycle*, *Bees and Honey* and *The Life and Times of a Stickleback* are superb. Each book contains some twenty pages of these outstanding colour photographs, with only a brief thousand-word essay explaining them. These are junior examples of the coffee-table book, well worth looking at once or twice, and then unlikely to be used again. They could, however, be of real value as illustration of advanced courses in zoology, where the teacher supplies the intellectual content missing from their pages.

Many adults think that modern children are lucky, or even pampered, when such a wide range of books is available, aimed at the least as well as the most intelligent. It remains to be seen how successful they will be in fostering a real interest in natural history. They can only act as signposts, for without the drudgery of conscientious study of the longer texts, and without accurate observation and experimentation in the field, children cannot expect to understand the environment in which they live, or to know the animals and plants which share that environment with them. There is possibly a danger in making the early approaches to the subject appear to be too easy and attractive, for when the going gets harder some children may be too discouraged to continue. There is clearly a need for a thorough investigation of the effects of different texts on different children. For the present, we can only welcome the variety of the books which are now available, and must not allow our preferences to prevent us from trying to assess their effectiveness.

The Penguin Book of the Natural World. Kestrel. £4.50. (7226 5203 8). Puffin. £1.95. (14 003714 4)

HEATHER ANGEL: *The World of a Stream*. Illustrated by Christine Darter. Faber. £2.95. (571 10450 9)

JOHN DYSON: *The Pond Book*. Illustrated by Michael Strand. Kestrel. £2.25. (7226 5155 4). Puffin. 75p. (14 03 0875 X)

ROGER PIERCE: *The Puffin Book of Freshwater Fishing*. Illustrated by Michael Strand. Kestrel. £1.95. (7226 5158 9). Puffin. 60p. (14 03 0873 3)

MALCOLM HARTH: *The Nature Trail Book of Birdwatching*. Usborne. 75p. (86020 040 X)

SUE TARSKY: *The Nature Trail Book of Wild Flowers*. Usborne. 75p. (86020 042 6)

ANGELA SHEEHAN: *The Song Thrush*. Illustrated by George Thompson. Angus and Robertson. £1.60. (207 95695 2)

ANGELA SHEEHAN: *The Hedgehog*. (207 95693 6). *The Bumble Bee*. (207 95694 4) Illustrated by Maurice Pledger. Angus and Robertson. £1.60 each.

J. L. HICKS: *A Closer Look at Birds*. Illustrated by John Rignall. Hamish Hamilton. £1.50. (241 89387 9)

DAVID COOK and JILL HUGHES: *A Closer Look at Apes*. Illustrated by Richard Orr. Hamish Hamilton. £1.50. (241 89386 0)

The Butterfly Cycle. Photographs by John Cooke. (233 967 664). *Bees and Honey*. Photographs by David Thompson. (233 967 680). *The Life and Times of a Stickleback*. Photographs by David Thompson. (233 967 672). Nature's Way. G. Whizzard/Deutsch. £1.75 each.

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By Lance Salway

It is now well over fifty years since the Newbery Medal was first awarded to Hendrik Willem van Loon's *The Story of Mankind*. Since that time the prestige of the award has grown and the Medal has long been regarded as worthy and—more often than not—respected recognition of excellence in American children's books. Other awards have risen in its shadow—the Lewis Carroll Shelf Award for books worthy to sit on a shelf with *Alice in Wonderland*, and the Edgar Allan Poe Award for "the best juvenile mystery" are among the more eccentric of these—but the Newbery Medal, with its uncompromising acknowledgement of "the most distinguished contribution to literature for children published in the United States", remains the most glittering prize of all. Britain's Carnegie Medal, established by the Library Association in 1936, has never achieved the prestige of its transatlantic predecessor. Inadequate financial resources and official inertia have condemned it to second place and, in recent years at least, confusion about the aims and terms of the medal has further reduced the impact and influence of the award.

There is no doubt, though, about the influence of the Newbery and Caldecott Medals, or about their impact on children's publishing and librarianship in the United States. And, unlike our own medals, which seem curiously reluctant to recognize changing attitudes and developments in children's literature, the Newbery Medal has always moved with the times. Evidence of this is amply provided in *Newbery and Caldecott Medal Books 1966-1975*, edited for the Horn Book by Lee Kingman. This handsome volume follows the pattern of its predecessors: brief notes on each book are followed by excerpts from the Newbery Medal novels or full-colour spreads from each of the Caldecott Medal picture books. The necessary speeches of each author and artist are included, together with biographies or appreciations of the fortunate recipients. Long critical essays by John Rowe Townsend on the Newbery Medal winners and by Barbara Bader on those books which have been awarded the Caldecott Medal add some critical seasoning to what might otherwise be a rather unpalatable confection; and, for the first time, a long article by Elizabeth Johnson examines the Honor Books for each year.

The volume has much as a handsome memorial to past winners but the reader will search in vain here for any critical examination of the honoured books or any comparative evaluation of the works of each author and artist. The plot synopses and text excerpts are too brief to be of value, and the acceptance speeches—like most acceptance speeches—have little of substance sandwiched between the inevitable preliminary account of the recipient's reactions to the news that she or he had won the Medal, and the final obligatory torrent of gratitude to family and editors. Among the authors, only Paula Fox and Virginia Hamilton, as might have been expected, offer any useful insight into their writing and the inspiration behind their bemedalled books. The artists, of course, are less effusive—shattering, no doubt, behind the convenient but mistaken assumption that illustrators are unable to put one word behind another—but both Gail E. Haley and Gerald McDermott have revealing things to say about the problems of storytelling and illustration.

The biographical appreciations of each recipient, written as they are by fond editors, spouses, children and—in the case of Irene Hunt—a nephew, offer little help towards an increased understanding of the work of their subjects. We do gain some interesting information from these appreciations: Elizabeth Borton de Treviño, for example, assumed the authorship of the Pollyanna books on the death of Eleanor H. Porter (not Eleanor Parker, as Mrs Treviño's biographer states here). But, for the most part, the biographies reveal little of significance, unless one counts such revelations as the fact that Jean Craighead George has macramé curtains in her living room, that Nonny Hogrogian likes olives and is terrified of mice, and that poor Betsy Byars "is a normal woman—a typical American housewife with four normal healthy kids, a reasonably respectable husband, and a suburban home complete with mortgage and all that sort of thing".

It is a relief to turn from such illuminating revelations to the essays by John Rowe Townsend and Barbara Bader. Mr Townsend examines the ten Newbery Medal winners in perspective, not in order to question their position as winners but in order to assess whether or not they can still be seen to possess those qualities of excellence which the Medal seeks to honour and whether they reflect rising standards in literature for children. And he finds, on the whole, that they do. The decade opened with Elizabeth Borton de Treviño's *I, Juan de Pareja* and Irene Hunt's *Up a Road Slowly*, worthy books which accord with the accepted standards of the preceding years. It closed with Paula Fox's *The Slave Dancer* and Virginia Hamilton's *M. C. Higgins the Great*, evidence enough that the members of the selection committee are only too willing to acknowledge the worth of books which seek to challenge and stimulate the imagination and perception of the child. Barbara Bader's survey of the books whose illustrators have been awarded the Caldecott Medal is weak on the overall view but strong on critical detail. Only Uri Shulevitz (*The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship*), William Steig (*Sylvester and the Magic Pebble*) and Blair Lent (*The Funny Little Woman*) win her approval. The remaining winners, it seems, have little to commend them. Gail E. Haley's *A Story, a Story*, is "commonplace as art", Gerald McDermott's *Arrow to the Sun* is "empty", the execution of Nonny Hogrogian's *One Fine Day* is "thin", and the illustrations of Evaline Ness's *Sam, Bangs and Moonshine* "contain little of direct interest to a child, and their interest to an adult is chiefly in their technique and design". Stirring stuff this, a welcome change from the servile admiration so often directed at award-winning books.

However much one may disagree with Barbara Bader's comments on, for that matter, the conclusions of the medal selection committees, it cannot be denied that Newbery and Caldecott medals recognize, acknowledge and reward authors and artists who seek to extend the accepted standards of writing and illustration for children. The same cannot, I think, be said of our own medals. *Arrow to the Sun* would never have won the Kate Greenaway Medal, and, had their authors been British and not American, *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs Basil E. Frankweiler*, *The Slave Dancer* and *M. C. Higgins the Great* would have been dismissed out of hand by the Carnegie Medal selection committee. Unlike their American counterparts, the British medals have often failed in their intention to mirror the quality of British books for children. One searches in vain among the medal winners of the past ten years for those names which have infused recent children's literature with particular vigour and originality. Joan Aiken, Nina Bawden, Helen Cresswell, Peter Dickinson, Jane Gardam, John Gordon, John Rowe Townsend, Jill Paton Walsh, Barbara Willard—none of these writers has won the Carnegie Medal, and not all of them have even achieved the distinction of featuring on the Honours List for the award. There are exceptions, of course — Alan Garner and Ivan Southall among them—but on the whole, the Carnegie Medal does not honour innovation in children's books.

It is easy enough to criticize the decisions of selection committees, and to carp at the choice of medal winners. No literary judgment can be absolute, no committee decision can be definitive. Yet criticism can be a healthy stimulus to improvement and a necessary incentive for change. The Carnegie Medal has long been the subject of complaint by librarians but it was in the mid-sixties that the grumbling discontent felt by many members of the Youth Libraries Group developed into more vociferous dissension. Opinions varied enormously, of course. The winning books were either not good enough (*Nordy Bank*, *The Grunge at High Force*) or else too adult (*The Owl Service*). Some librarians wanted non-fiction to be included and others suggested that the terms of the award be extended to include Commonwealth authors. Some felt that the Medal should be limited to books for the under-twelves, others that the selection should be confined to those books which children actually *read* or to those books which reflected most accurately the world in which children live. There were even some suggesting suggestions that the Medals should be discontinued altogether, particularly in view of the fact that *The Guardian* Award was doing a much better job anyway.

In 1968 the terms of the awards were amended so that the winners could be chosen from any books first published in the United Kingdom and it was agreed that an author or artist could win a medal more than once. Other complaints have been satisfied elsewhere. The *Times Educational Supplement* Information Book Awards now acknowledge achievement in non-fiction books for children, and the inauguration of "The Other Award" by the Children's Rights Workshop has ensured that books which reflect the social realities of our time should be rewarded too. But other recommended changes have not been taken place: publicity for the medals has not noticeably improved, and critical justification for the committee's decisions remains inadequate. "Helen Cresswell's *The Bongleweed* was much enjoyed by the committee who felt, however, that this author continues to suffer from the terms of the award which require it to go to a single title and not to a body of work", the Youth Libraries Group chairman reported in 1974, happily ignoring the fact that K. M. Peyton was given the Carnegie Medal in 1969 for "a body of work", the *Flambards* trilogy, and that the awards made in past years to Walter de la Mare, Eleanor Farjeon, C. S. Lewis and Rosemary Sutcliff were patently intended to honour the entire oeuvre of these authors and not the particular titles selected for the award. "Susan Cooper's . . . *The Grey King* is *Rising* is powerfully written", it was thought to lack control of quality of critical comment accompany the awards from now on. But the arguments are not yet over. Demands for a separate non-fiction medal are still being voiced, despite the existence of the admirable *The Times Educational Supplement* awards, and the perennial plea again being voiced that the Carnegie Medal be limited to books for children of twelve and under. So argument and discussion, however justified, can do little to enhance the status of the Carnegie and Kate Greenaway medals. An author or artist can have little pride in accepting an award that is the subject of so much controversy, a medal which claims to bear the full approval of the Library Association but which clearly does not bear the unanimous support of its members. And, whatever one may feel about the choice of winners, the Newbery and Caldecott medals do at least carry with them a respect and admiration that has survived half a century.

But, such arguments apart, can one glean from the list of winners of the past decade some evidence of the developments which have taken place in children's literature during that time? The Newbery and Caldecott medals clearly reflect such developments. Sadly, the Carnegie and Kate Greenaway medals do not. Worthy historical novels like Meindert DeJong's *The Wagon* and such admirable tales as Penelope Lively's *The Ghost of Thomas Kempe* hardly reflect the present state of children's literature. Barbara Willard's Mantlemass books—surely the finest historical novels for the young in recent years—did not even feature on the Honours List for the Carnegie Medal. Such outstanding and challenging novels as Jane Gardam's *The Summer After the Funeral* and William Mayne's *The Jersey Host* have been ignored too.

Unlike the Newbery Medal, which proudly claims to reward "the most distinguished contribution to literature for children", the Carnegie Medal merely honours "an outstanding book for children". In one would be foolish enough to expect the medals selection committee to select one book above all others as the best of its year, if one asks is that their choice should more accurately reflect the ever-changing, ever-challenging face of children's literature.

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Newbery and Caldecott Medal Books 1966-1975
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JAMES WINTER:
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368pp. (Books Canada). £11.35.

Time, for convenience of reference, labels men with phrases. Very often these phrases are pithier than what the men actually said. Robert Lowe did not, in the aftermath of the 1867 Reform Act, say, "We must educate our masters". He said, "We must now prevail upon our future masters to learn their letters." In the same way, and for the same referential reasons, men are tagged with "images". Lowe's image is decidedly that of the public man who challenged the public style of his time: cantankerous, *rebarbative*, aggressive, in our own style-word, abrasive. The representative anecdote is about how Lowe picked a quarrel with an Irish cabman about the fare, to pass the time. The anecdote is no doubt accurately reported—we have the weighty testimony of Goldwin Smith, the then Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford (unimpeachable *ex officio*, let alone as an Oconian), and of the then Lord Chancellor, looking, at that moment, "the picture of dismay". The question remains as to the extent Lowe was seizing an opportunity to polish up an image he himself had laboured to establish as a profitable turn on the political stage.

He had already achieved the distinction of provoking John Bright to denounce his speeches against franchise extension in 1866 as "slanders" against "a great and noble nation". He achieved the greater distinction of being the only man with whom the aged Disraeli would refuse to shake hands. Gladstone made him Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868 mainly, no doubt, because he was genuinely impressed with the high intensity of Lowe's intellectual powers; but also partly because he wanted the Treasury under the control of someone who specialized in being "effectively disagreeable".

It is salutary to be reminded by James Winter in his new biography of Lowe (the first since Martin's graceless volumes of 1892) that the private Lowe could be something quite different. For Benjamin Jowett he was "the life of a country house" (and Jowett, after all, operated a scale of lifemanship which stretched sufficiently to cover the antics of Algernon Swinburne). Cornewall Lewis chose Lowe as his companion on a desert island (and Dr Winter notes shrewdly the "acid test of friendship": people who travelled with Lowe invariably enjoyed him). Goldwin Smith was impressed by Lowe's readiness to be brilliant regardless of place, time or audience: "Touch him when you would, he gave out the electric spark."

People in subordinate stations such as A. H. Clough (for some years his official secretary) or Justin McCarthy were surprised and charmed to find kindness and consideration where they had expected an ogreish bully. Caroline Norton (pushing it a bit, one might suspect) gave out that it was "as good for the mind to be with Robert Lowe as for the lungs to walk among pines". Even Matthew Arnold, who consigned the author of the "payment by results" Revised Code of the Education Department to the seventh circle of the philistine inferno, found on meeting Lowe in Paris in 1865, "a side of him I did not know was there".

Still, it is the public image which counts in the long run; and it was because Lowe was a public man, of a certain if not quite satisfactorily established eminence, that we now have this new and welcome biography. Lowe was unquestionably the principal author of his public reputation. He liked to be liked in private, but he adored being a public bogeyman. "A sort of psychological monster—all head, and no heart"—as one of his many erstwhile political associates put it. To a great extent—and Bagehot's judgment on this point is the most valuable feature of Dr Winter's book—this was psychological compensation.

Born (in 1811) an albino (as was his sister), almost blind, this blinking, white-haired, pink-eyed creature from a modest clerical background had to survive at Winchester and Oxford in an age famous for rowdy animality rather than refined compassion. "I have never", he said, "been able to enjoy the luxury of staring anyone full in the face." Instead, his method was, in effect, to blink himself into sight of their shins, and then kick viciously. Characteristically, he refused to renounce activities of an adventurously physical kind. He was not half so much a menace on a horse as he was on a bicycle. But above all his competitiveness was intellectual. He sharpened his formidable natural talents against the keenest minds of his time, though, like Macaulay, he failed to attain the highest distinction in mathematics because of a propensity to argue the toss against the axioms. Also, it was alleged, he used to rub out with his nose what he had just written with his pen. Especially, he trained a memory that would enable him to speak independently of notes.



Robert Lowe: a sketch for Punch *from the National Portrait Gallery, reproduced in John Winter's biography.*

A fellowship in unreformed Oxford he found unstimulating; so too circuits and assizes as a barrister. Worried by impending total blindness, he left for New South Wales in 1842. Oddly enough, the harsh sun of Sydney seems to have put things right. He made a lot of money out of litigious Australians; and he was attracted rather than repelled by the very crudity of their politics.

By 1850, on his return to England, restored in health and pocket, he had served an apprenticeship in parliamentary rough and tumble which made electoral riots at Kidderminster (with a fractured skull as Lowe's battle honour) as mere skirmishes to the "Cromwell of the Antipodes". A leader writer for Delane's (a former Oxford pupil) *Times* from 1850, an MP from 1852, Lowe set about carving out a great career by challenging the conventional establishment. He had all the confidence of a powerful mind armed with the cutting edge of the best advanced doctrines; a utilitarian meritocrat, ostentatiously no respecter of persons or institutions, a ruthless Darwinian in his determination to win.

It is usual for novelists and moralists to represent youth as the season of overweening confidence and self-estimation; that is not my experience. Some of the ablest men I have known have thrown themselves away for want of a manly confidence in themselves, from a sickly over-refinement, or from indolence concealing itself under the mask of humility. As far as I have been able to observe, the first step in life is greatly crowded with competitors, but this once passed, the scene entirely changes, and instead of a struggle for existence, the difficulty is to find men equal in any tolerable degree to the duties required of them.

Yet in the end it all came out rather badly. Our interest in Lowe arises more from the fact that in what was unusual kind of failure he was typical than from any sense of success. Indeed, things went well enough until 1871: joint secretary to the Board of Control, 1852-55; vice-president of the Board of Trade and Paymaster General, 1855-58; a privy councillor in 1855; vice-president of the committee of the Council on Education, 1858-64. It is true that the best that Dr Winter can find to say of his educational work is: "On balance, Lowe's virtues as an educational reformer were more substantial than his shortcomings." His notorious Revised Code of 1860 attempted to make the best of a sanely self-defeating situation which was beyond his or anyone else's powers to remedy. On the other hand, he had done good work with Sir John Simon in public health; and he was to do equally good work in civil service reform. Then came the stirring times of 1866-67, when Lowe could electrify the Commons with his oratory against extending the franchise to the urban artisan class on utilitarian grounds, demolishing "sentimental" arguments from "natural right" or "social justice". Then the exhilarating moment in 1868 when he entered Gladstone's first cabinet at the head of the Treasury. He had hoped, indeed, for office that commensurate with an enhanced public reputation; but the Exchequer came with much the same kind of unanticipated delight as it did to Churchill in 1924.

True, Lowe was notoriously quarrelsome; but Gladstone, like Dr Winter, calculated that his virtues would outweigh his shortcomings. Lowe's early budgets were produced and carried with *éclat*. He tended to be constitutionally over-pessimistic in his projections and lander himself with embarrassing surpluses; but he rejoiced in his skinflint image and seemed to carry the House and the public with him.

But then came the disaster of 1871; the unprecedented humiliation of having to withdraw his trumpeted Revenue Bill and present a dimly conventional replacement. The point was that the chastened Lowe received very little sympathy. The Commons tittered at the spectacle of the unforgiving paragon of competence tripping up over his own clever new theories of "balanced taxation", thrust forward with precipitate arrogance and without allowing for an expedient line of retreat in the event of resistance. Thus the mighty "Bob" with his set-to at muscles and his clever quip about *ex lucis lucellum*, was undone by the quite (to him) unimaginable surge of public sympathy for the pathos of the Bryant and May match-girls. The point was not only that Lowe received very little sympathy; what emerged most painfully (and embarrassingly to his colleagues) was that Lowe entirely lacked the capacity for "grace under pressure" which can redeem a reverse and even compromised reputation. And once he had thus exposed his weakness, his incontinently querulous self-righteousness only aggravated the mounting sympathy for teasing and baiting in the Commons which relentlessly stripped off the layers of age, honours, and dignity, and revealed the vulnerable, odd, fumbling, short-sighted schoolboy as boy. Gladstone saw with consternation the once knocked-over Lowe was as helpless as a beetle on its back.

For what emerges most convincingly from Dr Winter's considered study of Lowe's case is his assessment of Lowe's fundamental deficiencies of character. Lowe, in other words, was not mainly or primarily a case of compensation or over-compensation for innate physical shortcomings. His cast of mind was such that he was centrally obsessed with a conviction of his own integrity and virtue in a world largely inhabited by fools and knaves. Perhaps, as with Lord George Hell, the mask he wore in the end gentlinely moulded his face and character; but in any event, the evidence which accounts for Lowe's behaviour on this hypothesis seems overwhelming. "Intensely ambitious", Lowe "believed himself more ready than most men to sacrifice himself for a higher cause". "A man of integrity alone in a greedy, irrational world, condemned by his superior intelligence and education to persevere in doing what was right when others were bending to expediency." He was convinced that "his own special case" was the one he expected to be misunderstood while his choices

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DUCKWORTH
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To the Editor

The Lives of Kipling

Sir,—I was very glad to read in C. E. Carrington's article (June 25) that he hopes that my husband's Kipling biography will now be published. May I comment on one or two other points in the article?

As is now well known, my husband sent Mrs Bambridge the first draft of his biography as soon as it was finished, so that she could have an early chance to make any *suggestions or criticisms before it was properly completed*. It was a *terrible shock to him to receive a cold letter from her, stating simply that she could never allow it to be published*. She would not give any reason nor would she see him or discuss the book with him.

Professor Carrington gives Mrs Bambridge's reasons for refusing to allow the book to be published:

1. That she disliked him. This was undoubtedly true by 1951, when Professor Carrington was first in touch with her about writing his Kipling biography, but it was not true in 1946. My husband got on very well with Mrs Bambridge until the day when she received the first draft of his book. From then on she became an implacable enemy.

2. Professor Carrington says she told him plainly that her "real objection" to the Birkenhead draft was "that it was riddled with the amateur psychoanalysis that had become fashionable in the 1930s and that he had applied this method to the interpretation of her father's and her own childhood and had got them both wrong". I doubt if Mrs Bambridge knew all the details of her father's childhood, about which he was reticent, but my husband had long conversations and correspondence with Kipling's sister, Mrs Fleming, who was then still living and remembered her early years with great clarity. Mrs Bambridge did not like her. He was fortunate, too, in having been able to talk to a number of people, then very old, who had known Kipling in his youth and who died soon afterwards, while he was still working on the book. The accusation of amateur psychoanalysis is hard to understand. He had exactly the same approach to Kipling as to the subjects of his other biographies. This is not a criticism that has been made of any of them.

Professor Carrington writes that Birkenhead paid a long visit to Wimpole, "but whether he gained unlimited access to the archive I cannot say". He obviously does not know that almost all the items that he lists as being in the Wimpole Archive in 1954 were sent by Mrs Bambridge to my husband at our house in London when he first began work on his book. They were kept there in his study. I remember particularly Mrs Kipling's diaries which were then stored in a tin trunk.

I think I should make it clear that while he deeply resented Mrs Bambridge's behaviour to him, my husband felt no animosity towards Professor Carrington. It naturally gave him great pain to see the Carrington biography of Kipling published when his own book (more than three years' work) could not appear, but, although pressed, he would not review it because he felt that at that moment it would be almost impossible for him to be completely objective in what he wrote.

Not long before his death, he worked again for several months on his Kipling book—rewriting, polishing and bringing it up to date. I hope, with Professor Carrington, that it may soon be possible for it to be published.

SHEILA BIRKENHEAD.
Charlton, Banbury.

Hilary Putnam

Sir,—May I correct the printing of a sentence in my review of Hilary Putnam's *Philosophical Papers* (July 9)? The sentence should read:

The idea is that the organism possesses a specific functional organization which relates sensory input to motor output, but which is abstract, in the sense that the same organization could be realized in different physical structures, and, because of its integrated complexity, is only probabilistic in respect of particular types of input and output.

P. F. STRAWSON.
Magdalen College, Oxford.

Decisions from the Dock

Sir,—If there is a scandal on the legal scene today, it is not "the scandal of the bail system" but rather the continued willingness of academic critics like Graham Zellick to make sweeping general criticisms of the magistracy unsupported by evidence.

However one of the statements in his review of *Defendants in the Criminal Process* (July 9) is certainly correct for the three courts in which I sit regularly (Bow Street; Marlborough Street; Horseferry Road). The promised legislation establishing a presumption in favour of bail will indeed not have any discernible effect on decisions reached by our bench, because we already work on that basis; frequently a great deal of time is spent on devising ways of granting bail while taking account of the usually responsible and well-founded arguments advanced by the police in those cases (a minority it should be emphasized) where they oppose bail. That opposition is one, but only one, of the matters to be considered by the bench, and cases are often put back to a later position in the day's list so that we can have help and advice from the probation service on the way in which bail can be made available without the bench abrogating its duty to the public which must be squared with its duty to the defendant. Certainly our task would be made easier if there were more places available in bail hostels but we take enormous care over the granting of bail and remands in custody are decidedly the exception rather than the rule.

The other damaging and ill-founded claim by Mr Zellick is that magistrates fail to satisfy themselves that a guilty plea should be accepted. Unlike Mr Zellick I do not deal in generalizations. All I will say is that in the courts where I sit, pleas of guilty by defendants are frequently changed to not guilty pleas at the instance of the bench because it is clear from something the defendant says in court, or has said in a statement under caution, that he has a defence which ought to be heard.

Curiously, but I am afraid typically, Mr Zellick does not mention the one reform that is needed to help magistrates in their administration of justice fairly and without favour—the establishment on a wide scale of duty solicitor schemes. Conscientious benches often have to spend time, which can ill be spared when lists are crowded, assisting defendants and giving advice which could have been given by a duty solicitor.

JOHN MAY.
5 Hotham Road, London SW15 1QN.

'Social History of Museums'

Sir,—I am surprised that Michael Levey (July 2) finds it necessary to use my review of Kenneth Hudson's *Social History of Museums* to criticize the present Government's policy towards the National Gallery. However, since he does so, I should like to point out that his experience probably differs little from that of his nineteenth-century predecessors.

The annual reports of the directors, when they eventually began to publish them, were addressed to the Treasury and thus scarcely provided the appropriate occasion for biting the hand that fed them, however meagrely. But if one goes a little deeper and examines the reports and evidence presented by various committees to Parliament, not to mention the writings of members on the staff, the National Gallery does not appear to have enjoyed quite the rosy past painted by Mr Levey. The purchase of pictures scarcely grew in cost to the nation. By the end of the century, the grants—both ordinary and extraordinary—were found to be "utterly inadequate" not only by international standards but even compared with the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum. The trustees "pleaded" for a substantial increase in the annual grant and pointed out that the Treasury derived considerable benefit from taxation on works of art showing "while the State gives with one hand, it has not been averse from taking back with the other".

The National Gallery did undoubtedly acquire many masterpieces in the nineteenth century, though I believe these came from private as well as public resources. Unfortunately there were also lists of artists absent from or inadequately represented in the collection. And many important pictures had been sold at prices way beyond the National Gallery's budget, leaving the country for collections abroad.

C. A. FOX.
Museum of London, London Wall, London EC2.

Shelley's Text

Sir,—I am most grateful to you for the space devoted in your number of April 23 to the second volume of my *Oxford Shelley*. To your reviewer, Timothy Webb, I had already incurred a considerable debt of gratitude for much valuable assistance with proofs and much amicable discussion of such matters as punctuation; I am grateful now for the kind things he has found to say. But I cannot help wishing that he had raised before publication some of the points which he has now raised in print. It would seem that the real Timothy Webb has somehow become lost in an emotional quest for "the real Shelley", resulting in the discovery of a wholly fictitious "divine scribe" and a reversion to the old bibliographical myth that texts published by Shelley while he was in England are superior to those published later—the reality underlying the myth is demonstrated in Volume I, pages xlsxxx, and illustrated passim in the annotation in Volume 2. Out of 321 pages of poetry, and a vast amount of detailed editorial analysis, Dr Webb selects seven quotations designed to show the "damaging blows" inflicted by my repunctuation. I cannot feel ungratified by the result. About one point he is quite right: about the remaining six he is a good deal too confident. I could quote well-qualified present opinion, as well as distinguished past editors, to show that in four cases he is certainly in error, while the remaining two leave legitimate room for differing views.

To do so here would, I feel, be both tedious and unkind, and I shall hope to do so in a continuation of our amicable correspondence. The truth is that though, as I have written indicated in my edition, Shelley did occasionally bring off a valuable piece of punctuating, he basically lacked the necessary technique. An editor must study this technique in order to bring our (*L. eclere*) what the poet has to say. On some points, inevitably, his judgment will fail him, while others must be open to differences of opinion—this, however, does not excuse him from that duty of judgment which constitutes "textual criticism". Nor does it excuse those who would deny him the exercise of a faculty which they cannot, or will not, exercise themselves.

Though his review might seem to encroach upon this category, Dr Webb could not be said, with justice, to exemplify it. It is admirably exemplified by Judith Chernaik, both in her letter (May 21) and in her careful arrangement of *The Lyrics of Shelley*, Press of Case Western Reserve, 1972.

NEVILLE ROGERS.
Department of English, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio 45701.

Tape-recorded History

Sir,—I do not see the force of R. Newman's objections to the use of the tape-recorder. Of course the handling of taped evidence has its dangers and difficulties; but so does the handling of all other historical evidence. If this were not so, there would be no need for trained historians. The only important difference between tapes and (say) papyrus fragments is that the interpretation of the latter is infinitely more difficult because of the shortage of other evidence. It was David Knowles, I think, who remarked that Thucydides and Tacitus owe their immortality less to their talent than to the fact that they are, for many important points, our only authorities. Tape-recordings are welcome because they add significantly to that mountain of information which is the primary study of modern historians. Mr Osborne's study of the black American soldier is, as I said in my review and am happy now to repeat, a striking example of what can be done with tapes. Let me give another instance. T. Harry Williams's definitive life of Huey Long, one of the most exciting works of American history to appear in recent years, depended very heavily indeed on the use of recorded interviews. It was chiefly by this means that Professor Williams was able to convey a full-important texture and tone to his life in Huey's Louisiana. Any historian, in the outcome was the author, not the sources' (Professor Williams is unashamedly an admirer of Long). There are no Huey Long papers. Failure, therefore, to exploit the tape-recorder would not only have made Professor Williams's task impossible; it would have assigned a great body of valuable evidence to oblivion. So I can only be thankful that American historians do not share Mr Newman's timidity in the matter; and am glad to think that most English historians (in this part of the world at any rate) do not do so either.

HUGH BROGAN.

Hopefully

Sir,—The Italian *speranzosa* (July 2) is not a new imposition *calque* on the English *unsavoury*; in fact, for example, in Iacchelli's masterpiece "Il Mulino del Po" (Volume 1, page 547) of about forty years ago: *Ferrara, che dava un saggio di quel che sarebbero, sperabilmente fra poco, le legazioni. Ma* what distinguishes *speranzosamente* from "hopefully" is that it can be used only of things, never of persons: "I am hopeful", but not *sono pieno di speranza* or, jokingly, *sono speranzoso*. Consequently, the ambiguity which afflicts the English word could not arise, and San Gennaro must have had some other reason for not allowing his blood to liquefy.

D. B. GREGOR.
34 Watersmeet, Northampton.

George Sand

Sir,—I have read with interest Anita Brookner's long biographical essay (June 11) on George Sand; I was only surprised to find it so quarrelling as a review of my own newly published full-length biography of this same subject. In a article of some three thousand words or so the writer devoted less than one sentence—seven words to be exact—to my book, the rest being taken up by her own feelings for the French novelist and a detailed account of some of the latter's novels.

Ms Brookner writes as a biographer rather than a reviewer. In either capacity she may have forgotten that George Sand, among other things, was herself a reviewer who always had the courtesy to concentrate on the book she was reviewing. Perhaps nowadays we need a Literary Trades Description Act.

RUTH JORDAN.
63 Peterborough Road, London SW6.

A Rembrandt Etching

Sir,—Your illustration of the Rembrandt etching this week (July 2) refers to it simply as a "depiction of Faust". That may not be all. This print was known to one of its owners in 1679 as "The Practising Alchemist" and in the eighteenth century as "Dr Faustus". However, a good many people now believe it was a result of Rembrandt's involvement with the Mennonites, who far from selling their souls to the devil were a liberal sect of pacifists, believers in adult baptism, and opposed to the more severe aspects of Calvinist doctrine. Professor H. van der Waal has suggested that the print may have been commissioned by the Socinians, a more radical branch of the Mennonite movement founded in Poland by a nobleman named Faustus Socinus (hence the name Faustus). Many of the Socinians took refuge in the United Provinces. It remains unclear how the Socinians denial of the divinity of Christ fits with the INRI monogram and Cabbalistic anagram which in a supernatural glow startles the scholar. But then Rembrandt threw a great deal of disparate material into many of his works, and it is often the mystery then achieved that is, literally, wonderful.

ANTHONY BAILEY.
The Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, Quality House, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1HP.

Henry James

Sir,—Surely it is time to get straight the situation as regards what Peter Keating (and also of course William Veeder, the author of *Henry James—the Lessons of the Master*, the book he reviewed—28 May) describes as "Hawthorne's famous outbursts against the 'd——d mob of scribbling women'". The statement occurs in Hawthorne's letter of January 19, 1855, to his publisher Ticknor, and comes in the midst of his agonizing over his own difficult financial situation. More important, Hawthorne very soon regretted and qualified what he had said. He wrote Ticknor February 2, 1855:

In my last, I recollect, I bestowed some vituperation on female authors. I have since been reading "Ruth Hall"; and I must say that I enjoyed it a good deal. The woman writes as if the devil was in her; and that is the only condition under which a woman ever writes anything worth reading. Generally women write like emasculated men, and are only to be distinguished from male authors by greater feebleness and folly; but when they throw off the restraints of decency, and come before the public stark naked, as it were—when their books are sure to possess character and value. Can you tell me anything about this Fanny Fern? If you meet her, I wish you would let her know how much I admire her.

Why Hawthorne's February 2 statement has gone unnoticed, I find it difficult to understand—since the issue in which it occurs, along with the January 19 letter, has long been in print, this in Hawthorne's *Letters to Ticknor* (Newark, 1910).

ROY HARVEY PEARCE.
University of California, San Diego, California 92093.

Dick Davis

Sir,—Alistair Maclean in his poetry review, "Committed to Life" (July 9), condescends to acknowledge Dick Davis's "technical facility" in his book *In the Distance*, and then calls for more "sweat" and "emotion"—qualities for which I would trade a good third of the still deployed here".

Mr Maclean is after a certain type of poetry. It is not surprising that his prescriptive subjectivity incapacitates him before a talent as fresh, achieved, and unexpected as Dick Davis's.

Davis's poems do not demonstrate "facility" of any sort. The poems are not easily written, nor are they easily exhausted. They have that quality of necessity that we find in Donne, Herbert, Housman, Winters—a necessity to speak, not of topicalities but of experiences of some moment. The poems do not indulge any sort of exhibitionism nor do they flaunt virtuosity. Their "emotion" is controlled and generalized, and therefore lack the concern to the reader, not as emotional data, heart on sleeve or sweat on brow, but as experience digested and interpreted. Maclean despises the classical subject-matter. He has not gone beyond the subject-matter to the subject—a common error among book reviewers.

Few poets writing today use the language, traditional and new forms, and basic emotions with the complete, engaged authority of Dick Davis. His authority conveys experiences far more deftly and reasonably than the sweaty emotional style, the exhibitionist romanticism, that Maclean is keen on. That Davis's first book should meet with such a facile critical dismissal in the pages of the *TLS* is lamentable.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT.
Carcanet Press, 330-332 Corn Exchange Buildings, Manchester M4 3BG.

NATION STATES

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DONALD GOERGEN :
The Sexual Celibate
266pp. SPCK. £6.50.

PHILIP SHERRARD :
Christianity and Eros
93pp. SPCK. £1.95.

Donald Goergen's book, with its catch-penny title *The Sexual Celibate*, may well announce the first wave in a flood of sex 'n' religion books in which American authors will, in their own language, "tell it as it is" or, still more worryingly, "let it all hang out". One may safely predict that they will wreak havoc in convents, be the occasion of much real distress, and eventually prompt disciplinary action from the Vatican. The recent declaration *On Certain Sexual Questions* suggests that there will be little sympathy in the Roman Curia for the sexual liberation of the average monk or nun.

Donald Goergen, a young and earnest Dominican from Dubuque, gives his readers fair warning of what is to come. "It is not easy", he confesses, "to write, nor to present to the public, a book which contains many of my own personal experiences, spiritual struggles, and theological convictions." It is not easy, but not so much because the autobiographical note (which in fact is kept firmly in control) might prove embarrassing.

The difficulty is rather that Roman Catholics have inherited a set of negative attitudes towards sexuality which are in conflict with modern psychology and with the rediscovered "personalistic" approach of Vatican II. The problem is felt more keenly in celibate religious life: for if marriage is "a community of love" and "a school of deeper humanity", the older assertions about the superiority of virginity and the unmarried state seem to be left high and dry. Fr Goergen's enterprise, then, is to reassert the spiritual value of celibacy, but without denigrating sexuality and married love.

As in most Christian books on sexuality, a discussion of Where It All Went Wrong takes up considerable space. Fr Goergen provides a useful and discriminating survey of the data of theology and psychology, and it is significant that in his methodology the two disciplines carry equal weight. Neither provides "all the answers". Both are "pluralistic". His discussion of five theologies of sexuality takes one from the Yahwist in the Book of Genesis, where woman is "the expression of God's creativity through whom loneliness is overcome", to the celebration of faithful sexuality in the Song of Songs.

His examination of Matthew's gospel leads to the conclusion that both marrying and not marrying are difficult, and are acceptable ways of following Jesus. The difficult text about "eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven" is interpreted either as applying to convert Essenes (who were unmarried) or to those whose spouses have been dismissed because of their unfaithfulness. Paul, so often made the villain of the piece, is here shown to be positive but cautious: though haunted by the thought that the end of all things is nigh, he refuses to make a personal preference into a command of the Lord. He uses marriage as an image of Christ's union with the Church—and something degrading could never be used as the ground of the image. It is only with Saint Augustine that Stoic and Manichean influences lead to a pessimistic rejection of "pleasure" as a deplorable loss of self-control, a weak surrender to lower impulses, and, therefore, a sin. Fr Goergen concludes: "That Christianity has a negative attitude towards sexuality is simply not true. Augustine's theology (and others of his day) is negative; the biblical theologies are not."

Psychology, too, has an array of answers ranging from Freud's will to pleasure through Adler's overcoming of inferiority to Victor Frankl's "will to meaning". Frankl meets with Fr Goergen's approval since he confirms the biblical view that "sex is justified, even sanctified, as good in, but only in, long as it is a vehicle of love". Freud, on the other hand, though he made a useful distinction between the genital and the libidinal in sexuality, was mistaken in asserting "genital supremacy" and in regarding tenderness as "aim-inhibited sexuality" (that is, genitality under another name). But Fr Goergen relies most on the work of Abraham Maslow, an exponent of "humanist psychology", who starts not from neurosis or failure but from "outstanding examples of human life" embodied in what he calls "self-actualizing people". These paragons possess a firm and stable "value system which enables them to overcome the dichotomies of intelligence and emotion" so frequently adrift. They can bear with genital deprivation when need be, but also enjoy genital sex to the point of ecstasy when need be. Likewise they recognize the masculine and feminine components in their make-up, and are not led astray by role-stereotypes.

One gets the impression, confirmed by all that follows, that "self-actualizing people" have become the pointer to a new form of holiness. Frankl's will to meaning ultimately issues in "being-for God", and a celibate for the Kingdom is someone who in his life witnesses to the existence and overriding importance of God. Fr Goergen does not deny that marriage, too, can witness to the same truth, but claims that it is more exposed to being "naturalized by culture". Whereas marriage is culturally endorsed in our society, celibacy goes against the trends and is therefore a protest against conventional values. It is a factor for freedom. The existence of celibate life in the Church is not an invitation to everyone to embrace it: it is an invitation to everyone to *understand life differently*. In this way Fr Goergen strives to present the celibate life favourably but without discrediting marriage.

Fr Goergen recognizes that celibacy, as the positive choice of the single life, can have a variety of motivations: it might be chosen to permit a playboy existence or because it is (falsely) regarded as a higher state than marriage or because it is (for the time being) a condition of the priestly ministry in the Roman Catholic Church. These motivations are insufficient to justify it—and perhaps to maintain it. The New Testament sees celibacy in an eschatological context, not an ascetical context. In the end, says Fr Goergen, "the question is not whether virginity is valuable; the question is what Christian virgins are communicating". The essential content of their communication is that God matters supremely and sufficiently to stake one's life on his reality.

None of this is very controversial, nor is the declaration that sexuality (in the sense of being male or female) should be accepted and indeed celebrated as the way a person is inserted into society. The fact that someone has lucidly chosen the single state as a sign of love of God does not cut them off from hetero or homo-sociability. But it has usually been held to exclude all genital expressions of sexuality. What is the voluntary celibate to do when faced with sexual/genital feelings? He must not repress them; however, "allowing ourselves to feel the feelings", explains Fr Goergen rather awkwardly, "is not the same as acting them out". Perhaps not, but it can be the first step along the road. Here, Fr Goergen's argument goes unaccountably fuzzy. The ideal for the celibate is to achieve genital activity, but at the same time "the celibate life is a process of development and not an accomplished state". If that means anything, it implies that what convention would call "lapses" from celibacy can contribute to the maturing process. Similar "developmental" treatment is given to homosexuality and masturbation.

Fr Goergen's case is that the genital activity involved should be judged by the criterion of "what are its effects on oneself, on one's inter-personal relations, and on one's spiritual life". The Roman censors would certainly be aroused—*double entendre* is difficult to avoid in this area—to learn that the masturbatory activity must be "integrated into the life of the person in such a way that it is not destructive, whether this means overcoming it or continuing it in a more constructive way". No indication is given as to what "a more constructive way" might mean, and this is the weakness at the heart of an otherwise courageous book.

Philip Sherrard's *Christianity and Eros* breathes a different atmosphere. It is calm, reflective, and based on an intimate knowledge of the Eastern tradition in theology. In a sense he sets himself a less challenging task than Fr Goergen, for it is easier to rescue sexuality within marriage than outside it. The reason is simply that *the Christian tradition, despite setbacks and deviations, contains in its founding texts a clear statement on the sacramental nature of marriage; the union of man and woman is the image of Christ's union with his Church.*

To call marriage a sacrament, therefore, is to say that the love which brings man and woman together is not merely a human impulse, nor even an elemental force, still less some psychosomatic energy: it is ultimately a spiritual energy "rooted in the divine life itself". From the Greeks Dr Sherrard has learnt that love is not only, as Plato saw, "birth in beauty": it is regeneration to oneself and paradise restored. Like the Greek fathers could be as negative on sexuality as any gloomy Latins, and they regarded it as a consequence of the fall to be shunned or transcended, and only grudgingly to be accepted as necessary, alas, for the continuation of the human race. This "suicidal asceticism" is reproved by the author, and with it the Eastern tradition's habit of suggesting that man has "fallen" into existence, and that the body is a mere "garment of skin" cast over what was originally and ideally a bodiless spirit.

These speculations may seem remote from the experience of marriage, but Dr Sherrard is carefully preparing the ground for an incarnational view of human relationships in which "each becomes for the other an icon, so that their love and mutual embracing are in recognition of the spiritual reality that each incarnates". The Russian thinkers, Soloviev and Berdiaev, are invoked to recall the important distinction, already found in St Paul but subsequently overlaid, between the "body" as temple of the spirit and the "flesh" as animality. Less helpful is their concept of the androgyne as the ideal. In Berdiaev this is based on the gnostic theory that the differentiation of the sexes is a consequence of the fall. Dr Sherrard rejects this idea, and contends that man and woman together form the image of God, mirroring the wholeness of God who is both active energy and "divine darkness". Those who hold that male and female characteristics are culture-conditioned would not be happy with this analysis but Dr Sherrard adjusts the balance by stressing that a creative relationship does not conform to any preestablished pattern: "On one level it may be that man who needs to give . . . but on another level the situation may be reversed, and the man and woman, who are clearly male and female on the physical level, may change polarity on other levels."

The total effect of his four essays, modestly presented not as a complete theology of marriage but as raids into its extensive territory, is to exalt the "personalizing" and "spiritualizing" role of marriage and to underplay its procreative importance. Indeed so incensed is he with the procreative stress found in *Humanae Vitae* that he denounces it as the equivalent of communist teaching, which likewise claims that the purpose and fulfilment of the lives of individual men and women are to be found in serving the abstract good of a future human society". From it that it is but a step to declaring that in *Humanae Vitae* God is turned into "the master of the great human stud". This does not do justice to the statements in that controversial encyclical on the unitive role of sexuality, though Dr Sherrard is quite right to draw attention to its ambiguity. His own sketch of a theology of marriage is admirable, but it is exposed to the objection—which he recognizes—that it is impossibly lofty or a rare elitist achievement. But we do not reject the horizon because we cannot attain it.

Religion and Medicine : 3 is a collection of fourteen papers by members of the Institute of Religion and Medicine, edited by W. Millard (176pp. SCM Press. Paperback, £2.80). The papers are grouped under four headings: "Hospital, Church and Pastorate"; "Theology of Healing"; "Varied Approaches"; and, "Counselling and Psychotherapy". They include the editor on social work, and R. L. Soni on Buddhism and Medicine.

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Among this week's contributors

JOHN BROADBENT is the author of *Poetic Love*, 1964.

THOMAS BURROW is Boden Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Oxford. His latest book is *The Sanskrit Language*, 1973.

G. M. CARSTAIRS's *The Great Universe of Kota* was published last year.

WINTON DEAN is the author of *Handel and the Opera Seria*, 1969 and *Beethoven and Opera*, 1973.

PAUL HALMOS's recent books include *The Faith of the Counsellors*, 1965, and *The Personal Service Society*, 1970.

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PETER KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*, 1971.

MICHAEL LEIFAN's most recent book is *The Foreign Relations of the New States*, 1974.

RONALD LEWIN's books include *Montgomery*, 1971, and *Churchill as Warlord*, 1974.

STEPHEN NEILL's recent books include *Christianity in India and Pakistan*, 1970, and *What do we know of Jesus?*, 1970.

STELLA MARY NEWTON's books include *Health, Art and Reason*, 1974, and *Renaissance Theatre Costume*, 1975.

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PAUL SCOTT's latest novel, *A Division of the Spoils*, was published last month.

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LARZER ZIFF's most recent book is *Puritanism in America*, 1973.

D. W. HARDING's *Words into Rhythm* will be published later this year by the Cambridge University Press.

Twilight of the Princes

By Paul Scott

SIR CONRAD CORFIELD:
The Princely India I Knew
From Reading to Mountbatten
199pp. Madras: Indo-British Historical Society. £3.50.

The publication of the memoirs of Sir Conrad Corfield, who spent twenty-two years of his Indian career in the Political Department, became its head in 1945 and was the last political adviser to the viceroy, fills what has been a conspicuous gap in the record of the negotiations for withdrawal and partition, because the absence of an account by the man qualified to explain his own and his department's attitude, to the princes' rights and the Crown's obligations, has left largely unchecked the hints and allusions about intransigence and reactionary plots to thwart Congress ambitions.

We have known that an unpublished manuscript existed since the late Sir Terence Creagh Cohen quoted a few passages from it in his study *The Indian Political Service* (1971); otherwise all we have had to go on is the somewhat confusion Sir Conrad made to a symposium entitled *The Partition of India* (1970) edited by C. H. Philips and M. D. Wainwright; a contribution carefully described as "some thoughts" on British policy and the Indian States "in reply to questions put to Sir Conrad Corfield", which suggested some reluctance on his part to publish at all. In the event he has done so through the Indo-British Historical Society (4 Rajaram Mehta Avenue, Madras 29).

Initially, it is disappointing to find that of the 199 pages of *The Princely India I Knew* only ten deal with the Mountbatten viceroyalty, two less than he devotes to his experience as political adviser to Wavell. The bulk of the memoirs is a straightforward account of an Indian career with all that that involves in the way of typical anecdotes and nostalgic recollections; some unexpected, but otherwise fairly predictable.

Not only has the final and vital phase been briefly and summarily dealt with, but even the edgy *asides that crept tantalizingly into the "thoughts" in answer to questions* have disappeared from the *definitive account*. For example, the statement that his predecessor Wylie, "was unsympathetic to the rulers" instead of being expanded is omitted in favour of the oblique "the relations of the Political Department with the Rulers had reached their lowest ebb, and my first task would be to restore confidence".

"Mountbatten ceased to listen to the Political Department from the day he made his bargain with Vallabhbhai Patel" loses its bite in its revised form: "The new States Department was established on 27 June with Patel as the Minister and V. P. Menon as Secretary. After that I ceased for all practical purposes to be the Political Adviser." Gone, entirely, is the passage: "V. P. Menon was virtually Political Adviser from that date and had had considerable influence before that date. I remember the day but not the date when I gave Mountbatten the facts of a certain case and *he said I must be wrong because Nehru had told him otherwise.*" (Italics added).

This last omission is symptomatic of a method that avoids both recrimination and obvious self-justification; admirable enough so long as it also conveys the logic of Corfield's position and the strength of his arguments. And on second reading the continuity and worthiness of his efforts do come through if one is attentive enough.

It has to be remembered that Corfield was head of the Political Department only for the last two years of the Raj's life, a situation like that of a general taking command of forces already ordered to retreat; so he was the natural target for Congress's final attacks on men whose duty it had been to preserve the sovereignty and dignity of personal rule. It is idle to pretend that the department never employed men whose temperament matched perfectly the temperament of rulers to whom the slightest internal or external threat to the status quo called for rigorous measures. Corfield, though, scarcely filled that bill. When you study his career you find not the haughty heaven-born officer of popular imagination but a man of relatively obscure origins (son of a missionary) who got into the Indian Civil Service through the easier examinations set after the First World War for demobilized soldiers and who felt socially ill at ease when appointed assistant secretary at Viceregal House.

In his subsequent career we find him busy trying to end the traditional isolation of one state from another through inter-state conferences of *dewans*, pressing for groupings of small states into larger, more effective, units and for the legal separation of the privy purse allotment from state funds; drafting a Democratizing Act which the department did not even acknowledge. It was his view that insufficient emphasis had been placed on the bargain implicit in the Crown's original promise to uphold the rights, dignity and honour of the native princes and its desire that there should be reciprocity in social advancement and good government. But the paramount power's right to interfere, to depose, to control a badly run state's affairs was, by tradition, cautiously exercised.

That the Crown could no longer fulfil its obligations to Princely India once it had transferred power in British India exposes the supreme illogicality of its dual presence in India: on the one hand committed by declarations to advance British India to democratic self-government, on the other to uphold personal autocratic rule in over 500 states that could not survive independently and whose existence was unlikely to be tolerated (and indeed was not) by Congress. The princes' overwhelming fear was that in transferring power the Crown would also transfer paramountcy, and they found it difficult to see beyond that.

It was on this issue that Corfield and Mountbatten (who combined the duality in his twin roles as Governor General and Crown Representative) agreed to disagree. The Crown had persistently reassured the states that although paramountcy must lapse it could not and would not be transferred, in practical terms, transference would mean transferring to a new Government of India the Crown's control of the states in regard to defence, external affairs and communications. The lapsing, as distinct from transferring of paramountcy, meant that technically, on August 14, 1947, control of these subjects would return to individual rulers.

It was Corfield's view that legally and technically they should so return and that while it was inconceivable that any state like Hyderabad, which was landlocked, could for long effectively exercise autonomy in these matters, the states as a whole would be in a better bargaining position with the new government if the subjects were the basis of negotiation; hence Corfield's reputation in some quarters as a man intent on balkanizing India, aided and abetted by Bhopal. There is no doubt, I think, that Patel and Menon persuaded the viceroy to see Corfield in such a light.

Ironically, both men can be shown to have been motivated by the same wish to do Britain's failing best for the states in the stated own interest: Corfield by keeping both to the letter of the Treaties and the spirit of the doctrine right up to the moment of abdication; Mountbatten by precompting the abdication as he saw it having to develop, by setting up the New States Department and encouraging it to persuade the princes to accede on the three main subjects before August 14, he was, in Corfield's view, not only using paramountcy unconstitutionally to exert pressure which the Treaties disallowed, but doing what we had promised would not be done: presiding over its transference to Congress.

Pressed by Mountbatten to call a conference of rulers at which he hoped to persuade them to accede, Corfield, obeying orders, did so. He set the date for July 25. On July 23, determined to have nothing to do with it, he packed his bags and flew home—unregretted in Viceregal House but not, I should like to think, by history, to which men of firm opinion and adherence to principle are not all that thick on the ground. It is a pity that Sir Conrad's book is not more easily available because in its essentials it is a necessary contribution to a fuller understanding of a complicated subject whose importance recent developments in India have by no means diminished.

Post-colonial patterns

By Michael Leifer

J. M. PLUVIER:
South-East Asia from Colonialism to Independence
571pp. Oxford University Press. £15.75.

Any historian of South-East Asia as a regional entity is faced with a fundamental problem of fabricating coherence out of an intrinsic and cumbersome diversity. The absence of any genuinely hegemonial power except in mythology makes it impossible to base analysis on a central set of relationships, while the corresponding absence of dominant civilization obstructs any attempt at an integral view. J. M. Pluvier has overcome such problems by taking for his subject a period of time which lends itself more readily to a synoptic approach. In *South-East Asia from Colonialism to Independence*, Dr Pluvier considers the region in terms of three themes which provide, in turn, common frameworks for analysis. These are the impact of Western colonialism, the Japanese occupation of South-East Asia during the Pacific war, and the more mixed process of national liberation. In effect, as the author takes care to show, common framework is not quite the same as a common experience. None the less, in his organization of material and in his mode of analysis, Dr Pluvier does manage to treat South-East Asia as more than a mere category of convenience; that is, until he comes to the concluding and climactic stage of his accounts of national liberation, when the reader is left bearing sorrow of independence with little sense of coherence, except in the text and of the book. But it may well be that the author is absolutely correct to conclude by letting South-East Asia's diversity take over from a coherence externally imposed and perceived.

Although the book is not intended as an exercise in original research and is conspicuous for the absence within it of a single footnote or reference to learned journals, it contains much of intellectual merit. There have been worthy general histories of South-East Asia published in the recent past but this is the first to concentrate exclusively on the decline and fall of Western colonialism in the region. Indeed, it is in those general sections dealing with aspects of colonialist practice and indigenous experience that Dr Pluvier makes a major contribution by his vivid portrayal of economic and social circumstances. With an eye to sense of political economy, and notwithstanding an unconcealed commitment in his scholarship, he lays bare the impact of an industrial capitalism on regional societies. The unity which he imparts to the region is the unity of its economic nature, fashioned by subordination to the capitalist structure of the Western world. The chapter on the penetration of capitalism and its social consequences merits singling out for the masterly way in which common regional experience is portrayed.

Just as the impact of colonialism serves to lend focus to the first part of this work, so the coming of the Japanese and their occupation and administration sustains the common framework for Dr Pluvier's history. Indeed, it is of interest to note to what extent a prior discussion of the emergence of nationalism indicates a more mixed experience. Of course, Japanese penetration of South-East Asia before the military onslaught which began in December 1941 was piecemeal. But from the middle of 1942, a unifying framework was imposed which provides a basis for generalization and the identification of differing practice, as in the granting of pseudo-independence. In the case of the Japanese occupation, Dr Pluvier appears to take issue with the view of the late Professor Benda in arguing that while, from a Western point of view, it might be considered a distinct break in the development of South-East Asia, for the region and its peoples it only meant the continuation of the old regime under different management. His subsequent analysis does not adequately substantiate such an assertion, in terms of the psychological impact of Japan's victory and the change in political expectations brought about.

The period from the crumbling of Japanese power to the actual independence of the states of South-East Asia in the face of compliant and dogged colonial governments reads inevitably as a much more mixed experience. Some semblance of unity is projected in the discussion of the role of communist parties; but here also diversity is the underlying reality, as the author demonstrates. Only in the cases of nationalist struggle in Indochina and Indonesia is a serious attempt made at a comparative analysis, but the outcome is likely to be seen as a little confusing by the general reader.

The annual accounts of the process of independence are balanced and, in the main, unexceptionable. They are, to an extent, inevitably viewed within the context of the global antagonisms of the Cold War, and tend to be dominated by the impact of great-power involvement, especially those of the United States. None the less, the differing manner of the breaks with the political past is fully demonstrated by the author in this lucid survey of a period of fundamental importance in the history of South-East Asia.

The village versus the state

By Mark Hobart

S. HUSIN ALI:
Malay Peasant Society and Leadership
192pp. Oxford University Press. £8.50.

Malaya may well evoke memories for the general reader of the uncivilized favorites of somerset Maugham: of rajah-like Malay chiefs, powerful magistrates and decaying sultans. This impression is liable to fade, as S. Husin Ali develops in *Malay Peasant Society and Leadership* his twin themes of emerging class conflict and national politics. For the Malaya (officially West Malaysia) portrayed here has undergone rapid modernization: time magicians are declining in the face of orthodox Islam and the sultans are on state-paid allowances. The peasants too are confronted by changing economic circumstances and by the conflicting worlds of the close-knit village community and the encapsulating state, which presents new constraints and opportunities, both at the expense of traditional values.

This general study of the social context and forms of local leadership among the Malays is based on three villages selected as typical variants of the peasant economy, which combines fishing, rubber-tapping, rice and coconut cultivation. Unfortunately, it is not entirely clear to what extent the communities are representative in other features (none of them is from the reputedly more traditional east coast). The description of each settlement is illuminating—kinship, marriage and status, for example, are shown to be important principles of social organization—but too brief to enable the details of the different Malayan to emerge. The problem is compounded by attempts to fit these overlapping sets of relationships within territorial boundaries, so the final picture is a little confused. It might have been useful to draw on studies from other societies, for instance Indonesia, from which, incidentally, many Malaysians originate, as structural variability and intersecting network groupings in Java and Bali have been examined extensively.

From a concise, but clear, historical and ethnographic background, the author moves on to develop a persuasive analysis of local social stratification. He questions the often repeated ideology of community solidarity as an accurate representation of the social system, and demonstrates instead that, in overall terms, the peasantry can be seen to be differentiated into classes according to "common interests" and relation to the means of production. [illegible] while local political party branches are run by cliques of rich villagers, leaving the poor barely represented. From Professor Husin Ali's own account, however, the position appears more complicated, as there are oblique references to informal systems of political support, factions and leadership. One has the impression of skating on the surface of statistics, instead of reaching down to the underlying political processes. Two factors may partly account for this: The concept of leadership used is so broad that, at times, it seems to include all office and traditional authority. Also, Bailey's notion of encapsulation, to refer to levels of political action, is invoked but not consistently. Brokerage and patronage are, not clearly distinguished: leaders tend to be seen simply as middlemen and lumped together as brokers, regardless of their control of resources or ability to determine the values which circulate in relationships, which suggests the native model of patronage. This is regrettable in what is otherwise a valuable monograph, not only because it is a perceptive analysis of the deep conflicts which underlie the ideals of harmony in Malay society. One regrets, though, that for those who know Malaya [illegible] have read Maugham's [illegible] of the [illegible]

Flowers from the south

By Thomas Burrow

GEORGE HART III:
The Poems of Ancient Tamil
Their Milieu and their Sanskrit Counterparts
208pp. University of California Press. £8.25.

Between the first and the third centuries AD there was an extraordinary flowering of lyric poetry in the Tamil country in the southernmost part of India. The traditions of Tamil poetry, and many of its themes and conventions, no doubt went back far beyond this period in the form of oral literature evolved by traditional bards and reciters, but in the earlier period such poetry was purely oral and therefore could not be preserved. The introduction of writing for the Tamil language occurred towards the end of the third century AD, not much later than its appearance in north India, and by the turn of the era its use had become sufficiently widespread for written literature to develop, with the result that in a period of some two centuries a large corpus of lyric poetry was composed and written down, to be preserved in a series of anthologies which contain 2381 poems by 473 poets and including 102 poems by anonymous authors.

The publication of this literature, and indeed its rescue from almost total oblivion, was the work of the Tamil scholar U. V. Swaminathaiyer (1855-1942), and there have been a number of literary and historical studies of it, beginning with Kanakasabhai's *Tamils 1800 Years Ago* (1904). Among more recent such mention may be made of *Solai Life of the Tamils* by S. Singaravelu (1966) and *Tamil Love Poetry* by K. Kailasapathy (1968). In spite of all that has been written on it the subject is still far from exhausted and there was room for this new study by George L. Hart. The author has succeeded in bringing new insights to bear on the subject, and it marks a significant advance in its study.

The *Poems of Ancient Tamil* consists of two sections, of which the first is concerned with the historical background and cultural milieu of the poems, and the second with a comparison of the themes and subjects of the poems with those of Sanskrit poetry. As regards the former topic the main problem is to assess the extent to which the native Tamil culture had, by this period, been overlaid by Indo-Aryan culture coming from the north. Estimates of this have differed considerably, and Dr Hart's opinion is that northern influence has, by some authorities, been exaggerated.

The fact is that during this period the two traditions exist side by side. The native Dravidian cultural tradition, going back to the pre-Aryan megalithic culture, continues almost unimpaired by the Aryan overlay. On the other hand the Aryan cultural tradition can be shown to be fairly fully represented. Dr Hart's study does full justice to both these elements, and he has succeeded in sorting them out with considerable clarity. In the field of religion there is a strong contrast between the native system, based mainly on impersonal sacred powers, predominantly of a dangerous nature, and the northern system of great personal gods provided with an elaborate mythology. Of named gods in Tamil only Murukan, corresponding to the northern Skanda, and Korravai, corresponding to Durgā, can claim native origin. Dr Hart would add a third, the god of death, but although he is given a Tamil name, he is certainly derived from the Sanskrit Yama.

An interesting thing that emerges from the section describing the Aryan influences is that at this period the orthodox brahmanical religion is much more prominent than the heterodox systems of Buddhism and Jainism. It is probable that in the period preceding this, things were different, since the earliest inscriptions in Tamil show that Buddhism was more influential. Later, under the Kalabhras, the immediate successors of the kings mentioned in these anthologies, Buddhism and Jainism again became prominent, only to decline again with the advent of the Pallava dynasty.

The question of caste in the Tamil country in this period has been much discussed. It has been argued that that was comparatively undeveloped, but the author's analysis of the passages cited in this connection shows that these have been misconstrued, and that properly interpreted they show that those castes which in later times were considered low, had the same status in the period of this literature.

The second part of the book is concerned with a comparison of themes, subjects and ideas in this early Tamil literature with those of Sanskrit literature, and the author shows that these similarities are surprisingly numerous and close. This presents a problem as to which are original in Sanskrit and which in Tamil. The solution to this problem is complicated by the fact that the early literature of Tamil is earlier than most classical Sanskrit literature. It cannot, however, be assumed that what appears earliest in Tamil is original to Tamil. An interesting case of this is the conventional erroneous belief popular in Sanskrit poetry that pearls can originate from the frontal lobes of elephants slain in battle. A similar convention appears in this early Tamil poetry, considerably antedating the few references to the same topic in Sanskrit literature, and Dr Hart gives some plausible arguments to show that this convention originated in Tamil. These arguments, however, are contradicted by the fact that he has shown elsewhere in the book that elephant training in the Tamil country was an introduction from the north, and that mahouts used Aryan words in commanding their animals.

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulty of deciding the question of originality, this section of the book is one of the most valuable, and the mass of comparative material adduced will provide a most useful reference source for students of both Sanskrit and Tamil literature.

The difficulty of proving Dravidian influence in Sanskrit is, of course, that most Sanskrit authors were completely ignorant of Tamil and its literature. Nevertheless, an intermediary can be found in the Maharashtri lyrics originating in the northern Deccan, and composed a little later than the Tamil literature in question. Dr Hart brings out this point very clearly, and it is a fact that only in this region is there found a branch of Aryan literature which is similar to the lyrics of early Tamil. On the other hand, in some respects he has gone too far, notably in his attempt to derive *suggestion* (*dhvani*) in Sanskrit from a similar phenomenon in Tamil. In such a case we are certainly dealing with independent, but similar, poetic developments.

Practical and spiritual

By Michael Carrithers

CHARLES S. PREBISH:
Buddhist Monastic Discipline
The Sanskrit Pratimoksa Sutras of the Mahasamghikas and Mulasarvastivadins
156pp. Pennsylvania State University Press (AUPG). £8.10.

K. N. JAYATILLEKE:
The Message of the Buddha
Edited and introduced by Ninian Smart
262pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

MICHAEL EDWARDES:
In the Blowing Out of a Flame
208pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

The Buddhist monastic discipline is the practical expression of the teachings of that very practical spiritual leader, the Buddha, and for this reason alone deserves a broader audience in the West. At the same time any mature understanding of the social and religious history of Asia, where Buddhist monks and monastic ideology have played a leading role, will have to be based on a firm grasp of its principles; indeed, there are monks flourishing today in Ceylon, Burma, and Thailand who still follow a way of life which was formulated down to details of dress and etiquette perhaps 2,400 years ago. Unfortunately, to the extent that no one has yet made a whole sense out of the discipline, the minds and lives of the monks remain dark to us.

Charles S. Prebish intends his *Buddhist Monastic Discipline* to be a modest contribution to lighting that darkness. It consists mostly of translations on facing pages, with notes, of two Buddhist Sanskrit texts of the *Pratimoksa*, which is the version of the monastic code recited fortnightly by the monks as their principal communal act. He also provides a concordance which shows the appearance of the items of the code in various traditions; a few pages about the texts; and a thirty-nine-page introduction on the rise of Buddhist monasticism and the significance of the *Pratimoksa*.

The introduction is a summary of existing scholarship which makes no great advance over what has already been written. Dr Prebish is probably correct in taking *pratimoksa* to mean "bond", following Sukumar Dutt, but they both missed the passage in the Introduction to the Pali *Suttavibhanga*, where the *Pratimoksa* is likened to a string used to tie down flowers to keep them from scattering in the wind. He and Dutt are wrong in taking the *ovada patimokkha* (three homiletic verses) of the *Mahapadana Sutta* as a primitive form of the *Pratimoksa*; it is rather part of a later mythological charter for the Buddhist dispensation. His conclusion, that the *Pratimoksa* formally expresses the disciplined solidarity of the monastic community, is sound, but vitiated by over-emphasis on the "artificiality" of the *Pratimoksa* recital.

Though we must be grateful to him for wrestling with the obscure Buddhist Sanskrit, Dr Prebish's translation is hampered by lack of acquaintance with the still-living Pali tradition. Hence he translates *ekaniyamasaka* as "a dweller among thieves", but this is surely the Pali *theyyasamvasaka*, which means one who is a monk by stealth, unordained by the community. Similarly *nanasamvasaka* (the same in Pali, which he translates as "a dweller with all kinds [of people]", means simply monks from other monasteries. Sometimes Dr Prebish gives us nonsense or near-nonsense (perhaps from lack of conviction that the text means something), as when he renders one of the purposes of the *pratimoksa* as: "For the cleanness of the unfavourable ones". But this must be the Pali *appasannanam pasadaya*, which is usually rendered "for the delight (that is conversion) of the faithless". There is no virtue in a strictly literal translation, which is of use only to those who will read the Sanskrit anyway. I recommend that this work be read along with Nanamoli's superb translation from the Pali (*The Patimokkha*, Social Science Association Press of Thailand; or Mahamakut Buddhist Bookshop, Sumeru Road, Bangkok; probably available from the Buddhist Publication Society, Kandy, Sri Lanka).

K. N. Jayatilleke's *The Message of the Buddha* is a collection of talks edited posthumously by Ninian Smart. They were originally given, or broadcast on the radio, in 1963 in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). Professor Jayatilleke speaks to an audience of the Buddhist faithful at the expense of Hindus, Christians, and scientists. The message is that the Buddha was for his time and place, that he, in advance of the time, that he "spoke in a modern idiom". We are told that both Isaiah and Confucius predicted the Buddha's birth, and that at the appointed time the Buddha went to "set up the Kingdom of Rule of Righteousness". (This is an appalling mistranslation of the Pali *dhammacakkam pavattanam*, which is usually rendered "to set in motion the wheel of the Teaching", but it suits Professor Jayatilleke's purposes admirably.) "Neither Brahma (God) nor Mara (Satan), nor anyone else in the world could prevent this. In spite of many reverses, truth and justice shall win in the end." In the close atmosphere of Sri Lanka, this is a political directive, outlook and attitude to add up to a new Indo-European culture.

"Indian history", declared *The Times* in its issue of February 12, 1892, "has never been made interesting to British readers except by rhetoric." But if *The Times* had Macaulay, among other writers, in mind, it would have been even more pertinent to point out that it was Macaulay in his day who realized that the form in which the strange subject of Indian history could be made palatable to a wide public was that of the biography of Britons in India.

To some extent this is still so, and even allowing for recent work and an undoubted broadening of academic interest, particularly at the London School of Oriental and African Studies and at Cambridge, sided of Cambridge and Sussex, has yet to be convincingly demonstrated that there is an adequate alternative to national pride and prejudice for constituting an Indian in active general interest in Indian history.

If such an alternative, in a literary form in particular, is seriously to be sought, it can fairly be said that in their account of the visual and imaginative arts of India Professor Basham and his collaborators have erected an important signpost to mark the way, and in addition have provided a wealth of reliable material for radio and television to exploit.

Indian essences

By Cyril Phillips

A. L. BASHAM (Editor):
A Cultural History of India
355pp. Oxford University Press. £7.95.

A Cultural History of India was first projected as a revised version of *The Legacy of India*, originally published in 1937, but it soon became clear that the events of the past thirty years and the growing scale of research had rendered most of it out of date and that a new approach was essential. Although no trace of much learning and enthusiasm, *The Legacy* had suffered from the lack of a clear purpose and plan. Its editor, G. T. Garratt, admitted to feeling at a loss when he said: "The last one hundred and fifty years have proved the most bewildering and in some ways the most tragic in Indian history. Most embarrassing in his way was the enmity which had arisen between educated Indians and Britons. The best therefore that can be suggested for his book was that it would help to remove one cause of that quarrel, which is the Englishman's failure to appreciate the traditional culture of the [illegible] people".

As might be expected the new book takes an entirely different approach. Garratt had assumed the role of his collaborators [illegible] and [illegible] while [illegible] and [illegible] have [illegible] that for those who know Malaya [illegible] have read Maugham's [illegible] of the [illegible]

To a large degree the sharp contrast in approach between the two volumes is heightened by the differing descriptions of culture which are assumed, although in fact nowhere in the two volumes are they specifically defined. For the contributors to *The Legacy*, Matthew Arnold's emphasis on culture as the total influence on and within society is generally used; even to the extent of including separate chapters of what constitute in fact straight political accounts of medieval Hindu India, the Muslim ruling dynasties and the Nationalist Movement; and of Indian clothing, partly, perhaps, out of piety, four chapters from the original volume.

One of the more interesting general questions raised is whether Anglo-Indian culture has emerged as an Indo-British culture, as the modern period perhaps analogous to the Indo-Persian culture of Mughal times. Garratt has maintained that he could discern signs of a hybrid culture more serious and extensive than the social curiosities delineated by Kipling. But the mixing of peoples in the British case was far less free and less continuous, and the essential impact of the West on India has rather consisted of a steady [illegible] of Western ideas and values into Indian minds through all kinds of agencies and on all [illegible] a ferment, but rather in the nature of a force working to exert modifications in outlook and attitude [illegible] to add up to a new Indo-European culture.

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During a stay in the Indo-Sikkimese borderland between 1950 and 1953, the late René de Nebesky-Wojkowitz collected the material for his pioneering study (in English), *Oracles and Demons of Tibet*, which came out in 1956. It has now been reprinted in Austria by the Akademische Druck und Verlagsanstalt of Graz, which has an impressive reprint list. Per Kvaerne contributes an introduction making a number of revisions and drawing attention to more recent work [illegible] Tibetan studies.

Music for stage and altar

By Winton Dean

ANTHONY LEWIS and NIGEL FORTUNE (Editors):
Opera and Church Music 1630-1750
The New Oxford History of Music: Volume 5
865pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50.

This is the seventh to reach print of the New Oxford History of Music's ten projected volumes—eleven if we include the statistical finale with tables, bibliographies and index. The time-span of the enterprise is indicated by the fact that only two members of the editorial board of five are still alive and one contributor to the present instalment has been dead for more than twenty years. Each volume raises anew the question of the validity of such a polychoral history. According to the general introduction it aims "to present music, not as an isolated phenomenon or the work of outstanding composers, but as an art developing in constant association with every form of human culture and activity", and it is designed both for students and for a wider circle of music lovers.

Are these aims practicable, compatible, or even desirable? The compass of the work requires specialists, since no individual can be equal master of all styles and periods (*Opera and Church Music 1630-1750* employs thirteen authors of four nationalities). But specialists cannot always write, or even think, coherently on a broad scale. Few musicians command the synoptic vision to take in all the other arts, and fewer still can relate them to "every form of human culture and activity". Some will remain circumscribed within the technical bounds of music itself. Moreover, the slight emphasis away from the work of outstanding composers", with which most readers will naturally be most familiar, interposes an extra hurdle.

It is clearly right that a comprehensive history should place the great men in their context, demonstrating how they rose on the shoulders of their predecessors and what they had in common with them (only thus can their stature be exactly determined); but when this involves a fairly close inspection of the work of innumerable little men—as to some extent it must—it becomes increasingly difficult for the reader to distinguish the wood from the trees. Unless great care is exercised, the big figures tend to be played down and the little figures played up, with the result that musical history (especially if insufficiently related to the other activities mentioned above) presents a flattened and dry aspect, a mass of technicalities that may disguise the attention of the non-specialist reader and even send him to sleep.

The music student is better served. He will find the New Oxford History an essential work of reference, not least for the extensive bibliographies appended to each volume. To a considerable degree it incorporates the results of recent research, with copious music-type quotations (many from unpublished sources), though with the volumes appearing at wide intervals, and some containing chapters written nearly twenty years ago (however skilfully updated by authors or editors), the coverage is bound to be patchy and uneven when the last volume is published on its completion within the year 1984. If not, if the reconstruction is untidy and the publishers may be confronted with a demand for a huge *addenda* section, extensively ornamented.

A great weight of responsibility falls on the editors. The likelihood that different authors may overlap, repeat or contradict each other (in matters of opinion) is the least of their difficulties; the general introduction's claim that the attempt has been made to achieve uniformity without any loss of individuality" is in this respect within reach. But the vital matter of imposing an orderly and consistent treatment of the material has proved far more intractable. Perhaps with so varied a flock to be shepherded through the gate the expressed aim was too ambitious; however, that is the editors' responsibility, not their criticism. Nevertheless, some of their charges were likely to go astray.

Was the whole enterprise doomed from the first to be no more than a crib for students? Not quite. A few distinguished writers—that great scholar Edward Dent, whose centenary falls this year, was one of them, though he is not represented here—possess the ability to view the wood and the trees, the great composer and the secondary artist, and the needs of the student and the general reader, in due proportion. But they are inevitably rare; and it is too much to expect the specialist in (say) the German motet or the *French ballet de cour* to grasp in depth their relationship to the rest of cultural history.

* * *

These general reflections are evoked by a volume which (like its unborn companion Volume 6) is exceptional in not embracing a complete period. Both deal with the years 1630-1750, which they split longitudinally. This, we are told, was a matter of convenience; once the decision was taken to treat what is commonly called the baroque age as a single unit, it was inevitable that two volumes would be required. The obvious division, between instrumental and vocal music, would presumably have yielded an ill-balanced pair, one slender, the other as portly as the figures of its leading composers, owing to the great preponderance of vocal music in this prolific period. But the split has the odd effect of divorcing Handel's oratorios and odes (for which we must await Volume 6) from his operas and church music. It is true that his oratorios were not written for the church, but they are as close to opera as the contemporary Italian oratorios included here, which indeed became virtually indistinguishable from it. The Italian and French secular cantatas are also reserved, though Bach's find a place in Paul Steinitz's enormous chapter on German church music.

Sir Jack Westrup's introduction to Volumes 5 and 6 sets the age in perspective and raises a number of issues, such as the difference between Italian and French methods of performance, which are not sufficiently discussed in what follows. Indeed the whole matter of performance-practice and realization is neglected. In an age when so much depended on taste, when rhythmic notation, vocal decoration and other unwritten ornaments were regularly added to prevent performances becoming hide-bound—not to mention the flexibility resulting from the basso continuo—something should have been said on what was actually heard, in so far as the evidence permits. Hellmuth Christian Wolff does quote contemporary descriptions to arias by Handel and Hasse (the former not quite accurately, and without making clear that they are in the composer's autograph); but the name of Donington is not to be found in the bibliography or index. Text appears in two footnotes, Hoinichen not at all.

Sir Jack reminds us that to the eighteenth century the word "baroque" meant (in the words of Hasse to Burney) "coarse and uncouth". Some musicians today incline to the opposite extreme and regard the music, at least in the secco recitatives, as formal, stilted and stately, not unlike the verse we put up with for the sake of the framework, and its mannerisms, tumultuous as they were many-sided, especially in the seventeenth century. The principal movement was the gradual spread of Italian inventions—opera, monody, the *concertato* style—over the rest of Europe and their assimilation in different degrees by local traditions. Thanks in part to the turbulence of the process, the century produced few outstanding masters—the figures of Schütz and Purcell stand apart—but an enormous amount of music by secondary figures, on which it is difficult to take a comprehensive view and which have been subjected to rather fragmentary examination.

The chief generative force was in the two following centuries, and even among early composers which illustrate this process, Monteverdi and Handel, the two towering figures, are not typical. Monteverdi's music is unique in its dramatic power and originality, Handel's in its sheer professionalism. Both were men of the theatre, and their church music is the least characteristic part of their output. Handel's Italian duets and trios are the finest examples of the genre, but they are not typical of Italian chamber music, which is mostly for solo voice and continuo. Handel's Italian cantatas are in a class by themselves, and his English oratorios are not typical of English church music. Purcell's anthems are the most characteristic music of the period, but they are not typical of Purcell's output as a whole. Bach's church music is the most typical of all, but it is not typical of German music as a whole, which is largely secular.

Professor Wolff's anxiety to stake claims for his discoveries tempts him on occasion to downgrade their superiors. He says little about Monteverdi's late operas, warns us against exaggerating the influence of Alessandro Scarlatti, and then quotes examples that go far to undermine what he has just said. One would like concrete evidence for the statement that Handel found a great source of inspiration in Giovanni Bononcini's operas, and that the latter was harmonically a bold innovator. Scarlatti and the young Handel were far bolder. We are told that Bononcini "deplored the instrumental quality inherent in many of Handel's aria themes", two pages later a Bononcini melody is quoted to "demonstrate the close affinities between vocal and instrumental style". It is not true that Bononcini, but not Handel, was invited to perform operas in Berlin in 1734. Pepe's Ifigenia was printed for *Ottone* and *Giulio Cesare*, but for reasons unknown the visit of the London company, planned for two consecutive seasons, never took place.

A weightier objection concerns the treatment of the opera seria libretto. The watershed here was the reform begun by Zeno and carried on by Metastasio, whereby comic, miraculous and spectacular elements and dancing were excluded, and the libretto became a vehicle for poetic refinement and moral precept, laying down an ethical code for princes based on the classical Roman virtues. Professor Wolff mentions the reform, but he does not discuss the relationship between absolutism and the Enlightenment, or the standardized characters and symmetrical stiffness of design that resulted. Hence perhaps the astonishing assertion that Minato, Stampiglia, Zeno, Metastasio and Calzabigi "differed only in individual details". Their work embraced at least two major revolutions.

There is moreover a serious confusion between literary and operatic (musico-dramatic) values. Professor Wolff remarks, justly, that in Metastasio "we find the domination of poetry and drama over music", and later than once that Zeno's "recitative-dialogues are much more important than the relatively short aria texts". Important for what? Not for opera; it was by this tilting of the balance that Metastasio almost wholly inhibited the development of the art (and can it really be maintained that his recitatives "are always short and concise"?). As Joseph Kerman has pointed out, in opera the composer is always the dramatist.

Approving Calzabigi's statement that arias are to be regarded as interludes making general comments on the events, Professor Wolff adds: "This very important observation . . . is of crucial significance for any interpretation of these arias and should be carefully noted by all producers of Handel's operas." It is difficult to think of anything more likely to kill them. Handel's dynamic conception of the development and interaction of character and his power to integrate music and drama (not mentioned here) brought him into sharp collision with the Metastasian syndrome, as his three settings of the poet Jndiacus. Professor Wolff attributes to Metastasio "an increased number of accompanied recitatives in relation to the arias". This is the composer's prerogative, and Handel had already exercised it in *Tamerlano* (1724), more extensively and successfully than any of Metastasio's collaborators. He had also anticipated Leo's *Andromaca* (1742) in the orchestral crescendo (not a stylistic innovation of Leo's) and Hasse's wedding together of recitative and closed forms to create grand dramatic scenes.

Professor Wolff quotes parallel settings of the same words by Handel on the one hand and Gasparini, Lotti, Vivaldi, Vinci and Hasse on the other. This is illuminating, but would be much more so if he discussed the respective operas as wholes. It is true that Handel never abandoned the older contrapuntal aria style, but nor that he rejected contemporary Italian developments; on the contrary, he incorporated them freely in his later operas (they can be glimpsed as early as *Ottone* in 1722-23) without breaking the fundamental stylistic unity. This is at once a tribute to the digestive powers of his genius and a reason for taking a much broader view of his operas, including their strong romantic element (especially in plots dealing with magic) and their use of comedy as a unifying and connecting structural feature.

An important issue here is the source of the new style, commonly associated with Vinci, Leo and Pergolesi and described as Neapolitan. Professor Wolff will have none of this: he says it came from Venice and was practised earlier by Vivaldi, Lotti and Giovanni Bononcini among others. It may be so—not enough dated evidence is yet available to settle the exact order of priorities—but this does not invalidate the claim that the style reached full flower in Naples. It will not do to pit Florinda's notoriously incomplete catalogue of operas produced in Naples against Wiel's much more scholarly work on Venice and declare roundly that the "main centre of Italian opera . . . throughout the whole of the eighteenth [century] was Venice". The city that trained Jommelli, Piccinni, Traetta, Paisiello, Cimarosa and countless others (including Hasse, whose successful career was founded on the seven operas he composed for Naples in 1723-30) was neither unimportant nor uninfluential.

José Subirá's brief section on opera in the Iberian peninsula should have mentioned another Naples-trained composer, Perez, who won great popularity in Lisbon in the 1750s. There are a number of mistakes of fact (the Bibiena stage-building is not infallible), Alessandro Scarlatti's *Pirro e Demetrio* was composed for Naples in 1694, not for London in 1708. Bononcini's 1720 opera was *Astarto*, not *Astarte*. Hasse never went to London; it is perhaps a legacy of recent German practice that a castrato part is quoted with a tenor sign. Handel's *Il Trionfo del Tempo* dates from early 1707, before *La Resurrezione*, not from 1708, and it was not "drastically rewritten" in 1757. It was translated into English then, but gained no new music of any consequence: the drastic revision was that of 1737, most of which still awaits publication.

French opera, though subjected between 1645 and 1662 to a Venetian invasion, including a personal visit and a specially composed opera from Cavalli, unlike that of the rest of Europe contrived to assimilate the Italian influence and establish a distinctive national idiom. This was due to the long cultivation of ballet, the personal preference of Louis XIV (who danced in public but did not sing), the strong impact of the classical drama of Corneille and Racine, whose rhetorical declamation told a heavy hand on French recitative, and above all to the skill (almost amounting to genius) of Lully in wedding these diverse elements into a tradition able to stand the test of time.

The incoherent beginnings are traced in a useful chapter by Margaret M. McGowan, who rightly emphasizes the fundamental clash of temperaments as well as styles. But if the French objected to the Italian bombastic style of singing and "the long and often monotonous recitatives", they produced equally bombastic and monotonous effects of their own. Their main objection was surely to the relegation of the word (and possibly the dance) in Italian opera; for Corneille in 1650, as McGowan reminds us, "the word always had priority over music—except when it did not matter". This chauvinistic attitude has a parallel in the English "dramatic opera" of Purcell's day. It is scarcely surprising that Mazarin "had spent much time in Italy and had grown passionately fond of Italian music", he was a native Italian, not naturalized till he was over forty. Nor need all he was over forty. Nor can it be of great significance that Louis XIV saw Rossi's *Orfeo* three times in 1646; he had reached the advanced age of eight.

The late Paul Marie Masson's chapter on French opera from Lully to Rameau is seriously flawed by the besetting tendency to take the music to pieces and ignore the whole. We are given much detail on harmonic progressions and intervals, but nothing on the structure of acts, and no mention of Rameau's disconcerting habit of ending with a recitative. Librettists and composers may have regarded the *divertissement* (one in each act) as an integral part of the drama; but that is often not its effect, and in the *opéra-ballet* (an unsatisfactory form even in the hands of a master like Rameau) it virtually expunged the drama altogether.

Masson denies that Lully's characters are idealized and ignores the symbolical factor, for example in the Prologues. He offers little evidence for the statement that the half-century separating Lully from Rameau comprised "years of striking innovations", and tells us on one discursive page that Rameau's chief concern is to express the poetry while remaining *faithful* to the prosody" and that "Rameau's conception of recitative is based on the principle of a purely musical melody and not on the intonation of the words".

This is to call heads and tails at once; but it may prepare the reader for the claims that Rameau's operas pave the way for the modern conception of continuous dramatic symphony in the Wagnerian sense, and that his dances are by intention, but his music for Racine's *Esther* and *Athalie* seems to have fallen into the interstices between this chapter and Masson's on the operas.

Sir Anthony places Purcell firmly in his context, English and European, attributing his preeminent stature not merely to the use of vivid dissonance, expressive dissonance and rhythmic vitality but to the combination of these and other features in an effortless flow that looks to the whole as well as the part. His question of continuity—creating a substantial work that amounts to something more than a string of episodes—was the major structural problem of seventeenth-century music after the decline of strict counterpoint, and one that was seldom fully solved. Sir Anthony emphasizes the unpredictability of Purcell's response to any given text, his capacity to be Italian without ceasing to be English, and his command of "that complete adjustment of style to content which is one of the signs of artistic maturity in any age". This is well said. The chapter dispenses a nice balance of enthusiasm and discrimination, paying due attention to the merits of Blow, Croft and Maurice Greene and not allowing the weighty figure of Handel to swamp the boat. The exceptional circumstances to which we owe the Chandos Anthems might have been stressed; and the great Funeral Anthem perhaps deserves more than a single sentence.

The substantial burden of German church music falls on Paul Steinitz. If the product (220 pages of it) is disappointing, the fault lies less in the judgments expressed than in their arrangement. Dr Steinitz pursues a massive pedestrian line, the variants of forms and subdivisions of mass, motet, *concertato*, dialogue and cantata, dodging backwards and forwards in time and confronting us at intervals with the inscrutable figure of Schütz. Overcome perhaps by the quantity of material, he keeps his nose very close to the ground, with the result that the reader loses the threads both of general stylistic development and of the total achievement of individual composers. We meet a Graun Mass on page 577 and then lose him again until two Passion oratorios turn up on page 663. On the scale the schematic treatment makes cursive reading, and some of the music quoted from minor composers is scarcely calculated to quicken the blood.

Dr Steinitz is happiest with the various types of Passion, which impose some consecutive treatment, and (not surprisingly) with Bach, where he settles down on his own ground to analyse a number of cantatas, especially those based on chorales. But one does not obtain a very clear picture of the relationship of Bach to his predecessors and contemporaries, or of the eclecticism of his style. The greater part of the volume suffers from this low colgn of vantage, which prevents a comprehensive view over broad tracts of territory. No doubt it will be used more for consultation than for consecutive reading; yet one cannot help wishing that the hopes expressed in the general introduction, utopian or otherwise, could have been realized in the long run have been more of a help than a hindrance to English church music because it enforced a fresh start. Both France and England developed a firm tradition based on the declamation of their native tongues (thence extended to Latin words), and their achievement is perceptively handled by James R. Anthony and Norbert Dufourcq on the one hand and Sir Anthony on the other.

The principal French form was the grand motet, which with its recitatives, solo airs, ensembles and ritornellos approached the style of Lully's operas and likewise absorbed waves of Italian influence—not only Cavalli, but Carissimi, Corelli and the cantata in turn—which gradually relaxed its declamatory stiffness, its loose structure is emphasized by Perrin's description of 1665—"a piece varied by having different musical sections strung together"—and its links with the theatre by the pious Madame de Maintenon's rebuke to religious bodies for making an opera house of their church. The authors offer judicious assessments of Charpentier, Lalande and the union of tastes in Campra and Couperin, and give interesting facts about the background of royal patronage and the singers of the Chapelle Royale. J. B. Moreau receives little attention, but his music for Racine's *Esther* and *Athalie* seems to have fallen into the interstices between this chapter and Masson's on the operas.

The church music of that country is divided between Professor Wolff (Passion and Oratorio), Jerome Roche, who pronounces some enthusiastic value judgments on Monteverdi and his successors (but the *Missa Salutaris* is no longer attributed to Benevoli), and Peter Smith, who draws a perceptive parallel between the emotional indulgence of sensuous harmony and that of mannerist painting. Such cross-references between the arts are rare throughout the volume; the index contains few entries for authors (other than librettists) or painters and architects (except as scenic designers).

In France and England there was a definite break in the middle of the seventeenth century because of the Fronde and the Civil War; and in German musical establishments there was a gradual, not a catastrophic, change, as the Thirty Years War, which in Austria and Bohemia Sir Anthony likes to blame for the Catholic Counter-Reformation, Puritan influence may in nearly realized.

Rules and rhetoric

By Richard Tuck

A. S. McGRADE and BRIAN VICKERS (Editors):
Richard Hooker: Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity
413pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £12.50.

For a long time it has been difficult for the non-professional to find his way round the works of Richard Hooker. There is a splendid mid-nineteenth-century edition by John Keble, but it is not readily available, and the Everyman edition covers only the first half of Hooker's major work, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. In the long term the edition prepared by the Folger Shakespeare Library and published by Harvard University Press will do the job (though on previous experience of such mammoth editions, it is unlikely either to be cheaper than secondhand copies of Keble or much easier to get hold of). But in the shorter term, A. S. McGrade and Brian Vickers have collaborated in bringing out an abridged version of the *Polity* with the specific intention of providing a work that students and the general reader can use.

The text is not new: it is largely based on Keble, with the emendations to Book VIII made by P. A. Houk in his edition of it in the 1930s. The selections from it are sensible: thus the preface and Books I and VIII are printed *in extenso*, as they are the parts in which the most important arguments are conducted, on the nature of law and ecclesiastical government. Salient chapters from the other Books are included, and a good impression of the character of the work as a whole is given; though students will still have to be given the usual caveat about using any abridged edition, that the abridgment has to rest on some interpretation of the work as a whole.

What that interpretation is, is revealed in the new part of the edition: the two introductions, by Professor McGrade on the theory, and Professor Vickers on the prose style (a somewhat odd distinction, given Professor Vickers's claim that "we must—as in all stylistic analysis—relate imagery, or sentence-structure, or whatever aspect we isolate, to the work's overall intention, meaning, or function"). Professor McGrade's introduction includes at least one important and original insight, that Hooker operated with an extremely unrestrictional concept of law, omitting from his definition of it the idea of a superior imposing a law on inferiors. "The learned", according to Hooker, standardly "apply the name of law unto that only rule of working which superior authority imposeth; whereas we somewhat more enlarging the sense thereof term any kind of rule or canon, whereby actions are framed, a law."

Professor McGrade, however, does not really follow up the implications of this observation: for by saying this, Hooker was setting himself against the voluntarism not only of the Calvinists, but of all main-line sixteenth-century Protestants. (And in Book VIII there are signs of a desire to return to a kind of voluntarism). Hooker's enterprise immediately begins to look a lot odder; and maybe some of the oddness could have been explained by a fuller discussion of what Hooker *was* attacking, and by an assessment of how "Puritan" *any* sixteenth-century Protestant had to be. The main disappointment of Professor McGrade's introduction is indeed that he is forced by the exigencies of space to deal only cursorily with the nature of Puritanism, and that he tends to operate with a rather stereotyped picture of the Puritans' beliefs. As his disavowal of voluntarism suggests, the ideological position which Hooker had to adopt to deal with the Puritans might not have been as well-balanced and firmly within the *via media* of Protestantism as his rhetoric sought to imply—and that in turn should affect our reading of Professor Vickers's introduction.

Professor Vickers concentrates on a discussion of Hooker's rhetoric, which, as he rightly says, must be elucidated if the work (like all Renaissance literature) is to be understood "at the level on which it was composed". But he ultimately fails to get to grips with the problem of the extent to which Hooker's rhetoric acts as a substitute for philosophical discussion, rather than as a way of presenting it. Professor McGrade makes an interesting point at the end of his introduction, when he draws a comparison between Hooker and Cicero.

> Both were convinced of the need for philosophical wisdom as a factor in public affairs and a support for religion; both had a personal experience of legal thought . . . and both composed eclectic, rhetorically effective pleas on behalf of reason. In each case, however, the result is disappointing from the standpoint of philosophy itself.

Or, as he remarks later, "a systematic development of his own ideas, rather than modest references to them as mere turns of phrase, would . . . have been valuable".

This comparison has of course a historical point: many humanists considered those Ciceros as their ideal, and such a choice in effect entailed taking over some of Cicero's weaknesses and contradictions. But despite Professor Vickers's formal statement of his methods, the introduction includes very little discussion of the way in which Hooker's rhetoric and theory were interdependent in the Ciceronian manner, and what the consequences of that were for the ideas which Hooker was putting forward. And of course it could not do so, given the division between the two introductions; it would have been much better if McGrade and Vickers had collaborated on one unified introduction, with Professor McGrade (perhaps) given more space as a result to discuss the whole ideological framework within which Hooker was operating.

The Dutch assertion

By Henry Kamen

CHARLES WILSON:
The Transformation of Europe 1558-1648
301pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7.95.

Charles Wilson is one of our most distinguished historians. He has produced studies ranging from a *History of Unilever* (1954) to an economic history of England, *England's Apprenticeship* (1957). But always his enthusiasm has brought him back to his chief love, the Netherlands, to which he has devoted his most searching scholarship. His passion for The Netherlands is very apparent in *The Transformation of Europe 1558-1648*. The index has more entries for The Netherlands than for any other single subject or nation. Antwerp and Amsterdam have twice as many entries as London. Hence could hardly be any doubt as to where he feels the great events of the period 1558-1648 were to be found. Three whole chapters are devoted single-mindedly to the Dutch revolt and its international repercussions, but the Dutch dominate elsewhere too. In a survey of the "European kaleidoscope" of the early seventeenth century, eight out of twenty pages are on the Dutch.

Should The Netherlands have been given the centre of the stage? It is of course refreshing to look at European history through Dutch eyes, as it were, but Professor Wilson has firmer pretensions than mere novelty. He tells us:

> The only near-success story of the age was the rise of the Dutch Republic under William of Orange and Maurice of Nassau: because respectively they consciously developed and applied modern concepts of statecraft and technology to solve the problems of their state, economy and army; because they created a mature and adequate answer to the challenge of Europe that was still in varying degrees neo-feudal and predominantly agrarian.

With those words he sets the stamp on a historiographical revolution that he himself has done much to pioneer. Generations of students in Western Europe have hitherto considered this period to be what Henri Hauser in a classic book once termed "the age of Spanish preponderance". Spain was the great power whose machinations dominated every aspect of war and international relations, and whose finger was in every pie from the Philippines to Muscovy. At the centre of this immense web of power politics sat the sinister figure of Philip II, and it remained a subject for perpetual debate how long he could stave off the inevitable "decline of Spain". In Professor Wilson's presentation Spain is assigned virtually a minor role in the wings and ceases to occupy the centre of the stage. Time will tell whether the new emphasis is justified. There is a great deal to be said for a perspective directed towards the Dutch, but historical fashions do not change very easily and professional historians of other persuasions will not give up their vested interests without a struggle.

Because the chapters on the Dutch are the most detailed, they are probably the best in the book. Many other important themes are unfortunately touched on too briefly, as is inevitable in a work of this sort. There is one chapter on the physical environment, one on the economy, one on political evolution. Omissions worth noting are any discussion of religion, and of eastern Europe. The neglect of religion is particularly surprising since the author tells us that "religion, science or class or even language, divided men: it was still a more powerful influence than patriotism". Although in appearance a textbook, the work is not meant to be a compendium of facts. What we have instead is an unusually lively survey, presented with a mature and cogent insight by a writer of supreme literary talent and learned and humane scholar. Occasionally Professor Wilson becomes a bit too racy: Philip II is compared to Hitler, Spain to a police state, and the Inquisition to the Ku Klux Klan. Affairs of royal France are compared to "a kind of gang structure, mafia protection-system".

Basically, Professor Wilson sets out simply to tell a story: he tells it well, and it is surprisingly old-fashioned in tone. He avoids and warns us against the jargon of the economists and the sociologists. His style is so relaxed and attractive to read that he almost persuades us:

> As we try to grasp the new dimensions of social history, the inescapable but vital spirit of the politics and religion of that remote age threatens to slip away, leaving us with interpretations that may soon seem as anachronistic as those of the Victorian historians seem to us.

In many respects this is of course quite right. Excessive schematization has nearly made us forget how to enjoy history. In this, his first foray into the overgrown field of general European history, Professor Wilson has managed to communicate a great deal of his own enjoyment and to produce a genuinely readable and scholarly survey that does not lose the "vital spirit of that remote age".

The publication of the Lutfield charters, the first part of which appeared in 1958, is now completed by *Lutfield Charters, Part 2*, edited by G. R. Elvey (495pp. Welwyn: Broadwater. £6). The priory was established by one Mauger, a monk of Eynsham, who with a few companions settled at Lutfield on the Oxfordshire-Buckinghamshire border in the reign of Henry I. Its subsequent fortunes, down to its suppression at the end of the fifteenth century, are traced in a historical introduction, followed by a topographical one in which are identified the priory's properties mentioned in the charters. This very substantial work of scholarship is issued jointly by the Oxfordshire Record Society (Mrs Joyce Bourne, 30 Norham Gardens, Oxford OX2 6PX) and the Buckinghamshire Record Society (Miss Dorothy Verney, County Offices, High Wycombe, Bucks HP11 1BY).

Neither Here nor There

Some Londoner told me on the phone
Of the old poet, very long since
Hairs curling out of his chin, missed
From the bar, in the interval of his

Upstairs poetry reading: he was found
In the Gents, peeing into his pint of beer
And muttering How awful these lefties
Are. And his young lefty admirers

Felt they were seeing life,
And touching the peculiarities
Of art, and surrounded him, and with
Embarrassment hustled him away in a taxi.

Geoffrey Grigson

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Librarian

We are the parent company of the Gold Fields Group of mining, finance and industrial companies and we have a vacancy for a Librarian at the Company's head office in the City.

The Librarian will be responsible for the operation of the Library and supervision of a staff of three. In addition to the routine work of circulating journals, preparing bibliographies, monitoring the daily press, preparing schedules of relevant legislation etc., the job will involve a considerable amount of research and report-writing, much of it technical.

Applicants should preferably be qualified librarians. Other candidates will be considered if they have several years' experience in a technical or commercial library, with a sound knowledge of normal library routines and use of the UDC system, an understanding of Parliamentary legislative procedures and a familiarity with the facilities of specialist libraries.

Starting salary will depend on age and experience but is unlikely to be less than £3,600 p.a. at age 25. A substantial discretionary bonus is normally paid twice a year. Hours of work are from 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. and conditions include free lunches and a non-contributory pension scheme.

Please write, giving age, qualifications and a brief resume of experience to :—

The Personnel Officer
(Recruitment and Training)
Consolidated Gold Fields Limited,
49 Moorgate,
London EC2R 5BQ

lexicographers

We are expanding our staff to cope with new developments on CHAMBERS DICTIONARIES and we need two graduates to become part of the team working in our offices in central Edinburgh.

Candidates should have dictionary experience and/or training in linguistics and English language but applicants with other related qualifications will be considered.

In addition to an appropriate salary, the posts carry an attractive profit-sharing scheme.

Applications in writing giving full details of qualifications, age and experience to:

Miss I. Macleod, *Editorial Director*,
W. & R. Chambers Ltd.,
11 Thistle Street, Edinburgh EH2 1DG.

CENTRE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

Applications are invited from qualified

Librarians

with several years' relevant experience to take charge of a busy, developing, research library, covering the social and economic aspects of urban and regional planning. Knowledge of French or German an advantage. Enthusiasm and interest in planning information services essential.

Salary (Librarian Grade III) £3,900 by six to £4,700, plus £778 Supplement and London Allowance.

Day nursery on premises. Informal enquiries to Mary Moody, 240 3424. Further particulars from Secretary, CES, 62 Chandos Place, London WC2, to whom applications giving full details of qualifications, experience, etc, should be sent by August 23, quoting "A.S.".

GATESHEAD
METROPOLITAN BOROUGH COUNCIL

DEPUTY CHIEF LIBRARIAN

Grade PO1(F) (£6,406-£6,957) plus £312 salary supplement

Applications are invited for the above post from qualified librarians, preferably a Fellow of the Library Association. A management qualification would be an advantage.

Applicants should have wide experience in a modern and comprehensive public Library Service, at management level.

The System comprises a large Central Library : 15 full-time branch libraries, 8 part-time branches, Travelling Library, Housebound and Hospital Services, Music, Gramophone records and Prints Library Services.

The Salary and Conditions of Service are in accordance with the National Joint Council Agreement for APT and C Services. The post is superannuable and subject to medical clearance.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Director of Personnel and Management Services, 7th Floor, Aldan House, Tynegate Precinct, Sunderland Road, Gateshead NE8 3EL, to be returned by 6th August, 1976.

LONDON BOROUGH OF CROYDON

Applications are invited for a post as

BRANCH CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
(Librarians' Scale)

Salary range £2,127 to £3,282 (£2,922 minimum point for a Chartered Librarian) plus London Weighting (£285) and a flat rate payment of £312 a year. In addition there is enhanced pay for Saturday working.

Further particulars from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Katherine Street, Croydon, CR9 1ET (Telephone 01-688 3627).

LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARY AND INFORMATION STUDIES

Applications are invited for the post of LECTURER in the Department of Library and Information Studies. Preference will be given to candidates who can teach in the fields of indexing, information science and library mechanization.

Salary within scale £3,174-£6,446. Postcard requests for further details and application forms to Assistant Registrar (Establishment) ref.: 76/36S.

Loughborough — *Leicestershire*

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY
RESEARCH DIVISION

Permanent post of HIGHER LIBRARY EXECUTIVE in Statistical Section.

The person appointed will be concerned primarily with maintaining the library's large statistical collection, but there will be some enquiry work for Members.

Preferred age range 25-36. Library qualifications required together with experience of relevant information work.

Salary £4,364 to £5,478 pa. Non-contributory pension. Write for application form and details to Establishment Section, House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA.

Closing date for return of forms 2nd August, 1976.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW
Hounslow Library Services

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Chiswick District Library

Chartered Librarian required with specialist experience of work with children and interest in community activity. Grade AP.4 £3,651-£3,987 plus £312 supplement.

Applications to Chief Librarian, Civic Centre, Lampton Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, TW3 4DN. Tel. 01-570 7728 Ext. 3465. Closing date : 30 July, 1976.

HERTFORDSHIRE
LIBRARY SERVICE

ARE YOU THE PARTY FOR HARP ?

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at HARPENDEN, a town of high readership level with a population of 25,000 midway between St. Albans and Luton. The person appointed will join the Librarian in a team of four professionals and be concerned in a full range of professional duties.

Minimum qualification for this post is Part I of the Library Association Examination. Salary within Grade A.P.II/III.

For details contact Alan White, Training/Personnel Officer, Hertfordshire Library Service, Library Headquarters, County Hall, Hertford SG13 8EJ, telephone Hertford 54242, ext. 5487. Applications within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

Buckinghamshire
County Council

*Divisional Reference Librarian
(BASED AT AYLESBURY)

Salary : A.P. 4/5 £3,366-£4,095 p.a. + £312 Annual Salary Supplement

Mobile Librarian
AMERSHAM

L/Scale £2,127-£2,853 p.a. to Bar + £312 Annual Salary Supplement + £120 Outer Fringe Payment

*Minimum Qualification : Chartered Librarian

NJC Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination. Removal expenses of up to £150 and Lodgings Allowance of £8 per week pending removal. Applications (no forms) together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Hall, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 29th July, 1976, from whom further details may be obtained.

Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art

SENIOR LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post, as deputy to the Principal Librarian.

The successful applicant must be a Chartered Librarian and will be responsible for the day-to-day administration of a busy College Library.

Salary scale for the post is £4,899 to £5,841 and placing within this scale will be given according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the SECRETARY, Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art, Perth Road, Dundee DD1 4HT, to whom completed application forms should be returned not later than 31st July, 1976.

TLS
LATIN AMERICAN NUMBER

The TLS Latin American Number will be published on 6th August.

If you are interested in obtaining information about advertising in this issue please contact the TLS Advertisement Manager.

Telephone 01-837 1234
Exts. 7736/7754

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Librarians
in Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience. Those expecting to obtain professional qualifications in the summer 1976 will be considered.

Ministry of Defence
Army Library, Edinburgh
Royal Naval Engineering College, Manadon, Plymouth

Home Office
Fire Service Staff College, Dorking, Surrey

Nature Conservancy Council
Headquarters, Central London
Further vacancies may arise in these and other Departments.

SALARY £2,705 to £3,980; London £465 higher. Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 5 August 1976) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants. RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours) or London 01-839 1922 (24 hour answering service). Please quote ref G(4)624.

The Polytechnic of North London

Arts Council Fellowship in Creative Writing

Applicants should be practising writers, preferably with published work, in any genre including radio, television and film.

The appointment will provide facilities and support for the Fellow's personal work. In addition, the Fellow will help to develop creative writing by Polytechnic students and staff. There will be no formal teaching duties.

The appointment is non-established and for one year only. Remuneration around £3,500.

Applications by letter, including a curriculum vitae, statement of published work, statement of how the applicant would use the Fellowship year and names of two referees.

Applications should be returned by September 10th to The Establishment Officer, Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, London N7 8DB (Tel.: 01-607 6767), who will also send further details on request.

HIGHLAND REGIONAL COUNCIL
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

College Librarian
Inverness Technical College

Applications are invited for the above post based at Inverness Technical College.

Preference will be given to applicants holding a professional qualification in librarianship and who have had previous experience in a further education college. Experience of processing and indexing technical publications would be an added advantage.

Salary £2,922/£3,282

Assistance will be given with removal and legal expenses where appropriate.

Application forms are obtainable from the Personnel Officer, Highland Regional Council, Regional Buildings, Strathguhart Road, Inverness, and should be returned by 30th July, 1976.

Heinemann Educational Books

Publishing Records and Information

HEB require someone to set up and control an information system covering their complete list of books in print. This would entail preparing a new system (not computerised) from existing information and maintaining an up-to-date record of the current status of each individual title. The job would also involve answering telephone enquiries and checking the accuracy of catalogue and list details. The successful applicant would be in continuous liaison with editorial, production and sales departments. This is a new post based at the company's head office in London. Salary negotiable, hours by arrangement. Please write with details of experience to:

Paul Richardson, Heinemann Educational Books
48 Charles Street, London W1X 8AH

Amenities & Works Department—Library Service

PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN
£5,691-£6,342 per annum
plus £312 supplement (P.O.I.C.)

Applications are invited for the above post, which ranks second in the libraries establishment. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, preferably Fellows of the Library Association. Experience in the administration of a large library system is desirable.

Generous relocation expenses available.

Previous applicants need not re-apply.

For informal discussion please telephone Mr B. Baumfield, Borough Librarian and Curator, 01-459 5242.

Application forms from the Administration Manager, Room 708, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, returnable by 30th July 1976. Telephone 01-903 0371 (24 hour Answerone service). Reference number A/26 must be quoted.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
BRENT

HE . . .
YOU KNOW WHO

LIBRARIAN, WATFORD

Applications are invited for the post of LIBRARIAN, WATFORD, a semi-industrial town, a major regional shopping centre with a population of 78,000. There is a total of ten professional librarians serving the area through the central library, a branch library, a trailer library and a staffed housebound service. The central library also has a responsibility for in-depth support to the other libraries in the West division.

Minimum qualification for this post is Associate of the Library Association. Salary within Grade S.O.2.

For details contact Alan White, Training/Personnel Officer, Hertfordshire Library Service, Library Headquarters, County Hall, Hertford, SG13 8EJ, telephone Hertford 54242 Ext. 5487. Applications within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Deputy County Librarian

£6,729-£7,407

Plus £312 p.a. Additional Payment.

Application forms and further details from the County Education Officer (G), P.O. Box 47, Threadneedle House, Market Road, Chelmsford CM1 1LD, to be returned by 30th July, 1976.

LIBRARIANS

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH COUNCIL
INSTITUTE OF ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY
BABRAHAM, CAMBRIDGE, CB2 4AT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN. Candidates should have a degree, preferably in science or information science; part II (Final) examination of the Library Association is desirable, as well as at least five years' experience in librarianship. The library, which caters for over 4,000 users, has a stock of 4,000m. of shelving and subscribes to 400 journals. The duties include liaison with other scientific information sources and answering general inquiries about the institute's work and publications.
Salary in libraries scale £3,060 to £3,795 per annum. Appointment at £3,432 per annum is dependent on satisfactory superannuation scheme.
Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, Institute of Animal Physiology, Babraham, Cambridge, CB2 4AT, to be received not later than 30th July, 1976.

HEREFORD AND WORCESTER COUNTY COUNCIL
PERSHORE COLLEGE OF HORTICULTURE
Pershore, Worcs

APPOINTMENT OF FULL-TIME LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of full-time LIBRARIAN vacant from 1st October, 1976.
Knowledge of the biological or life sciences an advantage.
Starting salary within the scale for Librarians, £3,195 to £3,852 plus supplement according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars of the College and application forms from the Principal, Pershore College of Horticulture, Pershore, Worcs., WR10 3JP, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days of this issue.

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARY ASSISTANT
Knights Park Centre

Experienced library assistant with enthusiastic interest in and desire required to take charge of periodicals room and be responsible for issue desk, interviewing readers, etc. Salary scale £3,324 to £4,284 + £312. London allowance, £465.
Application (single page) to Assistant Registrar, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames KT1 2EE, 01-549 1225.

FITZWILLIAM COLLEGE
Cambridge

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for awarding College appointment. Approximately £2,000 according to Cherry Apple. Also to those about to qualify. Permanent, pensionable appointment commencing salary, depending on age, qualifications and experience within the range £2,310 to £3,174. Five weeks holiday. Duties to be assumed as soon as possible.
Applications by letter, stating names of two referees to Colin Elsey, Fellow, Librarian, Cambridge CB3 0DC.
Closing date 30 July, 1976.

GREENWICH AND BEXLEY AREA SCHOOL OF NURSING

LIBRARIAN
£3,807-£5,319 p.a.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above post which is based at Memorial Hospital, Woolwich. There is a staff of 3 and a stock of 6,000 volumes. Visits to the school will be necessary.
Application forms may be obtained from, and returned to, the Principal Librarian, Education Service, Greenwich & Bexley Area Health Authority, Education Centre, Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Stadium Road, Woolwich, London SE18 4QW. Closing date: 30th July, 1976.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF KNOWSLEY

ASST CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN A.P.3, £3,366-£3,702 plus £312

The post is based at Kirkby Library and applicants must be CHARTERED LIBRARIANS. Duties involve both the Adult and Branch Sections of the Library Department.
Further details and application forms available from the Borough Librarian, Municipal Buildings, Derby Road, Huyton, L36 9UA (051-489 8080). Closing date 7th August, 1976.
D. Wilkinson, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARINGEY

LIBRARIES, MUSEUMS AND ARTS DEPARTMENT

LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE
Salary £4,812 to £5,118

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons with wide experience of professional duties at the appropriate level for the post of LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE of the Mobile Library Service and Home Readers Section. The duties will include planning the future development of the Mobile Library Service, the selection, purchasing and delivery of books and films for issue from the Mobile Library and Home Readers Service, liaison with the Borough Hospital Authorities, including the Prince of Wales Hospital. The post offers scope for a considerable degree of personal attention to readers' needs.
Application forms from Controller of Personnel Services, Arts Department, Central Offices, Bruce Castle, Lordship Lane, London N17 8NU. Returned by 30th July, 1976.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL WORK

LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified Librarians with at least two years' practical experience to take charge of a busy and expanding library and information service. Knowledge and experience of the medical field an advantage.
Salary range, £3,174 to £6,414 per annum plus London weighting. Other terms and conditions of employment as those for Librarians in universities.
For further details please apply to the Registrar, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SS. Telephone 01-387 9681.
This post was previously advertised in April.

ROYAL ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY

LIBRARIAN (part time), professionally qualified or with comparable experience and able to undertake the day-to-day work, including supervision of the Society's library.
Salary according to qualifications and experience.
Applications in writing to Royal Entomological Society, 41 Queen's Gate, London, SW7 5HU.

SOMERSET EDUCATION COMMITTEE
THE WEST SOMERSET SCHOOL

(12-18 Upper Comprehensive School serving Minehead, Watchet and Dunster) as well as the coastal villages and inland.
Required 1st August, 1976 or as soon as possible thereafter, a LIBRARIAN
Salary scale A.P.3 i.c. £2,922 to £3,654 plus £312 per annum supplement, and further details and application forms from the Headmaster, The School, Tel. Minehead 3331.

TEESSIDE POLYTECHNIC

SUB-LIBRARIAN

The Polytechnic Library is being rapidly expanded and work has already begun on a new building. It is expected that in conjunction with these developments extensive operations will be increasingly assisted by computer control.
The applicant for this post should have an enquiring mind and experience of computer application to library and information work.
Conditions of Service : N.J.C. Grades 3/4.
Salary : £3,127-£3,282 plus £312 supplement.
Application forms and further details are obtainable from the Staffing Section, Municipal Buildings, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS1 2LA.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

Requires a senior library assistant. Applicants will be expected to have passed professional examinations in Librarianship.
For further details and application form, ring the Librarian, 01-636 4030.

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES
Jamaica

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Librarian, Grade II, (1) with honours degree in either Geography or Economics or Fellows of the Library Association or equivalent qualifications or experience of one of more foreign languages would be an advantage. Appointment will be expected to co-operate with the Head of Map Library and branch libraries in providing a service to the Faculties of Science and Medicine with liaison with academic staff, maintenance of classification procedures. Some experience of tropical development literature desirable.
Salary scale: Librarian II (1976/77-1980) J$18,633 - J$21,633 per annum. Librarian I (1976-77-1980) J$15,633 - J$18,633 per annum. Librarian III (1976-77-1980) J$21,633 - J$24,633 per annum. Current exchange rate J$1.00 = £0.61 sterling equals £21.61/£15.61/£18.61/£24.61 respectively.
Salary scales subject to review. Salary will be payable in Jamaican currency. Appointment will be on a tenure basis for the University contract period. Gratuity at the rate of 20% of total salary, or a taxable allowance of 15% of salary in lieu of gratuity. Passages for officer, wife and two children (under 18 years of age) on appointment and on normal termination.
Detailed applications (six copies) including a curriculum vitae naming three referees should be sent as soon as possible to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica. Further particulars of the post will be sent to applicants resident in the United Kingdom on request to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica. Applications may be obtained from the Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 20-21 Tavistock Court Road, London WC1H 9HF.

TRENT POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICE

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (EDUCATION)
(£2,127-£3,282 plus £312 supplement)

A vacancy exists for a qualified librarian in the School of Education to be responsible for collection of literature and audio-visual material.
Further details and application form from The Chief Administrative Officer, Trent Polytechnic, Burton Street, Nottingham NG1 4BU. Closing date 26th July, 1976.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST

SCIENCE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT tenable in the Science Library from 1st September, 1976. Duties include book selection in mathematics, computer science and physics and the provision and dissemination of abstract and forthcoming publications information. The School of Mathematical Studies, to which the library will be one of the main points of service, has 50 academic staff and 2,500 students.
Salary will be on the scale £3,174-£3,960 plus £312 supplement. Candidates should offer either a degree or a Professional Library Qualification. Application forms (returnable by 30th August, 1976) and further particulars may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, The Queen's University of Belfast, Belfast BT7 1NN.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST

LECTURER(S) IN LIBRARY STUDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of LECTURER(S) IN LIBRARY AND INFORMATION STUDIES, tenable from December 1976, or such other date as may be arranged. Candidates should be graduates with library qualifications or fellows of the Library Association with an interest in information science and/or library automation.
Salary is on the scale £5,274 to £6,447 plus contributory pension rights under F.S.S.U. The precise point on the scale will depend on qualifications and experience. Assistance is available with removal expenses.
Applications should be received by August 20, 1976. Further particulars may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, The Queen's University of Belfast, BT7 1NN, Northern Ireland. (Please quote Ref. 76/71A.)

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE
(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)
Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

The college invites applications for appointment as Librarian from January 1, 1977, in succession to Mr. J. G. Horrill, who is to become Glasgow University College, Qatar. Salary will be on the scale £5,583 to £7,443 plus £480 London Allowance.
Further details may be obtained from Mrs. C. Odds, Personnel Department, Egham, Surrey TW20 0EX. Applications (three copies, please) with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach her by August 24.

UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of SENIOR LECTURER (LIBRARIAN) in ENGLISH. Candidates must be qualified in the field of English Literature (including Australian and Commonwealth literature) and should have a knowledge of the middle ages to the present day. The successful applicant will be able largely to concentrate his or her teaching within one of two major areas, but will also be required to assist in the whole programme as need dictates.
Salary will be within the scale $A9,570 to $A11,970 according to qualifications and experience of the appointee.
Further particulars, conditions of appointment and application procedure may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts.), Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.
Applications close on 16 August, 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF WALES
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

LECTURER

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Temporary Lecturer in the Department of English Language and Literature. Applicants should have a degree in English Naval and/or English Poetry. The appointment will be tenable for the eighteen months from 1st October, 1976.
The appointment, which will be for one year from 1st October, 1976, will be made at the point in the scale £2,922 to £3,654 per annum, together with U.S.S. benefits.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar/Secretary, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP, to whom they should be returned by Wednesday, July 28, 1976.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT

to blind Head of our Students Library (braille books). Circa £3,000 p.a. Supplement £312 p.a.

We need well-educated person over 25 with good typing and general office experience. Shorthand desirable and willingness to learn braille essential. Applicants must be able to handle confidential matters and assist with office administration. Experience in foreign languages an advantage. Pension scheme. Hours 9.30 to 5.30, 5 days. Luncheon vouchers. Personnel Officer, RNIB, Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA.